THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SEPT. 23, 1911 — 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Clarence F. Underwood

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Are Your Hose Insured?

(228)

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D! 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1911
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 23, 1911 Number 13

GOVERNOR BOB—By Herbert Quick

I FOUND the other day, in the capitol at Madison, a statehouse employee reading in a popular magazine an article on the election of Isaac Stephenson to the United States Senate. The man doing the reading is a fanatical follower of Robert M. La Follette, and has been with him through good and evil report. He thinks La Follette—dreams La Follette; and if he were to adopt Mohammedan manners he would pray facing toward Washington when the Senate is in session. Should the Senator be on a Chautauqua tour the worshiper would simply be up against it at prayertime in the absence of a railroad guide and a compass. There are many such in Wisconsin.

I expected him to be gloating over the evisceration of Uncle Ike in the magazine; but not so—he was gloomy. I wondered what he could find fault with in the article—from a La Follette worshiper's viewpoint.

"It isn't a fair article," said he.

"Well," said I, "he seems to give La Follette credit for ——"

"I mean," said this person—"I mean that this article I've been reading is unfair to Senator Stephenson. It implies that Mr. La Follette was opposed to Mr. Stephenson's first election. That is not the truth by any means. Mr. La Follette was deceived in Mr. Stephenson, but he favored his election the first time. He was, of course, opposed to his second election. Misstatements of fact can never do any good—and in the end they always react."

This, in its precise demand for accuracy, illustrates the whole gigantic La Follette episode in Wisconsin. It has been a search for the fact—the pursuit of truth. Full of turmoil as it has been, with much in it that is sort of wild and ferocious, on the whole it has been the sanest, safest, best-thought-out and most completely defensible *tour de force* in statecraft of which I know. Back of it are thoroughly high ideals. It took La Follette fifteen years to knock senseless a lot of people who insisted on drowning before his eyes. Having dragged them to shore, they are beginning to see that, in spite of their lumpy heads, Bob really never meant any one of them harm, and that it would have been sensible to surrender in the first place.

Senator La Follette in Camp on Colorado Bear Hunt

When one talks with the managers of Wisconsin's public utility corporations he often notes a sort of shamefacedness of attitude like that of one conscious of having made a fool of himself. La Folletteism is triumphant. It is wreaking its will on the defenseless state of Wisconsin. Most of the awful things, to prevent which our best people have for so long been willing to shed their gore, their store and their roar, have been enacted into law; and the rest are in process of enactment—and no honest interest hurt! It is awfully embarrassing.

Everybody calls him Bob—in Wisconsin. When he was Governor he was Governor Bob. Even when he was a little frizzle-topped lawyer, with no money and a Cæsar-like ambition, the real men of the state looked down on him and called him Bob, because it seemed to them the best way of putting him in his proper place, you know. And, having formed the habit, they keep it up, even though it is the best-loved name in Wisconsin now and stands for a mass of statesmanlike achievement unique in the roll of favorite sons. When the University of Wisconsin students give him the skyrocket yell they end it with a stentorian "Bob!" And when the professor mentions the Senator he speaks of him as Bob—unless it happens to be in class. He is that kind of fellow—the sort the people hobnob with and make chums of. That's why, in spite of the almost classic severity of his program, he is triumphant in Wisconsin.

Of course, when one thinks of the matter, La Follette the Governor and La Follette the Senator is the same La Follette who once served with McKinley on the Ways and Means Committee of Congress, who drew the agricultural schedules of the McKinley bill, who was beaten for Congress in the Cleveland landslide, and who was offered by McKinley the job of Comptroller of the Currency. This gave him the O. K. of McKinley and Hanna and all the safe and sane men of that epoch of safety and sanity—for a Comptroller of the Currency rules national banks and must be level-headed and trustworthy. So La Follette was groomed in the first instance—much against his will, by-the-way—for the governorship of Wisconsin as a well-broken workhorse, warranted not to balk or kick, harnessing up for a new sort of work.

When such a sober old Dobbin is reported all at once as biting and kicking, refusing to pull with his mates, smashing the harness, throwing himself over the tongue, running away and raising Cain generally, one should look for the reason—not in the disposition of the horse, but in the circumstances. One investigates to find out about the bur under the back-pad, the too severe overcheck or other circumstance rendering peaceable work impossible. Or one inquires as to whether the tale has not been invented to account for casualties for which the talebearer is to blame—a horse deserves suspension of judgment. In La Follette's case, however, good people who should have known better, on hearing that the erstwhile co-worker with McKinley and Comptroller-in-contemplation was running amuck with all that was good and holy in Wisconsin, took the story at its face value and failed to remember the improbability of the theory that old Bob's disposition had suddenly changed.

Now that the disturbance is definitely over and Bob is pulling in the harness as steadily as can be under new conditions, four out of seven of the aforesaid good people have changed their minds and accept the good reports as implicitly as they accepted the evil. For the benefit of the unconvinced three, and that the four may have reason for the new faith which is in them, let us consider concerning this mankilling equine devil, as did the good pastor with a halt in his speech when he took as his text First Peter v, 8, seeking to determine, "why the devil he walketh about, whom the devil he seeketh to devour, and what the devil he is roaring about."

In the first place, Wisconsin was thoroughly bossed—this was the cruel overcheck. Pennsylvania was never more abject under Quay than was Wisconsin under Keyes and, later, under Sawyer. Once during the reign of Keyes he summoned a member of the legislature to meet him at the railroad station as he passed on tour. The legislator sent word that the season was late and the corn had to be planted, or that his mother was ill, or that he had married a wife—or offered some other of the traditional reasons which

Herman B. Walker, Newspaper Man; Miss Dunn; Mrs. E. M. Bishop; Mrs. La Follette; Miss Fola La Follette (in front); Prof. John R. Commons; Senator La Follette; Henry F. Cochems (in front) and Charles A. A. McGeeb, Who Nominated La Follette for President, 1908

Senator La Follette's Party on a Colorado Bear Hunt—Robert La Follette; Congressman Irvine L. Lenroot; Senator La Follette; Alfred T. Rogers, Member Republican National Committee for Wisconsin, Also Law Partner of the Senator

a man gives for attending to his own business. Keyes was not angry—the circumstance was too trivial; but, as a breach of discipline, it could not be overlooked. So he sent out the ukase that Mr. Legislator was to be allowed to tend corn undisturbed by public business henceforward.

"Wring his neck!" said Keyes to the machine. "And put in some one else that'll mind when he's given orders!"

They used to say of Governor Bob that he wouldn't consult with the men in authority; that he refused to pull with his mates. The explanation of this is that the overcheck was too tight and the goad too sharp for Bob. He is of French Huguenot blood, mixed with Irish and Scotch. Moreover, he is an artist and a poet in temperament. Men of such temperament and breed are apt to take the position that, on the question of minding or not minding when one's spoken to, there's nothing to consult about. So—let it be confessed here and now—he didn't consult with Keyes. There seemed to be no place where two such minds could meet. At the outset, when he wanted to be district attorney of Dane County, and later, when he wanted to go to Congress, he never asked Keyes if he might aspire, but conspired instead with a lot of inconspicuous friends of his—college mates and the like—and sent out night-riders from house to house—as is the immemorial wont of the insurrecto—and came into convention with the goods in the way of delegates. And the hired man through the press, which was all with Keyes, reported to a world ready to take reports at their face value that Bob, the mankiller, was running away, scattering bits of harness and chaise along the roadside—a hopeless, utterly ruined animal, and that what he needed was a shooting squad at the lower end of the pasture, where the digging is easy.

Plain and Fancy Vikings

THE reports took luridity from machine hatred, inspired by the fact that Bob was constantly taking the machine down and relieving it of its power, playing the game in which they were past masters better than they could. He won most of his victories under the old caucus and convention system, which he finally abolished by the direct state-wide primary. For instance, in 1904, Governor Bob, having control of all the lawful machinery of the state convention, had it called for the University of Wisconsin gym on a certain date and expected his friends to run it; but the machine said: "Go to, now! We have suffered this pompadoured heretic long enough! We will carry the caucuses and county conventions if we can. If we can't we'll put up enough contesting delegations to make a majority. We'll seat them too. We'll rough-house our man into the chair, slug our way into control and gavel our way through. We'll get enough huskies into the hall to sweep Bob's peaceable farmers into the street. In order that we may get our sluggers in we'll print some special tickets of admittance. What we will do to Robert will be plenty! The end justifies the means!"

All of which came to the ears of the crafty Governor with the poet's temperament and the gray eyes, in the backs of which smoulders a cold fire—and the La Follette crowd began contesting seats also. When the convention met the state was confronted by a situation out of which the most probable thing to be born seemed to be chaos. The game of the Stalwarts was to produce chaos—and their plans were laid with skill and forethought. "If we had allowed disorder to prevail in that convention," said Senator La Follette to me, "the progressive movement in Wisconsin would have ended in that American laughter so ready to be turned against the side that is whipped and that squeals. The real situation would have been so

The Senator and His Physician, Dr. Philip Fox

smeared and blurred and obscured that no court would ever have been able to tell which was the true and which the false convention. The work of years would have been lost in an hour."

The real story of that historic convention, so far as I know, has never been written. It is worth study if only for the reason that it shows the sort of politician Bob was. He slaved on his convention speech and left the carrying out of his plans to John Hannan—the same Colonel Hannan who stands between Senator La Follette and ten thousand irritations and perhaps errors at Washington today. The Colonel should be promoted to a generalship for his strategy that day. He sat up all night and charted the seating of the convention, to such purpose that in the morning each Stalwart delegation found itself cut off from its fellows by a square of Half-Breeds, and the Stalwarts scattered, isolated, cut up into small bodies. Across the great hall stretched a wire entanglement, horse-high, hog-tight and bull-strong, which the thoughtful Hannan had strung to prevent the spectators from taking part in the proceedings. Into this trocha gazed the helpless enthusiasts who had expected and been expected to take a hand in a possible mêlée.

But Strategist Hannan had gone farther. He had not read of the siege of Port Arthur to no purpose. He had so arranged matters that the delegates were admitted at a side door at the rear of the gymnasium, and here he had built another system of wire entanglements which cut off all approach to the door save by a strait and narrow path, wire-bordered on either side. At the entrance to this path and at the door were such mighty men as Strangler Lewis, a citizen of Wisconsin, a La Follette man, a delegate and a champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler; Big Bill Hazard, whilom center of the Wisconsin football team, and weighing in at the convention at three hundred pounds; Henry Cochems, preëminent among college football men in his time as "the perfect physical man"; Ward Westcott, and the celebrated La Follette Norse Guards of the Wisconsin squad, including Arne Lerum, the All-America guard, who in all his years of play never failed to whip his man or hold his side of the line; Emil Skow, the Terrible; Norsky Larson, whose real Christian name cannot be discovered from the sagas of that heroic age; and, for aught I know to the contrary, Mr. Fitch's redoubtable Ole Skjarsen himself, of Siwash.

In that strait path a thousand might well be stopped by three, and when these young Vikings, legally sworn in as assistant sergeants-at-arms, began to vike, it was all off with the Stalwart athletes. Holders of unofficial tickets and wearers of spurious badges were told to run along and not bother—and they obeyed. And then came the dramatic seating of Mr. Rosenbury. He was a lawyer who was to present the minority report of the Committee on Credentials for the Stalwarts. According to the Governor's data, Mr. Rosenbury was to read this report, asking that Stalwarts amounting to a clear majority be seated, move its adoption, and then, instead of allowing the temporary chairman to put the motion, he was to step forward and put it himself. This forward step and assumption of authority was to be the signal for the uprising of the Stalwart crowd. The convention was to be rushed, the chairman—I believe it was Mr. Lenroot—was to be thrown out of the window, and the Stalwarts were to run the affair from that moment

At the time supposed to have been agreed upon Mr. Rosenbury stepped forward as if to put the motion for the seating of the Stalwart contestants, but something hindered. This something was Big Bill Hazard, who with "Hy" Cochems, for one purpose or another, had a seat of honor on the rostrum. By means of a simple twitch of Mr. Rosenbury's coattails Big Bill seated him instead of his delegations. "You've said your say," said the physically perfect Cochems; "suppose you leave putting the motion to the chairman?"

As Mr. Rosenbury subsided, the Stalwarts in the hall rose as if for their rush; but a sudden clattering of chairs drowned their yells. Colonel Hannan's well-drilled Insurgents had moved their chairs together across the aisles and the advance of the Stalwarts was cut off. There was no riot—though quite a number of individual combats took place. The Stalwarts entitled to seats were seated, but withdrew to a hall—hired beforehand—to hold a rump convention. A good minister, witnessing the plain and fancy viking done at the doors and being scandalized at such high-handed methods, reacted violently in his next sermon, and it took him five years to get back into the La Follette camp. But La Follette kept the record clear and held his organization.

La Follette's Ideas as Tried Out

MAYBE he was wrong. Maybe he should have called on the courts for protection, while the Stalwarts gaveled their way to control; but he is not built that way. Governor Bob is very human and a good game sport. He never flinches, he never fouls, and he hits the line hard. When he is slugged in a scrimmage he never complains to the referee. He handles the matter summarily, according to his lights. He unsheathes the carnal weapon when it seems to be called for—and his temperament enables him to believe at all times that it is the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

La Folletteism in Wisconsin is passing into history. The facts are out there in the open. If Governor Bob was a firebrand he will by this time have burned things up which should have been preserved. If he was all the time the sane man to whom McKinley offered the control of the banking activities of the Federal Government that sanity should be apparent. Let us examine the record and see which he was.

When I say that Governor Bob is possessed of some of the temperament of the prophet I don't mean that he had originally any supernatural knowledge. Some of the

Veranda at Maple Bluff Farm, Philip and Robert in Fancy Dress Costume

At Landing, Maple Bluff Farm

most ignorant men in the world's history have been good prophets, for the gift lies in deep feeling and soothsaying—that is, truthtelling—rather than in knowledge of things in general. Governor Bob, if asked to compare his present status with that in which he rejoiced in 1894, might reply in the words of the man who challenged the wildcat to single combat with bare claws. "I ain't quite as good-lookin' as I was," said he, "but I know a lot more." Governor Bob went out of office scarred and scored of many battles, but he could look back and smile at the verdancy of the young Congressman who drew the agricultural schedules of the McKinley bill and was offered the comptrollership of the currency. The Wisconsin rebels were ignorant of the concrete issues since paramount in insurgency. They started in—La Follette with the rest—with the standard economic and political views of the Republican party. Their temperaments and ethics alone were different. When they revolted it was from the shame and ignominy of having their civic activities nullified by money—of the purchase of the delegates with whom they went to conventions, by railroad passes, railroad rebates, favors from great corporations and hard cash, not to mention the humiliation of being required to mind when spoken to.

The Passing of the Pass

EGGLESTON, of Oregon, is the author of the epigrammatic statement that you can hit more cats with a handful of sand than you can with a brick, but you can collect more cats with the brick. La Follette was never a believer in the attack with a handful of sand—save, mayhap, that in the craw. He is accustomed to win by a short platform of one crucial issue—and a fight as hot as pepper on that. His first brick was the antipass demand. The country has caught up with La Follette in that, as in most things he has demanded; but when he and his faction proposed a law against the giving and acceptance of free transportation on railroads it was looked upon as the idea of a dreamer and a visionary and a demagogue. Why, everybody who could get them took passes! All the fellows did who went to conventions and amounted to anything in state politics. All these men had to be beaten or converted—both being hard jobs; but Wisconsin got her antipass law. We all know now that a pass, when it isn't the cheapest of bribery, is a gift, the expense of which the donor saddles on the unconscious public. And this propaganda was one of the things that gave La Follette the name of agitator and fanatic.

The antipass issue was a fine thing by which to begin the process of separating the privileged sheep from the unprivileged goats—yes, I believe I'll leave it that way. Along with it went the issue of equal taxation as between railroads and the rest of the property of the state. One is not shocked, at this day, by the proposition that railroad property should pay taxes according to value. It doesn't seem so desperately radical, even if it isn't practiced much—outside of Wisconsin; but, in 1894 and subsequent years, La Follette sustained his reputation as a disturber and agitator by going about preaching this simple reform. Even this he did not anticipate when the rebellion against the bosses began. La Follette set Athlete Cochems—now practicing law—to the task of looking up the facts—always the facts—with reference to the railroads. Cochems ran across some of the writings of Potato-Patch Pingree, of Detroit, and took them to Bob. They were full of the iniquities of railroad tax-dodging in Michigan. "Here's a bigger thing than antipass," said Cochems. "The roads in Wisconsin are only paying what they feel like donating."

In such naïve, incidental ways were the early issues made up. The Insurgents were feeling their way from issue to issue. They felt that something was wrong; and, as their impressions were justified by discoveries, they seized on them one at a time as issues. They were not demigods, who knew everything. Neither were they demagogues, who befooled the people for their own selfish ends. They took infinite pains to be right on every issue before it was drawn—and that is not the demagogue's way. Governor Bob, along with the antipass law, put in the statutes the law for a tax commission, which has made the railroads, express companies, street railroads, electric light and power companies and other public utilities pay their just share of taxation. The railroads alone were subjected to an increased tax of six hundred thousand dollars a year, not one dollar of which can be said by any one to be unjust. The new sources of taxation were so fruitful of revenue that the general state tax was no longer levied. The citizenry could read in their tax receipts the benefits of the work of Governor Bob—and the corporations which had been making their own entries on the tax rolls could read in theirs the just burdens which they had escaped for so long by the use of the pass and the domination of the caucus and convention.

The La Follette passion for the fact ruled in the enactment of the state tax commission law, however, as we find it ruling in all his public acts. A demagogue is always a spoilsman—for spoils only will induce and remunerate demagogy. If Bob had been a demagogue he would have asked for a law which would have enabled him to hold up the public utilities for campaign funds in return for immunity from taxation; but what he asked for and got was a permanent, expert, nonpartisan tax commission. The moment any question was settled in the La Follette way, it passed from the realm of graft and became dignified, respectable, learned, investigative, deliberate—but immitigable as fate. The tax question in Wisconsin is settled, so far as it can ever be, until it comes to be reëxamined in some such mode as that to which it has been recently subjected in England. It is in that state of stable equilibrium in which any question stands when its status accords with the prevailing ideas of what is just. In most states this cannot be said.

La Folletteism has not introduced any newfangled taxes or systems of taxation; but it has, after deep study, made as nearly perfect as possible the prevailing one. No interest has been hurt. With the enactment of a state income tax this summer, the La Follette scourge will have run its awful course in Wisconsin—and those who shot the front pages to rags with scareheads will wonder—if they ever think of it again—what really caused the screams of protest!

While Governor Bob was fighting desperately for these temperate measures of antipass and ad-valorem taxation, the whole La Follette crowd were learning. One of them was Francis E. McGovern, now governor. In one of the northern counties one day, stumping for Bob, he made a fervid speech in favor of ad-valorem taxation of corporate property. He pictured vividly—for he is some spellbinder—the iniquities of the then prevailing mode of taxation.

"That's all very well, Mac," said a merchant after the speech; "but what good is it to make 'em pay more taxes? They'll just raise rates and make the consumers pay the extra taxes, and we'll be worse off than we are now. For they'll raise rates good and plenty when they get at it—and probably make money on the job."

The orator of the evening took a long, long look at this suggestion. So far as the governor remembers, it was the first broaching of a subject the discussion of which brought on the long fight for railroad and public-utility regulation in Wisconsin, with its "physical valuation," its "franchise value," its "good-will" and "going value," and all the rest of it. La Follette did not start out to regulate railroad rates; but, when he found that corporations could add their taxes to their rates and wriggle their fingers in his face in derision, he moved up to the new position. Resuming the simile, he picked up a new brick.

Regulating Rates

RATES must be regulated—that was certain; but how? The answer was peculiarly La Follettian. It was a demand for the facts. A demagogue would have rushed before the people with some plan for instant regulation by statute; but La Follette first found that the decisions of the Wisconsin courts secured to the people the right to regulate rates within reasonable limits, and then decided that the proper agency by which to do this was a permanent, nonpartisan commission of experts, who could study the question, find out where the reasonable limits lay, and act only when they knew. This doesn't sound anarchistic now, but it drew down on Governor Bob's head more denunciation than all his other reforms. If the reader of this weekly has the idea that Bob is a dangerous man his prejudice is probably the result of the cyclone of epithets that swept the country because, forsooth, he fought to victory for the plan of having a permanent, nonpartisan commission of experts to determine what rates are reasonable and impose them on the railroads—which all the time possessed the right to have the rates set aside by the courts if they were unjust. What has been the result? Has it been ruinous to the railroads? Certainly not. Has capital fled the state? Quite the contrary. How do people who operate public utilities feel about the Wisconsin law after a few years of trial?

Senator Sanborn, of the Ashland district, is the legal adviser of a corporation which owns a waterpower in Michigan and operates public utilities in both Wisconsin and Michigan. It recently became necessary for it to sell bonds. Mr. Sanborn went to the Boston brokers who were handling the issue for the purpose of advising concerning it, and, among other things, to determine whether the corporation should be organized under the laws of Michigan or those of Wisconsin.

"Incorporate in Wisconsin," said the brokers. "We can sell the bonds more easily and at a better figure."

"Why?" asked Mr. Sanborn.

"Oh, it's quite obvious," they replied. "Your railroad commission's rules as to good service insure the bondholders

When the Senate Is Not in Session

against the deterioration of the plant. Their rules against overcapitalization insure them against any lack of value in the inception of the project—and altogether the commission serves the investors in public-utility securities quite as effectively and continuously as the people. By all means incorporate in Wisconsin."

A Milwaukee broker was in Madison the other day visiting an old friend. He told of his business operations in Iowa and Minnesota, consisting in the main of the purchase of public-utility plants and their reorganization and sale to investors at a profit.

"Why don't you operate in Wisconsin?" asked his friend. "There are plenty of good plants in the state which are of just the sort you like."

"Quite true," said the manipulator of properties; "but I can't make such profits here as I can in other states. Your railroad commission won't let me water the stock—and it's the water that I make my money out of."

I asked the manager of a gas company how he liked the La Follette régime in public utilities.

"Well," said he, "we don't find that it hurts us any. We were scared during the agitation, but the commission is so fair that we rather like it. The commission takes the ground that we have to have rather better interest on our investments than we could get, for instance, on farm mortgages, or we should all lend on farm mortgages instead of building gasworks; and reasonable returns are really all we want. We haven't a word of fault to find."

The reader begins to get the idea, I hope. The investor who wants returns and wishes to be sure of them likes the Wisconsin law and indorses this fruition of La Folletteism—except those who have been embittered in the fight—and I think even most of them do.

The men who are actually operating the properties and who are brought into most frequent contact with the commission like it—when one gets their real opinion.

The men who want to float fleets of securities on oceans of water, who seek to sell blue sky, who want to reap where they have not sown and to eat bread in the sweat of other men's brows, are opposed to the commission.

I asked Halford Erickson, who has been on the commission since its creation and who is one of the great rate experts of the world, what in his opinion is the feeling of the financial world toward this, the greatest of the La Follette institutions.

"The managers of the public-utility plants like it, I believe," said he. "They are freed from the necessity of defiling themselves and their business with the ward politics in which they were steeped in the past. They give no passes or free service or reduced rates to public officers or any one else. The city administrations can neither hurt them nor help them. They can live cleaner and more self-respecting lives than can men in similar positions under ordinary conditions. Being decent men, they like this. The investors in the bonds of the utilities like the law because it makes their investments safe. But many of the owners of the stock don't like it. It prevents melon-cutting and stock-watering. That's the way the various classes of people interested in public utilities feel about the law."

The people of the state like the law. That's one of the reasons why Senator La Follette, last year, with the massed millions of the melon-cutting gentry against him, and with no money of his own, carried every Congressional district, every Senatorial district, every Assembly district, every county and nineteen out of every twenty precincts in the state. The people have tried La Folletteism and found it statesmanship.

A demagogue, invested as governor with the power of appointing such a commission, would have traded the personnel of the commission for the allegiance of the corporations. Or he would have appointed spoilsmen as his

(Continued on Page 56)

THE AGENT AT BANTAM SPUR

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Sure 'Twas the Fiend Himself After Him"

"TIS not a night fer histhory," objected the Old Switchman, "and it will lose in the telling."

He looked up at the curved moon sleighing through high, gray fleeces against the wind. The switchlights sparkled like fireflies.

"Shud it be tould in a theayter?" sneered the Foreman. "Histhory is histhory."

"It is not!" interrupted the Old Switchman authoritatively—"ixcept the case I have in mind," he added.

There was silence after this rebuke and old Denny stood studying his shadow, as though telling time by the moon.

"Midnight," he resumed presently, with a rapt manner; "and where is Jerry Coffin?"

He inquired so blandly that the crew were abashed; they glared at one another in reproach for so much ignorance.

Impatient, Denny answered himself: "I do not know."

"And who is Jerry Coffin?"

"He was a prophet without honor in any country; he foretould I wud die at ould age—and now I have lived past it, bad cess to him!"

"It is mysthery instead av histhory he do be making. What has midnight to do with it?" ventured the Foreman.

They frowned him down at so unreasonable a question and the Old Switchman began the history of Jerry Coffin.

What time ould Scrymie was prisidint av the P. D. Q. and Nick Wheedle, his son-in-law, was prisidint av the entire Scrymie family, a man av mark came wan day to the headquarther offices.

Well I remimber the wild black eye and long, bewildered hair av this man; and 'tis no wonder the clerk hastened into the no-admittance office with his name and description.

"'Tis wild he is, with a black eye," said the clerk.

"Small blame to him. I have been wild with a black eye mesilf," replied Nick Wheedle, smiling over the throuble far behind him—when he was desperate with youth. "Show him in."

"'Tis a glad day when I shake your hand again, Jerry Coffin," he tould his visitor, meeting him halfway to the door. "A new issue av stock we have in hand, and ye may get a spirit message whether it wud sell better printed on green or orange paper."

"Green, ye traitor!" exclaimed Coffin, staring at the fine clothes av Wheedle; "but divil a spirit message do I take on a slate fer any man, since it brought me to jail—and out agin through a hole in the wall."

Nick Wheedle laughed at the remimbrance. "We grow ould and settled down," he said—"and comfortable," he added, smoothing the red vest av him.

"And comfortable," repeated Jerry Coffin. "Ye Robin Redbreast!" he thought. "A curse on this carpet like a snowdrift! I must step so high that I will cast a battered shoe into the lap av luxury. Afther this I will harness them on with wire instead av leather."

"'Tis a fine roadbed ye have fer walking here," he says, reaching a chair.

"Saints preserve my suspenders; which are only av sthring!" he reflected.

"Will ye have a cigar so soon afther breakfast?" asks Nick.

"It is not too soon," replied Coffin politely. "Faith, I had nearly fergotten it during the twenty-four hours," he thinks—"If I cud only boil the cigar!"

"Can I do anything fer ye, Jerry?" inquires Wheedle, fer he was always strong av interest in ould frinds and tuk little stock in their clothes.

"Ye can take a hint for me, ye boardhead," thinks Jerry; but, being a thrifle confused for an answer, he replies:

"Yis; ye may give me a position to wur-rk."

"Go to wur-rk, is it?" exclaims Wheedle. "At your age! Ye will still have your joke."

"If ye can detect humor in it I give ye joy av the laugh," says the other sourly. "'Tis this life av ease palls on me, Nick. The memory av days whin I rode a wild thrain with ye tempts me. I will take a position as conducthor."

Wheedle considers for a time and then answers in confidence: "Whist, Jerry! I will do betther by ye than that: I will fit ye fer any position on this railroad."

"'Tis an official coroner ye shud have," suggested Jerry.

"Whist, I tell ye! I will fit ye for any position by putting ye at the bottom and letting ye wur-rk up, step by step, till ye arrive at the pinnacle. This is betwane frinds and the men must not suspect it. Aven Scrymie wud be jealous. I will put ye on as gineral agint at Bantam Spur—and the experience av handling freight afther an agint's manner will prepare ye fer a job as claim agint—afther that ——"

"Hould!" commands Jerry. "Ye will crowd yourself out av a job next. I will take the place.

"Is it to be gineral agint?" continued Jerry with cheerfulness. "And who is to hould all the other fat jobs at Bantam Spur? Who is to be gineral livestock, and foreman, and superintendint, and gineral housewur-rk?"

"Ye will be all av thim," answered Wheedle, laughing; fer he was a good-humored man at times.

"I will accipt thim," replies Jerry with dignity. "Arrah, I have an uncle who paid my fare halfway to Amerikay, and I paid the last half rather than be drowned or go back to him. He was a miser and a titled man, being Sir Jerry av a castle like a wicker crate and duke av a bog in Killarney. I will send him wan av my cards and the titles will drive him crazy with invy."

"Now a wur-rd av warning," said Nick Wheedle: "the thrain boord is not for spirit messages; and ye cannot keep banshees in the wareroom."

"They do not pay for their keep," said Jerry. "Niver again will I write messages on slate or boord—on the wur-rd av a Coffin."

"It is well," said Nick. "Ye can still receive a telegraph message?" he added. "I remimber ye as a studint operator in the ancient days."

"I am a professor by this time," answered Jerry, "and have invented new finger ixercises in lightning."

The other laughed for the humor av the occasion, but warned him again. Thin he sent him to the coompany restaurant for repairs.

"No slate writings, on the wur-rd av a Coffin," says Jerry to himself on his way. "No slate writings; but divil a mention was made av spirit rappings. Between Nick Wheedle and the spirits 'tis a happy medium I will be," he chuckles. "'Tis gineral managers and directhors deceased who will instruct me in running Bantam Spur Station, and an official meeting will sound like a kettledrum convention."

Now this station was at the ind av Bantam Spur, which ran 'way into the mountains from the main line av the P. D. Q. Five miles down the spur was a smelter, which

loaded its cars there and paid the freight charges to the station agint. And many a day a thrain ran up to the spur and the ingine, heading about on a "Y," tuk it safely back agin at times.

"It is a mixed thrain ye run," says Jerry to the conducthor on the day he goes up to take the job.

"It has been mixed more than wance," answers the conducthor—"thrain and crew, at the bottom av the mountain. So ye are to be agint at Bantam Spur?"

"That is wan av the officials I will be," replies Jerry.

"It is a cheerful place," says the conducthor. "Ye have a family, Misther Coffin?"

"As ould as any in Ireland."

"Your great-grandfather will not miss ye much longer," says the other. "It is a cheerful place."

And this makes Coffin an anxious man; but he says nothing till they reach the ind av the line and he gets out on the platfoorm. There he meets the substitute agint, who is fer jumping into the thrain at wance.

"Ye are welcome," he says to Jerry from the steps. "Ye will find the combination to the safe pinned under the telegraph table and the assistant agint is chained in the wareroom."

"In chains, is it?" says Jerry, dazed a bit. "'Tis a hospitable place ——"

"And cheerful," says the agint. With that he goes inside the coach and luks out av a windey. "I am all aboord," he says, "with the thrain order in my pocket. I wud not have the thrain delayed on the last day I am agint."

"Faith, ye do not shed tears av regret," answers Jerry. "Did the agint whose place ye tuk resign?"

"Ivery week," replies the other, "fer four years—then he ——"

At this insthant the thrain started back.

"Thin he did what?" shouts Jerry, racing along av the windey.

"Thin he resigned agin; and"—but the wur-rds were blown away on the wind.

"He resigned agin; and," repeated Jerry; "and—it is a fateful wur-rd to stop with and upsets me completely."

He looked up and down the bare mountainsides—at the sky; thin he listened up the wind, as if hoping to have the next wur-rd afther "and" blown down upon him.

"It is quiet here," he says, "and not overcrowded." He starts up the platfoorm, but the sound av his own footsteps alarmed him. "I must move with carefulness," he thinks, "or I will start an avalanche." So he tiptoes up to the station and peeps inside. In wan ind was the telegraph office and stationery—in the other ind was the wareroom; but they were separated by a partition. So, next, Jerry peers into the wareroom door.

"Saints save us!" he mutters, hearing the rattle av chains—then a low whine. "Is it a dog they have fer assistant agint?" he reflects; and going to a corner he drags him out. It was a large hound av a blue color, with drooping red eyes and a mourner's expression muzzled on to his face.

"Ye luk cheerful enough to be the agint himself," says Jerry. "Now I will release ye; but be careful how ye bite, because I have little to do but bite back."

The dog howled with joy to be free av the chain and muzzle, and an answer came back as if a thousand wolfpacks were running wild over the mountains.

"He resigned again, and ——" says Jerry with a shudder, going into the telegraph office and closing the door against the howling.

In the corner was a cot, with blankets fringed and nibbled at wan ind. "Rats!" he considers—and thin his hair rises a little. "'Twas the agint chewed thim," he realizes. In the corner is a scattered pack av cards and a knife stuck in the door, which was almost in splinters, having served so long as a target.

Then the howling bursts out like a chase av divils, with a terrible scratching against the wall.

"I will have to brush my hair with mucilage!" he says, houlding it down. Then he notices the telegraph table all whittled, with initials cut into it, like epitaphs. The walls are written over with scratches and pencilmarks.

He spends a long minute decipherin' wan boord alone. "After you, my dear station agint!" it reads, with the outline av a hand, whose finger points at a scratchy figure with long horns.

"Sure 'twas the Fiend himself afther him," says Jerry, and retires outside to kick the dog; but the hound moved sideways, soft-futted, as if bowing politely, and his eyes burned like bluddy candlelights.

"Faith, I do not like the manner the dog has," reflects Jerry, and drops the muzzle he has picked up, which makes the other howl with joy.

He starts tiptoeing down the platfoorm again to where he has left his carpetbag; thin the native bravery av the Coffins rises up in him.

"Whatever ind I come to, I will not arrive by stealth," he says, and later tacks some cloth on the soles av his shoes that he may tramp about bouldly as a man shud.

"Tomorry," he decides, "I will arrange the stationery and pull the knife out av the door—'twill be a busy day."

At this second the telegraph startles him with a terrible clamor, fer the substitute agint had bent a large piece av zinc over the sounder. It was only wan agint down the line notifying the dispatcher that the thrain had arrived without accidint.

"I have niver known years to pass so quickly as since I have been agint at Bantam," says Jerry toward dusk, sitting in a chair and speaking to his assistant. "It is industhry that shortens time—the business av recovering from wan shock and preparing fer another," he says.

But the wur-rst wan was to come. It was not a noise, but a soft rustle, as av squirrels running over dry leaves—thin a faint tinkle near the door.

"The business is increasing too fast," thinks Jerry; "my hair will niver be able to handle it all."

But afther a time he peers outside and sees a tin pail and a loaf av bread upon the platfoorm. The pail foams over with milk—and in the dark mouth av the gulch beyant he sees the faint flutter av white.

"What need av slate-writing?" he asks the dog. "Here ye may call the roll and they will answer in person."

He notices a thin wisp of smoke floating from behind a shoulder av the mountain. "'Tis a witch's pipe—or a cabin," he goes on.

With that he gives three raps and a knock on the assistant's head; and at his howl the spot av white floats quietly a moment and vanishes.

"Ye are a medium," says Jerry to the hound; "and the communication av spirits is not lost on her."

In an absint way he carries in the milk and bread, and thin ixplores the cases av supplies in a corner.

"Here are some dried lemons, smoked meat," he says; "desiccated crabapples, canned quinces, and pickles."

He places some av each delicacy before him on the telegraph table.

"I must ate this dinner by the light av a danger lanthern," he says, lighting the red wan.

He crumbles half av the bread into the washbasin and serves it to the other with milk.

"The cards are scattered like leaves in the autumn av lonesomeness," he thinks aloud; "prisintly I'll pick thim up and ingage in the revelry av solitaire."

At this instant the sounder begins on the zinc, like the march av time over the tin roof av a graveyard.

But it is only the man and the gur-rl who have the other two offices on the branch, making love to aich other; and, as they will not talk to Jerry, he cuts out the sounder and falls into deep reflection.

A little breeze crawls down the mountain and blows through the keyhole like the horn av doom; a raindrop booms as it bursts against the windeypane.

"Faith, I thought the moon had fallen down!" ixclaims Jerry. Thin a spell av the place and night comes over him and he turns to spirit-rappings for coompany.

"Take heed," he says to Medium, the assistant, "and ye may read the rappings."

So he opened a school av spiritualism, laughing with joy as he read the signs. And the dog, crouched before him, wud sometimes answer by beating his tail against the floor, and wail like a banshee av great understanding in hope av worse times to come.

So the evening passes sociably as in a haunted house; and when Jerry goes to bed among the nibbled blankets, he has a strange feeling of being called to his last judgment tomorry, and tosses with many chills and alarms, as the hound raps the floor at intervals during the night.

In the morning he makes coffee in a rusted pot on the coalstove in the office and peers around all corners av the station house as he drinks.

Suddenly there is a flutter av white at the mouth av the gulch, which is answered by a flutter in his breast that makes nim set down the basin av scalding coffee—and the assistant gives wan lap and two short howls.

"It is agitated ye are," says Jerry as the figure approaches. "Have ye no conthrol, Medium? Be brave, like a Coffin!" he says, and yet trimbles on hearing the tin pail set by the door.

"If ye plase, I will take back the other pail," says the gur-rl who sees his shadow from beyant the corner; and Jerry makes haste to fetch it.

"It is a fair morning," he says, amazed at the blue eyes av her and the brown hair that clouds her head like a tangle av sunbeams.

"It is," she agrees with a half-shy luk. "I suppose ye will wish the milk and bread brought as the other agints have done?"

Her face was a little thin and faded, but was innocent and held a soft wonder and good humor. "She is like a child—frindly with the wilderness it is lost in," thinks Jerry Coffin; and he is guilty and cast down befoore that luk and feels he is being brought to judgment.

The wind blew the hair like stardust befoore her face, as though wishing to show her the wur-rld through a magic veil.

"I shall be thankful for the milk," says Jerry, and he makes bould to walk to the ind av the platfoorm beside her, though without finding another wur-rd to spake.

"Silence is a bitter taste to me," he reflects, watching her out av sight; "heretofoore I have felt a pressure av language and puffed it away like the exhaust av a locomotive. Now I have little left for emergency."

So he made up his mind to economy, and spoke only wance to the conducthor av the thrain, and on Medium he did not waste a sound above a rap on the skull. However, in the afthernoon he held a seance, at which the hound listened as among the rattle av ghostly meat-bones and barked for joy.

"To her," thinks Jerry, "I am only the common wild man av the wilderness

"A Coffin, a Medium and a Thrick Goat. It is Too Much!"

"Sure, I Wud be a Witch Docthor fer Such a Meal"

and av no particular intherest. Faith, I must atthract her attintion to something else and thin she will turn her eye on mesilf. It is the way av women," he thinks.

So in the avening, when she comes with the pail av milk, Jerry inquires: "Did ye hear the knocks aginst the mountain last night? 'Twas a murtherous sound."

"I did not hear thim," she answered, luking at the mountain.

"And the dog barked as though he had understanding av thim as signals."

"It is queer av him," she replies, watching the dog.

"Whist!" ventures Jerry at the edge av the platfoorm. "I have my suspicions av him. Medium!" he calls, and the other barks short and sharp, and cocks his ears to listen.

The gur-rl luks wonder and thin laughs as though pleased with a new fancy. Fer an insthant her eyes sparkle on Jerry as she turns away to go back to the little farm, where she lives with her father.

"Now I have her intherested in the dog and the mountain—and glancing at me," thinks Jerry. But although he hints at the mysthery twice ivery day as he walks to the ind of the platfoorm, she only smiles and says:

"Ye are making fun av me, Misther Agint."

Now niver in all his life befoore had Jerry throubled so much over a gur-rl or been at a loss fer ixcuses to make favor with any wan.

"Sure I can niver atthract her regard with only five minutes a day," he thinks, "and yet 'twould be bould to go farther than the platfoorm with her. And I will make no ixcuse to go farther," he says, regretting the lie which wud not come, and choked in his throat whin she luked at him. "I must have a reason, and a thrue wan ——"

But there was no reason why he should go farther, and despair had possession av him whin, on the fourth day, the thrain conducthor unloaded a crate on the platfoorm.

"The shipment is 'over,'" he explains; "I have no bill fer it"—and, receiving his thrain order from Jerry, bumps away on the mixed thrain.

"'Tis a goat," says Jerry, and sits down with Medium to ixamine it. The goat mutters to himself in a towering rage and will have nothing to do with thim; so Jerry hauls him to the wareroom on a truck.

In a few minutes there is a call at the wire and he is asked if Bantam Spur is "over" a shipment av one goat.

"A gineral agint shud not commit himself at wance," he reflects; and so answers that he will check up the packages in the wareroom for the goat. In an insthant a saving idea has come to him: "The goat must not be 'over'; it is asthray he must be." And yet, with the remimbrance av the gur-rl, he cannot lie—aven to the claim departmint.

Without answer, he steals out; and prisintly, pulling befoore with a rope while Medium bites behind, he escorts the goat beyant the shoulder av the mountain to the farm.

An ould gintleman sits smoking his pipe on the parlor doorsill; and Jerry, being a man av form, prisints his business card from which he has scraped the ace of clubs. The ould gintleman houlds it at ar-rm's length and reads the name:

"Coffins," he says. "There is no wan dangerously sick. 'Tis undertakers who are overrunning the counthry now," he complains.

"'Tis not the business but the name which ye see at a bird's-eye view," intherrupts Jerry in haste. "Hould the card only halfway to the horizon, wave it back and forth, and ye may read the business in smaller writing." But the ould gintleman cannot get a focus; so Jerry reads it: "Gineral Livestock Agint, P. D. Q. Railroad."

"So it is!" agrees the other, with intherest. "Ye are traveling with your departmint? Kathy," he calls, "it is the livestock agint, with his thrick goat."

The gur-rl with the brown hair comes to the door and claps her hands. "Will he walk a wire?" she asks.

Jerry Coffin puts a curse on the ould gintleman under his breath. "I must not praise him to his face," he says av the goat, who mutters and shoves him aside with his head, and thin bucks into the air with a dangerous luk. Jerry shortens the rope and sets him to face the other way.

"It is a vallyble goat," he says, "but is that headstrong we must set him asthray in the mountains or he will wish to collide with the locomotive," he explains, wiping his brow. "So I wish permission to let him browse on the rocks av the farm and practice walking the peak."

"It will plase Kathy," says the ould gintleman, "and save the price av admission. As fer me, I do not care fer agints and thrick livestock. Did I make it plain there was nobody sick here?" he asks, with suspicion. "This may be a new dodge av undertakers to wur-rm into confidence."

"'Coffin'—it is my name!" replies Jerry, boiling with indignation.

"What is his name?" inquires the other, pointing at the dog with his pipe.

"I know—it is Medium," replies Kathy.

Her father takes his pipe out av his mouth again. "A coffin, a medium and a thrick goat," he mutters. "It is too much!" and goes inside the house.

"It is all right, Misther Coffin," says Kathy; "ye may let him play in the front yard."

"Perhaps we may sick the dog on the goat," says the ould man, hurrying out av the house—and he does so; at which the goat jumps on the roof av the low shed and thin on the house.

"'Tis wan av his thricks," explains Jerry and walks away in imbarrassmint and despair av such humiliation befoore Kathy. "But I have done this," he reflects, "because I wud not lie, aven to the claim departmint. It is fer her sake I am an honest man." And, calling up headquarthers, he repoorts the shipment av wan goat asthray and not "over."

"How do ye know it is asthray?" he is asked; but he will not commit himsilf further.

Kathy came and wint, with Jerry escorting her a few yards beyant the platfoorm; but she does not mention the goat at all.

"Small wonder," grumbles Jerry at supper; "she is disgusted with the bad manners av him"; and during the seance that avening, whin Medium reads the rappings with ease, Jerry complains without pause. "Spirits are poor coompany," he says, and goes out to stroll on the platfoorm and watch the face floating in the milky way, with blue eyes and a veil av dusty gold blown across it.

"If ye rap tonight," he threatens the dog, as he turns in, "'twill go har-rd with ye. Bad cess to a medium who does not know the difference between an inspired drame and a nightmare."

Next morning he makes bould to walk home with Kathy to inspect the livestock departmint.

"Ye must not take offense at my father," explains she with hesitation. "He farms here fer the health av him; and, being an invalid, he is sinsitive about your name av Coffin."

"Yes, yes; I understood," replies Jerry.

"He says he will call ye Misther O'Friday if ye do not mind. He has no coompany here but the days av the week, and 'twill come more natural and frindly."

"O'Friday!" mutters Jerry. "Well, well, let it pass; it is not bad. I have known a man named Christmas, who was hung on a tree!" And he tells her the tale, being a man av intheresting histhory.

Misther Doons, the father, nods whin they arrive, and from the doorsill luks away over the mountain.

"I was not organizing a lodge that I needed a goat," he says bitterly.

"He will amuse ye," puts in Jerry, luking round.

Misther Doons hisses through the cob pipe: "I have an apartmint in a sheep pound," he says. "It is like sleeping under a skating rink."

Jerry luks up and sees the goat, who snorts and frisks on the roof.

"Coom down!" he demands; but the goat laughs in his beard and stares out over the mountain.

"Ye will have to chase him down," says Misther Doons; and as Jerry does so he becomes intherested.

Whin it is all over, and Jerry has rolled off the roof afther the goat, the ould man says:

"Ye must put a new steep roof on the shed or he will jump up again." And in several hours' hard wur-rk Jerry makes a new roof that a bur-rd could not light on.

"It is like a steeple, Misther O'Friday," says Doons; "but it will answer if it does not leak at the point. Now have the goat do his thricks over on the mountain, where I may watch him with the spyglass."

Jerry pulls yards av clothesline out av the goat in the front yard.

"Ye will unravel him entirely!" says Doons with intherest; but, whin Jerry persuades the baste away with a stick, the other falls into a low state again.

"What is the use to be entertained?" he says. "I cannot laugh with wan lung."

"It is enough," replies Jerry, thinking av the goat and glad that Kathy is in the kitchen. "'Tis policy to intherest the ould man," he thinks to himself; "but bad cess to the goat—he will be the ruin av me with Kathy."

So he discourses on the roughness av railroads. "They wud jolt a spirit to bits," he says, as a hint.

"We do not know," argues Doons; "we have no wur-rd from thim."

"Whist! I get it straight by raps," says Jerry darkly; but the ould man shakes his head. "If ye will come down some avening we may hear signs av your ancistors."

"Saints rest thim!" says Doons. "'Tis little rest they had in this wur-rld betwane the law and the opportunity av breaking it. I have lived down the skeletons," he says, "and will hould no resurrection in a closet, lest they talk back to me."

It is plain that he misdoubts, but Jerry swells with the triumph at hand. "Sure, it is aisy to converse with thim; aven the dog medium has a conthrol."

The other is startled and almost drops his pipe. "Is it a dog houlds seances!" he exclaims.

"'Tis little we know," answers Jerry with a sigh and shake av the head. "Have ye not heard the wolf-pack howl back at him from the mountains?"

Doons luks at him with great intherest and curiosity.

"Hark!" says Jerry. "Prisintly ye will hear him. 'Tis exercised he is now—ivery morning—with ghosts."

"Av departed dogs?"

"I do not think so; fer he repeats the signals to me who have no intherest in dogs."

The ould man lays down his pipe and wipes his glasses to luk more cautiously at Jerry who smokes and waits in a whirlwind—wan side av which bears him up to hope and the other sucks him down to despair.

Prisintly came the howl av echoes from the mountain. "I can niver decide," whispers Jerry, "whether the pack howls first to the dog or the dog to the mountain. Ha!" And he raised his hand for silence.

From beyant the shoulder av the mountain they hear long howls, then many short barks, which sound closer and closer. They can hear the sound av something running—and in a second Medium is befoore thim.

"What is the sign?" asks Jerry, and the hound, with eyes red and hair bristling, crouches panting whilst he beats a tattoo with his tail.

"'Tis wur-rd I must not neglect," says Jerry; and with an apology he rises and quickly descends the mountain, with the ould man's eyes pushing the glasses to the ind av his nose.

At the station, Jerry pulls the knife from the door and casts it again at the target till it sticks.

"Now that the day's business and amusement are over I will rest with a clear conscience," he says, and goes to sleep till thraintime; fer, with houlding seances, he and Medium get little sleep at night.

That afternoon the thrain conducthor brings him in a letter stamped and addressed to Kathleen Doons, and by railroad mail a tracer from the claim departmint, to which Jerry attaches his reply:

"The goat is still straying," he says; "if he returns I will herd him till further notice from ye is received regarding disposition, which is not good, in case he is not strayed again."

"It has an official sound," he thinks, reading it over with pride. "'Tis the Coffins who are born for correspondence!"

But with a sinking heart he gives Kathy her letter that evening and sees her almost dance for joy.

"Oh, he is coming up to visit over Sunday," she cries, "and I must hurry home with the news!"

"Did ye mark her eye shine?" asks Jerry as Medium. "A curse on him, whoever he is, who visits over Sunday!"

But Medium has become so intranced that he listens for spirits asleep or awake and does not heed Jerry at all.

On that same avening, the manager av the smelter comes up on a handcar to make payment for the car av copper shipped that week, and Jerry locks the cash in the safe. Thin he calls on the Doons to inspect the livestock, fer he has a sinse av responsibility in all departmints.

"Good avening, Misther O'Monday," says the ould man from the doorsill. "The goat has been sporting all day on the peak yonder; ye may see him now, like a comic valentine pasted over the moon. He lends an intense beauty to the scenery," says Doons.

But Jerry only bows, fer well he knows that the way to atthract intherest is by showing none himself.

"Has the dog any message today?" asks the other prisintly in a mocking voice.

"'Tis burning with curiosity he is," thinks Jerry, and answers: "He was ixpecting wan whin I left; but 'twill not come till nine-thirty o'clock. 'Tis the spirit av a freight ingineer, who haunts the place and is due at nine."

"Why will he not repoort on time?" asks Kathy from the door.

"'Tis the late O'Donovan," ixplains Jerry, at which the ould man laughs and Kathy cries: "How can ye make fun av me so—and spirits are sacred things, too, I'll have ye know."

"Will the dog bring ye the message?" asks Doons.

"If there is wur-rd fer me he will," replies Jerry as a matter av coorse, and the ould man goes in to luk at the clock.

"It is not respectful to palter with such mystheries," says Kathy. "Niver mind! There is wan coming tomorry who niver does anything to displease me."

"A plague on the women!" thinks Jerry with a sigh. "They will not luk at a man they can understand; yet they hould it a crime to draw thim by curiosity."

However, he decides that her curiosity is wurth more than her approval and keeps a quiet tongue. So she goes on:

"The wan coming over Sunday wud answer: 'I will not try to desave ye, Kathy dear. They are no spirits at all: 'tis only a way the dog has. And I will not make a joke av folks who are dead and cannot deny false news av thimsilves so late, Kathy dear.'"

"He wud answer in that way, wud he?" replies Jerry in quick earnest. "Thin, if I may answer ye so, Kathy dear, I will mesilf say the spirits are false—so is the dog, Kathy dear; and I shall blackguard thim in any way ye see fit."

Jerry is carried away by his earnestness, but marks the blush that stains her face like the reflection av firelight.

"It is eight-thir-rty already," says ould Doons, coming out.

"Thin I have only an hour to visit, in case there shud be wur-rd fer me from beyant," Jerry answers with defiance.

Kathy luks at him with reprouch and a bit av temper. "So ye persist in such sacrilege?" she says quietly. "Very well!" And she strolls away in the moonlight.

But Misther Doons is intherested beyant belief.

"It is tremendous!" he says. "If the dog repeats the message to ye ——" And he goes in and out again. "Maybe the clock is slow," he says.

But Jerry is that cast down he makes no answer. "Dom the spirits!" he reflects. "'Twas slate-writing that got me into jail and the rappings have sint me to purgatory. But there niver yet was a Coffin who wud be bluffed by a gur-rl," he says, "whin he wud gain nothing by it."

"I will go down with the black flag nailed to the mast!" he says aloud in absence av mind, at which the other raises his hand.

"Hould, O'Friday!" he commands. "Wan mysthery at a time. They will last longer." Thin he laughs a hollow laugh with wan lung and sets the clock in the windey, with a candle befoore it.

As the hands move he calls the minutes aloud, from nine-one to nine-twinty-nine, like a man condemned; and Kathleen, listening, strolls up and down in the moonlight at a distance.

"Nine-twinty-nine," repeats Doons. His voice is down to a strangled whisper and his eyes glare like bits av the moon. "And thir-rty," he whines in an appealing way that wud touch the heart of Time.

"Faith! if the cursed dog shud be out av conthrol it will be the death of Doons," thinks Jerry, whin a long howl rises from below and the wolf-packs av the mountains take it up. In another second they are in full cry—'tis enough to make the hair bristle; and whin they hear the rush along the path as though the Fiend scratched gravel with all his claws, thin the fierce panting bark close at hand; and the red-eyed Medium, with lolling tongue, bursts out av the moonmist—thin ould Doons drops his pipe, his face sparkles and he laughs as clear and lusty as a boy.

"By cough and spasm, I swear with both lungs," he says, and shakes his fist into the shadows behind, "that I will niver die with such a mysthery unraveled! We will go down together and I'll hear the message rapped mesilf," he declares; and, whistling to the dog, he hastens first along the path, with the others trailing behint.

"Kathy," whispers Jerry as he walks beside her; but she luks away from him with a toss av the head.

"Whin I fir-rst saw her with the pail," reflects Jerry, "I niver suspected her av such temper and pride. I thought her dear and simple and trusting; yet already she suspects me as much as everybody else and will not listen." So he walks beside her discouraged and silent.

"Well, what have ye to say?" she demands still luking away.

"Kathy, I cud not tell a lie to ye," he answers quickly.

"I trust that ye know better," she says, more proud and satisfied than iver.

"I can hear their rapping," muttered Jerry.

'Twas not the confession she had ixpected, and fer an insthant Kathy stares at him in curiosity, though this angers her more than iver; but in that insthant she saw the man straight and strong, with his dark eyes and the face av the ould wayfaring minstrels.

"Ye are uncanny!" she cries with a little gasp—"with your thricks and desates I am afraid av ye!" And the gur-rl flutters down the path to the side av her father.

"'Twill be a seance!" thinks Jerry, following afther; "and Hiven knows what raps will come—or who will get thim." But he enters the station house with thum bouldly, leaning heavily on the luck which has supported the Coffins for generations.

"It is a place where anything might chance," says ould Doons; "ye will ixcuse me fer luking round corners," he says, and pries into ivery nook to discover what thing it is who sends messages by a dog at any particular time that Jerry ixpects thim.

But divil a spirit can he touch with a stick, they are that spry; and Doons feels the cold sweat breuk out on him. "Even the ould wall clock has run down!" he says.

"Can ye stand the shock of a seance?" asks Jerry; but the other cries: "Yes, yes! Have at thim. I wud niver rest aisy with such mysthery left behind."

"I care little for your thricks," says Kathleen; but her futher turns on her sternly.

"Do ye call it a thrick which I cannot see through?" he demands. "Have ye no more respect for me? What sends the dog afther his masther ——" And he quarrels with her, distracted with the fear av dying a puzzled man. "I thought I knew it all," he complains, "and was content to pay the debt av Nature—which is in arrears," he tells Jerry in his excitement; "but niver will I give up this ghost only to be haunted by another."

And so he urges Jerry, who drags up a chair and thin a box for thim to sit in a circle, with himself on the table.

"We must hould hands," he explains.

"We must not," says Kathy.

"Ye may hould thim both," decides Doons.

"May the Fiend fly away with the ould fool!" mutters Jerry; and he is more distracted than Doons, though he must prepare fer the seance, lest Kathy suspect him av thrickery. "Where is the luck av the Coffins?" he moans in secret; fer they have a banshee who has come down in the family and helped thim through har-rd times that he might threaten thim with misfortune in good wans.

And it is in this minute av despair that his ear, thrained to hear the most distant whisper av hope, fairly wags on his head at the sound it has caught from the night.

"Whist!" says Jerry with a frown for silence, though dragging about the chair and box and the table in a way that startles the Doons. "Whist!" he says, slamming down the seats. "I feel something at hand. Be silent!" he commands. "Something comes! Ah, ye will disturb a seance, will ye?" he shouts to the dog and chases him howling from the room.

"Sure, 'tis a message from Bedlam!" thinks Doons with awe.

"Whether spirit or flesh or bones, I cannot tell ye," intherrupts Jerry, dragging up the table.

"Sure, Kathy is that crool suspicious I can raise no more disturbance," thinks Jerry. "With her I have the ghost av a chance only in the chance av a ghost."

But, as they sit down in the circle, he marks with joy that the low, deep purring av steel on steel has died away in the night; he hears wan quick footfall—and some wan ixclaims from the door:

"What good luck led me to come up to the depot instead av going first to the house!"

At the first wur-rd Kathy has started up; and crying his name she runs toward the last comer.

"Martin!" she says. "We did not ixpect ye till Sunday. How lonesome it has been without ye! Ye are thin," she says, houlding him away with a kind av whimper, so forgetting she is av others in the love av this wan. "Ye overwur-rk and have no wan to luk afther ye."

But ould Doons intherrupted: "Here, Martin!" he says, and a tall slip av a young fellow comes under the light to shake hands.

"It is my brother, who is bookkeeper at the smelter wur-rks!" ixclaims Kathy proudly to Jerry—and the agint changes humor so quickly that he laughs aloud with the scowl still hanging black over his brow.

"Welcome ye are, as the frind av Doons, whether kin er no!" he says; and the blitheness av the lie ustonishes him afther so long a season with truth.

"Ivery man to his trade," he thinks; "I have stumbled on mine at last." And he tells thim further: "As I am an honest man, whin we sat here listening to the raps in the distance I knew they spelled a pleasant meeting to me."

"Divil a rap did I hear!" intherrupts ould Doons sourly. "What with yez giving an Irish reel with the furniture and assaulting the dog, I cud not have detected a thunderstorm. But now we shall go on with the seance," he growls. "Ye may come into the circle, Marty."

"'Tis past the hour," says Jerry mournfully. "Aven a freight ingineer must pull out av a station some time; and having registered he is gone."

Young Doons listened with surprise, but Kathy tosses her head again.

"'Tis only the low thrickery of a lost railroad agint," she informs him. "Perhaps"—with significance—"'tis remorse which haunts him and the rappings av conscience."

"Ye are a loon, gur-rl!" says ould Doons, out av temper.

(Continued on Page 69)

"I Will Niver Die With Such a Mysthery Unraveled! We Will Go Down Together and I'll Hear the Message Rapped Mesilf"

EXTRAORDINARY CASES

The Sealed Packet—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Instances . . . where apparently slight and unexpected circumstances have led to the detection of offenders are familiar to all who are concerned in the practical administration of justice.
—STARBIE.

WHEN one touches the mystery of human identity he seizes upon a golden property of romance. There stretches backward before the eye a great frieze filled with every variety of figure grouped in every variety of posture and ending before enchanted palaces lifted by magic out of the baked earth of Arabia. It was the chief device of the tragic poets when Aristotle wrote; it was time-worn before the day of Scheherezade; it was in every tale of the Middle Ages; Boccaccio knew it, and the Elizabethan poets stole it from the Florentine stories and made it a vehicle for their colossal dramas.

One would believe that when Cherbuliez finished his celebrated romance, Samuel Brohl & Co., there remained no combination of events, however complex, that had not been set up about this mystery of human identity; and when one put down that charming tale he would say that Cherbuliez, in his delightful entanglements, had pushed so far into the region of the fancy that by no chance or hazard could the truth reach him.

In that story Count Abel Larinski, of a great Polish family, had disappeared. A man named Samuel Brohl endeavored to impersonate him, and he did it with such charm and fidelity that but for one of those inexplicable tricks of fortune he would have remained Count Larinski. He had in his possession a curious bracelet and, in the romantic atmosphere of St. Moritz, having won the promise in marriage of the daughter of a wealthy Parisian, he presented her with this bracelet as a *gage d'amour*. Now it happened, a few days before the ceremony, that an old Russian, the Princess Gulof, was in Paris, and calling upon the Count's fiancée, Mademoiselle Moriaz, she observed this bracelet. She was astonished. She said the bracelet had belonged to her years before; that she had been traveling through Europe, had seen a little boy, had taken a fancy to him, had bought him of his father and, having no money, had given the father this bracelet. The bracelet contained a secret compartment with her name. She took the bracelet from the girl's arm, pressed the secret spring and showed it to contain what she had said. It appeared that this Samuel Brohl, whom the Countess had picked up by chance, had fallen in with the true Count Abel Larinski in his exile, had been with him at his death, had learned the history of his family and had determined to impersonate him. If it had not been for this bracelet, which he had found among the effects of his real father at his death and the secret of which he did not know, he would have succeeded with his heroic adventure.

Now the realist, insisting on the truth, will thrust his tongue into his cheek and put down the book. Such adventures in their nice, intricate adjustment do not happen, he will tell us with a judicial air. But they do happen!

There can be no more practical tribunal in this world than the Court of Queen's Bench, and there came into it for trial at its Easter term in the year 1873 a case that in its strange, intricate details equals anything that Cherbuliez has imagined.

Sir James Tichborne belonged to one of the oldest families in England. He held his lands by title anterior to the landing of William the Conqueror. He married a descendant of the titled family of Bourbon-Conti. Sir James could not resist the lure of Paris and he and his family resided for the most part in the French capital. Here Sir Roger Charles Tichborne was born in January, 1829. He lived in Paris until he was sixteen. Later he was sent to a Catholic seminary at Stonyhurst, England. Here he concluded his slight education. Soon afterward he entered the army as an officer in the Sixth Carbineers. It is related that about this time he fell in love with his charming cousin Katherine—afterward Lady Radcliffe. But the young woman's parents resisted the alliance and Sir Roger, forgetting the advice of Châteaubriand and believing that a new land would cure him of his fancy, crossed to France, made his adieus to his family and on the fourth of March, 1853, sailed from Havre for Valparaiso.

A Child Born in Alsace, Arriving in New Orleans, Was Sold Into Slavery

A Host of Witnesses

HE REMAINED in South America, now and then in correspondence with his family, until 1854, when he sailed in the Bella from Rio de Janeiro to New York. A short time before the vessel sailed, in a letter to his family, he expressed his intention of staying abroad for several years longer.

The Bella never came into the port of New York; she vanished from the high seas. Her insurance was paid and the ship marked off as lost at sea. Some four or five days after she had sailed her long-boat was picked up.

It appeared that the young Sir Roger had made a will before leaving England. Sir James accepted the current belief that his son was dead and his will was proved, but Lady Tichborne, with a mother's tenacity of hope, refused to believe that her son had been lost at sea. She held to that idea, and when Sir James died, in 1862, she advertised in a London paper for her son Sir Roger. This was eight years after the sailing of the Bella.

About this time an enterprising person named Cubit opened what he called a "Missing Friends" office at Sydney, in Australia, and by chance a copy of his advertisement came to the attention of Lady Tichborne. She wrote to Cubit, and he advertised for the lost heir of the Tichborne estate.

Now it happened that this advertisement of Cubit came to the attention of an attorney named Gibbs, and the thing remained in the lawyer's memory. One day he saw a man smoking a pipe. This pipe attracted his attention—he stopped and observed it; on the bowl of it were the initials R. C. T. Gibbs had an inspiration; he made some inquiries; he learned that the smoker was an Englishman and that he had said that he belonged to a noble family and was the heir to estates. He observed the man's gentlemanly carriage and behavior and finally he went to him and said boldly that he had discovered his secret—he was the lost Sir Roger Tichborne. The man of the pipe, who bore the name of Castro, finally admitted that Gibbs was right. Gibbs at once wrote to Cubit and Cubit advised Lady Tichborne that her son was found.

The Dowager immediately replied. In her correspondence she gave some details of her son's life and certain peculiarities by which he could be recognized, and she said that an old servant named

On the Bowl of It Were the Initials R. C. T.

Bogle would meet Sir Roger when he arrived. Cubit advised the lost heir to reply to his mother's letters and he did, signing R. C. T. with a peculiar mark ')('. Lady Tichborne sent two hundred pounds and the lost Sir Roger sailed for England. When he arrived he found a black man in the hotel, whom he immediately addressed as Bogle.

The old servant welcomed him as the lost Sir Roger and adhered to him to the day of his death. The claimant went with Bogle to the neighborhood of the Tichborne estates, remained for some time in this vicinity and then crossed to Paris to meet his mother. The interview between Lady Tichborne and this man took place in a hotel in Paris, and when it was over the Dowager declared that he was her missing son Sir Roger.

The claimant explained that he had sailed on the Bella; that after the wreck of that ship he had been picked up by the Osprey and carried to Melbourne. This explanation was satisfactory and convincing. It was known that the Osprey had come into Melbourne in July, about a month after the wreck of the Bella. This was about the length of time it would have taken a vessel to arrive had she sailed direct to this port from the corner of the world where the Bella was lost.

It would seem that the claimant's case was established. He resembled Sir Roger in appearance and had been accepted by two persons who were best able to say—namely, his mother and the old servant Bogle. But there was one person who refused to accept him—an old family solicitor named Gosford. Gosford went to see him, talked with him, and at the end of the conference told him he was an impostor.

Through the influence of Gosford, it would seem, when the new Sir Roger came to establish his right by law to the Tichborne estate and its titles he was resisted. There arose then one of the most extraordinary trials in the history of English jurisprudence. Hundreds of witnesses were examined. Lady Tichborne had already recognized him, as had the old servant Bogle. In addition, at this trial eighty-five witnesses swore that the claimant was Sir Roger; among them was one family solicitor, one baronet, six magistrates, one general, three colonels, one major, two captains, thirty-two non-commissioned officers and privates of the army, four clergymen, seven tenants of the Tichborne estate and seventeen family servants.

Moreover, the claimant was shown by these witnesses physically to resemble Sir Roger. Sir Roger was known to have a fish-hook scar near the eye—the claimant had such a scar. A hair-dresser testified that Sir Roger had a peculiar scar on his head—the claimant also had this scar. There were, too, certain peculiarities in old letters of Sir Roger and in those written by the claimant—for instance, both wrote "nothink" for "nothing," "lick" for "like," and both used the term "a-going." Both spelled "Major" with a "g"—thus, "Magor"—and used "has" for "as." It was learned that Sir Roger had a peculiarity of the thumb, and the claimant presented such a peculiarity; and it was said that a certain nervous twitching of the claimant's eyebrows was one of Sir Roger's old habits when he engaged in any animated conversation.

Nevertheless, Gosford stubbornly insisted that the man was an impostor; and it presently developed that he had a certain particular reason for this contention. He said that before leaving England, on the first of January, 1852, Sir Roger had called on him; that he had gone to a desk,

written on a piece of paper, folded the paper, put it into an envelope and sealed it with wax, using his own seal. He then wrote on the envelope "private and confidential memorandum" and gave it to Gosford to keep for him.

The claimant, when confronted with this dangerous, unforeseen test, met it with a certain shrewdness. He said that the packet contained a personal and intimate memorandum and that he must decline to reveal it out of consideration for others. It then developed that the packet that had been delivered to Gosford had been destroyed. The solicitor admitted that he had kept it for years, but at the present time it was in fact not in existence. When the claimant learned this he boldly declared what the packet contained. He seemed now to have passed the last danger. The packet had been destroyed and there was no one who could know what it had contained except Sir Roger, and as he was Sir Roger who could doubt him?

But it seemed that Gosford was not a man to be outwitted. When he read the memorandum that the claimant said was in the packet he declared that there could be no longer any doubt about the man being an impostor, because the packet contained no such memorandum. He testified that before Sir Roger had sealed the envelope he brought the writing over to him and showed it to him, that he then signed it Roger Charles Tichborne, Tichborne Park. The solicitor further testified that the memorandum related to Sir Roger's relation with his cousin Katherine. Lady Radcliffe now came forward and produced a copy of the memorandum that Sir Roger had given to Gosford. The duplicate bore the date June 22, 1852, and was identical with the original. This paper Sir Roger had given to his cousin, explaining to her that it was a copy of the paper he had left with Gosford. This extraordinary memorandum that finally assisted in the ruin of the claimant to the Tichborne estate is a curious paper.

TICHBORNE PARK, June 22, 1852.

I made on this day a promise that if I marry my cousin Katherine this year, before three years are over to build a chapel at Tichborne to the Holy Virgin in thanksgiving for the protection which she has thrown over us and praying God that our wishes may be fulfilled.

(Signed)
ROGER CHARLES TICHBORNE.

This strange, unforeseen circumstance completed the claimant's ruin. The man was an impostor; his real name was Arthur Orton; he was a son of a ship butcher at 68 High Street, Wapping, London. At fourteen he was sent on a voyage for his health, taking passage from Antwerp to Valparaiso. He was in South America in 1848, deserted his ship at Valparaiso and went inland to a town called Melipilla. Here he fell in with a Spanish family by the name of Castro, picked up a smattering of that language, and in 1851 returned to England, but a year later he went again to sea. He traveled from place to place until he was finally picked up by the lawyer Gibbs.

The Wrong Husband

IT WAS thought that he got his first clew from the letters of Lady Tichborne; and, being shrewd enough immediately to recognize the old servant Bogle, he supplied himself with sufficient details from that source to enable him to get on. Through Bogle he was able to attach to himself two military servants of Sir Roger in the Carbineers, Carter and McKenna. He seemed skillfully to have carried forward this imposture somewhat after the manner of a trick one has seen a child do at cards, by which it pretends to call cards as it picks them up from various packs, it being necessary only to know one card ahead. Through these old servants he was able to supply himself with details as he proceeded, and possessed with a natural shrewdness he managed to carry the thing through. It was said that at the trial the Carbineers came up literally in platoons and swore that he was the lost Sir Roger, so many of them appearing that the opposition ceased to cross-examine them. This was explained upon the theory that the regiment was convinced by the two military servants, and one or two persons in it having sworn to the identity of the claimant the others followed. The remarkable feature of this case was the degree to which persons adhering to the claimant became violent partisans.

Chief Justice Bovil dismissed the action of ejectment of Tichborne vs. Lushington and others on trial at Westminster, in the County of Middlesex, in the Court of Common Pleas, and directed the impostor to be indicted for perjury. (See Reg. vs. Castro IX, 9, Law Reports Queen's Bench, case 350.)

After the case was over Guildford Onslow and George Hammond Whalley, both members of Parliament, were brought up before the Court of Queen's Bench on a rule for contempt and fined for speeches made by them in St. James Hall, Piccadilly, in which they declared that the loss of the case by the Tichborne claimant was the result of conspiracy.

What romance surpasses this case? Is Samuel Brohl & Co. any more improbable in the completion of its details than the history of the Tichborne claimant? Does not Gosford with his sealed packet equal the Russian princess with her bracelet? One familiar with the intricate moving of actual events has very properly said that the difference between fiction and truth is that fiction must adhere to probabilities while truth need not.

It was in one branch of this case that the Chief Justice made his famous remark on the reliability of maternal instinct. One would think that the mother would know her child or a wife her husband; but this is not always true.

The Bella Vanished From the High Seas

Herodotus tells us that one Smerdis, a Magus, seized the throne of Persia, claiming that he was the son of Cyrus. The great Persian families were uncertain whether or not he was an impostor. Cambyses was dead, and after the oriental custom Smerdis had for wife Phædyma, a daughter of Otanes, who had been one of the wives of Cambyses. Otanes sent to his daughter and asked her if this man was the son of Cyrus, and she replied that she did not know. Otanes directed her to touch the head of the Magus when he was asleep, and if he had no ears she could be assured that he was not the son of Cyrus, because Cyrus, son of Cambyses, during his reign had cut off the ears of the Magus for some grave offense. It was by this trick that the pretender was discovered and the kingdom of Persia delivered to Darius.

Almost as remarkable as the Tichborne case is that of Martin Guerre, alias Armond du Tilth, tried before the Parliament of Toulouse in 1560 (Ram. on Facts 430).

Martin Guerre was born in Biscay and married to Bertrande de Rols, of Artigues, in the diocese of Rieux. They lived together for ten years and had a son named Sanxi. It is said that Martin had some serious controversy with his father and shortly afterward disappeared.

Eight years passed. One day a man walked into the cottage of Bertrande; she recognized him as her husband, Martin Guerre. The missing man's four sisters, his uncle and others of his relationship received and recognized him. He told why he had lived the life of an adventurer and said he had served in Spain in the wars, had grown tired of the life and concluded to return.

They lived together in tranquillity at Artigues. The man conducted all the affairs of business that arose, sold land in Biscay and entered into contracts as Martin Guerre. Suddenly for some reason the woman Bertrande caused him to be arrested as an impostor.

The judge who tried the case found himself in great perplexity. The man seemed to know all the history and the little details of Martin Guerre's life; he protested that the woman had taken a dislike to him and that the thing was a conspiracy. A great number of witnesses appeared before the judge. Between thirty and forty swore that the man was Martin Guerre and that they had known him from infancy. An equal number swore with equal positiveness that he was one Armond du Tilth of Sagias, commonly called Pansette, and that they were perfectly acquainted with him. The remainder of the witnesses, some sixty in all, declared that there was so strong a resemblance between the two persons that it was impossible for them to say. The extraordinary thing was that almost all the witnesses said that the real Guerre had two scars on his face, that his left eye was bloodshot and that the nail of his first finger had grown in, and all of these marks were to be observed on the person of the claimant.

The Two Moles

IN GREAT perplexity the judge resorted to a device that one might expect to find recorded in the Book of Kings. He placed before him the claimant and the sisters of the original Martin Guerre and he required the witnesses to say whether the dead son Sanxi resembled this man or the sisters. Upon this point the witnesses were agreed. The judge thereupon decided that:

Armond du Tilth was guilty and convicted of being an impostor and for that crime he is condemned to lose his head and further that his body should be divided into quarters.

This decision, arrived at after the manner of Solomon, was afterward verified. The claimant appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse and there arose a test upon which he failed. It was remembered that the real Guerre was an expert swordsman, and upon this man being put to the test he was found unfamiliar with that practice. The Parliament of Toulouse was about to decide when by chance or, as the old Chroniclers put it, "through the interposition of Providence"—the real Martin Guerre appeared and the impostor was executed.

The writers of fiction, it is easy to see, have not gone into the region of fancy to discover the many and strange devices by which their villains have been unmasked. It would seem that there is always something that the criminal overlooks or does not foresee that in the end accomplishes his ruin, and these trivialities are often as strange as anything that romance could imagine.

Nor have the novelists gone far afield from the truth in causing right to prevail by means of some slight triviality.

Cable, after he had written 'Tite Poulette, considered the case of Salome Muller that he found among the old records of the Supreme Court of Louisiana as more remarkable than any fiction.

Here a child born in Alsace, France, arriving in New Orleans, was sold into slavery, and was released only after twenty-five years of bondage and at the end of a long trial. There was a mass of conflicting testimony, but the identity of the slave girl was finally established by two little moles which the earlier immigrants said were to be found on the body of the child that came to America in 1818.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a new series of papers dealing with extraordinary cases in law. The second article will be printed in an early issue.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

IF BLUE eyes saw blue and brown eyes saw brown, thin, God help the poor black-eyed felley trea l-ing in the dar-rk!" said Mickey O'Rourke, laying aside a hard felt hat and putting on his uniform cap. He settled his jacket snugly about him and peered into the mirror against the forward bulkhead of Light Vessel Number 188's cabin. "Thank Hivin I am once more a chief engineer and do not have to keep me face clean, like a passenger!"

Nielson, the mate, took his pipe from his lips to inquire: "Where'd you spend your leave this time, Mickey?"

"Personally conducting a lady through the myst'ries of the wickedness of a wor-rld of which—the saints be praised!—she knows nothing—a mission'ry gir-rl she was, staring at the heathen through blue eyes and wondering at their manners whin, afther all, 'twas her own eyes she looked through." He sat down and glanced at the log-book the assistant put before him. "And I have tould the truth widout favor and—I dunno." Mickey glanced round at us with an unusual, almost extraordinary, diffidence of expression.

"Have ye gone and mixed up in other people's affairs again?" the captain demanded.

"I have," Mickey confessed with a sigh. "I that have lied for forty years to keep me silf-rispict have gone and tould the truth—to a woman!"

"About yourself?" Nielson asked interestedly.

"About all of us!" the chief engineer burst out. "I will explain, that yez may share me shame and know that yez are found out.

"Whin I got ashore, with aches in me bones as yez all know, I wint to the docthor and I remar-rks:

"'Docthor, I am sick.'

"'Say no more,' says he. 'I know what ails yez. 'Tis the oil yez have licked off your lips and the coal yez have swallowed wid your meals. Are yez an engine that yez must use good Governmint stores on yoursilf? Go and keep away from the machinery for six weeks.'

"So I gave him me blessing and depar-rted for San Francisco on the Elder and bought me passage to Honolulu on the schooner Helene, after carefully discovering that she had no engines nor anny engineer. And in the afternoon of the nixt day I joined the other four passengers on the quarterdeck whiles the tug towed us from our berth and headed us for sea. 'Twas a fine blowy day, and before we were out of the Golden Gate the wind took us and the tug left us, and I wint below to me little room and put on an ould cap and prepared to spind sixteen days widout the sound of engines in me ears. Whin I came on deck two of the passengers were left alone, the other two having to think of their sins. Of the two I saw in the lee of the spanker one was a young man, wid his cap on one side of his head and his hands in his pockets. The other was a woman. She was, maybe, twenty-five years old. The eyes of her were blue and her hair was the color of leaves in autumn—full of gold and shadows. She looked at me wid severity and I knew that me sins had found me out. So I wint by her and spoke to the youngster.

"Widin a quar-rter of an hour we had exchanged boasts as to our splindid pasts and glorious futures. His name was Tom Abbott, his business was to enjoy himsilf between jobs, and he had in him the makings of a hydraulic engineer, having been to school.

"'I'm going to Honolulu to look over the situation. They may need me there,' says me bright sprig.

"'I am going to Honolulu because I am not needed annywhere,' I responds; and so we got acquainted. And whin we were fri'nds Tom says to me:

"'Who is the haughty beauty by the rail?'

"'I know iverything about her excipt the name,' says I. 'She has blue eyes and fair hair—and scor-rns us both. 'Tis enough. She is above us.'

"At that momint the ould man comes across and remar-rks: 'Yez must all get inthroduced.' And wid that he hauls me bould Tom be the ar-rm and makes him acquainted to the gir-rl, whose name is Sutherland—Miss Elizabeth Sutherland. Thin Tom inthroduces me and I lear-rn that she is from Nebraska and is a mission'ry to the heathen in the Sandwich Islands.

"She is From Nebraska and a Mission'ry to the Heathen in the Sandwich Islands"

"For twelve days I sit on the bitts and watch the develop-mint of affiction and coolness between thim. First, me bould Tommy states wid conviction that he has a job in Honolulu. I hear Miss Sutherland assert wid loftiness that her station is on the Island of Maui. Nixt day Tommy is sure that his job is on Maui too; and he drags out a char-rt to prove it be a long name.

"Secondly, me bright hydraulic engineer finds out that his aunt was a Presbyterian like her, though he admits wid shame that he was raised a Methodist. Miss Elizabeth says she has a fri'nd who goes to the Methodist chur-rch, and Misther Abbott displays signs of hating this fri'nd until a wor-rd makes it plain that it is a gir-rl fri'nd she thinks of.

"Thin me bould Tommy discovers the virtues of the main deck, where there isn't a crowd of three people, and the two of thim walk back and for-rth under the shadows of the sails; and the skipper keeps his timper wid difficulty, because there is no fun in three-handed whist and Misther Abbott has forgotten how to play car-rds. "'Tis poor business sailing a schooner wid one passenger sick in his room and two in love,' growls the ould man. 'And 'tis con-thrary to discipline to play wid me first mate.'

"'Were yez niver young, misther?'

"'Niver,' says he. 'I had to wor-rk too har-rd, and I could not speak the language of women.'

"'Thin let thim be,' says I. 'For the young felley is lear-rning and in his old age he will be the betther for it.'

"So we let thim be; and at the ind of the twelfth night I sat on the main hatch, in the shadow of the pumps, and saw me bould bhoy and the gir-rl treading the deck slowly and confissing that, afther all, life is a puzzle to know what to do. "'Tis the top step on the stile of love,' thinks I. 'I will see him help her over.'

"But she would none of it. 'I have my wor-rk to do,' she tould him, brushing the hair back from her forehead and staring out into the sky. 'I must devote me talints to conver-rting the goulless natives of Hawaii.'

"'And whin yez have conver-rted thim will yez abandon thim?' demands me bright engineer, stopping her and thrying to look into her eyes.

"'What do yez mean?' says she softly.

"And he tould her; and in the telling me mind slipped away into the past; and before I knew it I was back on the afther bitts, thrying to forget that iver I hear-rd the softness of a gir-rl's voice in the dark.

"The nixt mor-rning me beauteous Miss Sutherland took her breakfast in bed and did not appear on deck till the afthernoon. And me bould Tom, in disperation, borrowed paint and brushes and decorated the pump wid green and white, growling terribly to himsilf. For company's sake, I bossed the job; and I perceived that the poor felley was in despair, for at each dab wid his brush he peered from the cor-rner of his eyes to see whether the mission'ry had not recovered and come on deck. Whin she did appear, pale and wid her hair tucked under a cap, he decided that the thing was done and shoved the paint-pot into me hand widout apology. Yet she would have little of him and spoke to the captain.

"That evening, whin the stars were out, they walked again on the main deck, wid the war-rm breeze dropping out of the sails on thim. And by the voice of me lovely mission'ry I knew that she was in doubt.

"So it wint till one night we picked up the light on Koko Head and the ould man shortened sail so as to reach the pass in the daylight. Thin me bould Abbott took Miss Sutherland for the last time to the main deck and none of us dared go down, knowing that a man was pleading for his life. 'Twas not for us to overhear.

"Betimes in the mor-rning the Helene was moored to the wharf, we had been inspected be the docthor, and I found mesilf in Honolulu wid nothing to do. So I wint to a hotel, thrust me valise into a hot room and depar-rted to injoy the sights. I saw thim and gained no wisdom. The nixt day I saw thim again and came back to me room the same fool that I wint out. The thir-rd day I wint for-rth, and once more was consoling mesilf wid scenery and strange smells whin I met Tommy Abbott. We wint in and had a drink. Over it he infor-rmed me that he had a job.

"'"Tis a fine position for a young man,' says he. 'I shall make money.'

"'Yez are in luck,' says I.

"'I am miserable,' retur-rns me bould sprig. And he ordered another drink.

"'There is little happiness for a young man in a barroom,' I remar-rks. '"Tis odd that whin a man's hear-rt is sick he makes haste to spoil his stomach as well.'

"'Thin yez saw that I was much taken wid the young woman?' he demands.

"'Did yez expict me to shut mesilf in me room and refuse to answer knocks on me door?' I retor-rts.

"'"Tis thrue,' he admits. 'I am not ashamed of it; but she refuses me.'

"'"Tis none of me business,' I remar-rks. 'But why?'

"So he explained to me that Miss Sutherland was a good woman, deter-rmined to conver-rt the heathen and leaving home for that purpose, and cannot think of marri'ge.

"'I am surprised at yez,' I tould him. 'Who are yez to take away from the joyous native his chance of going to Purgat'ry wid a fair show to get out be the prayers of good women? Are yez not a white man and, therefore, in no need of salvation? There are plinty of gir-rls besides mission'ries.'

"Thin the hear-rt of the bhoy came out for a momint.

"'I am not good enough for her,' he confisses. 'I know it. And she is afraid!'

"'Does she love yez?' I demands.

"Whin She Did Appear He Shoved the Paint-Pot Into Me Hand Widout Apology"

"'We will discuss it no more in a barroom,' says he. 'I will tell yez in the open air.' And whin we were outside and in the shade of an algaroba tree he admitted to me that me bould woman had as much as infor-rmed him that she thought much of him. 'But she is afraid!' he repeats.

"So we considered it in silince till Tommy remimbered that he must repor-rt at his new office. He left me, still wid me mind on the quistion. In me hand was a bit of paper wid an address on it.

"Afther all, an ould man is niver satisfied wid being ould and rispictable. Before I knew it, I was walking up to a door and asking for Miss Sutherland. She came and was surprised to see me. I discer-rned that she had but lately shed tears.

"'I came to see whether yez didn't wish to see some of the sights of this beauteous city,' I infor-rms her. 'I have been here manny times. I understand that yez go soon to the other island, and 'twould be a pity not to see this one fir-rst.'

"'I go to Maui tomorrow noon on the steamer,' says she. 'I will go wid yez.'

"So I spint money on a hack wid a Chinese driver and we wint out to Waikiki; but she would not swim, blushing for the indecent folks that were enjoying thimselves in the surf. So I directed the driver to inter the purk, where I showed her the fish and the flowers. And thin I tould me brave jehu to take us up the Queen's Road.

"As we drove along I remar-rked:

"'I saw Misther Abbott. He has a fine job.'

"'I am very glad,' she says gently.

"'But he is unhappy,' says I.

"'I am very sorry to hear that,' says she softly.

"'That yez are glad is his doing,' I retor-rts. 'That yez are sorry is your own.'

"'Tur-rn round and take me home,' she says very bold.

"'Yez have no home anny more,' I tells her. 'Do yez call a boar-rding house home?'

"'Yez are impudent, Misther O'Rourke!' she answers me.

"'I am ould and therefore entitled to say what I think widout considering other people's feelings,' I tells her. 'And the bhoy has mintioned to me that he is miserable.'

"'Why should he be?' she demands, looking at the trees wid tremindous enthusiasm. 'Has he not a good position and is he not making money?'

"'Would yez give up your mission'ry wor-rk for money?' I inquires.

"'Niver!' says she. 'What is money compared to saving souls?'

"'Thin, by the same token, what is money compared to saving your own soul?' I re-mar-rks. 'And 'tis Tommy Abbott that is thrying to save his soul—and yez will not save it for him. Therefore he scor-rns the money.'

"'Misther Abbott has been insthructed in the truth,' she responds in a small voice. 'Tis his own fault if he doesn't leave off his evil ways. But there are thousands who have niver known the way to salvation. And 'tis my duty to help thim.'

"'If 'twere not for your saving the heathen, would yez marry him?' I insists.

"The blue eyes of her met mine for half a momint.

"'I am surprised at yez,' says she. 'What business is this of yours?'

"'Tommy is me fri'nd,' I retor-rts. 'Am I to see a fri'nd go wretched widout thrying to save him?'

"'What did he tell yez?' she demands after a silence.

"'That he loved yez,' I tould her.

"'Och!' she sighed, and I saw the blushes creep up into her blowing hair—but she said nothing.

"'And he said more,' I wint on prisintly.

"'What?' says she softly.

"'That he was sure yez loved him,' I bouldly stated.

"'I don't!' says she. 'Take me home!'

"But I was stubborn.

"'Why don't yez?' I inquires.

"She sat wid her white hands clasped in her lap and I saw the misery rise into her eyes. At last she said:

"'I'm afraid!'

"'Of what?' I insists.

"I will not tell all that she tould me, it being the wor-rds of a young woman in an ould man's ear; but I saw that she was brave and ignorant. The wor-rld was dar-rk before her gir-rl's eyes and she held in her hear-rt the terror that makes even poor divils like us cur-rse in the night. And at the ind I said:

"'Thin it is not him that frightens yez—but other things!'

"She nodded her head like a child.

"'Tis the wickedness of the wor-rld,' she whispers. 'What if Tommy should go back to it?'

"'Has he iver been in it?' I inquires.

"'Tis the way of men,' says she simply; and I knew thereby that I spoke no longer to a gir-rl, but to a woman.

"For the momint I was intending to speak fair wor-rds and tell the ould lies we all tell to the women in or-rder to save our faces; but I did not. Instead, I kept me peace till our brave equipage sthruck up the hill by Kaimuki and the sea spread out before us. Thin I spoke.

"'Yez know nothing of men's wickedness. Yez are afraid of the dar-rk. Are yez brave to see the truth?'

"'And yez mean?' she whispered, staring at the ocean wid her clean eyes.

"'I mean, will yez go wid me tonight and see the wickedness of men? Thin yez will know the truth—the truth about this wor-rld of men,' says I. 'Yez are a delicate gir-rl, knowing nothing but what yez have hear rd. Are yez sthrong enough to go and see?'

"She sat by me side a long time before she answered, and I could see her slender hands wor-rking in her lap. And at the ind she tur-rned to me.

"'I will go with you and see, Misther O'Rourke,' she answered. 'I will go, because—because—I must be sure!'

"'Both!' Says He in a Whisper. 'What are Yez Doing Here?'"

"'Thin,' says I, 'I will take yez back to your boar-rding house and I will meet yez at the band concert in Emma Square, which is but a block from where yez stay. Come widout hat or gloves, dressed in your gayest gown and wid a scarf over your hair. Thin I will discover to yez the hear-rt of the wickedness yez have hear-rd of.'

"'Yez will see me safe?' she inquires timidly.

"'I will see yez safe,' I retur-rns.

"'I will meet yez,' she answers me.

"That evening I found her in the crowd, dressed in a white gown, wid short sleeves, and a veil over her hair. The flush in her cheek tould me her hear-rt beat wid excitement, but that she was not afraid. So, whin the concer-rt was by, we walked down the street.

"Yez all know Honolulu and I will not describe to yez all that we saw; but I took the gir-rl down King Street, amid the throng of all nations; and she looked at the children playing in the gutter and the women sitting on the doorsteps and the drunks yelling across the street. Thin we came toward Iwilei; and there I steered her down the little alleys, where the painted women stared out wid death in their eyes. I hear-rd her breath come fast and her hand was heavy on me ar-rm. She drew her veil over her face.

At the ind of half an hour she said:

"'Take me back. 'Tis too awful!'

"'Tis the wor-rld,' I remar-rks. 'Praised be the saints, yez shall safely see what manny look on to their desthruction.' Thin I guided her out and uptown again.

"Afther that I took her into the cafés and made her sit at a little table and listen to the talk and watch the women wid their fine gowns and their bright eyes. She said nothing till a woman came into the place where we were and looked around and saw a man, and wint to him and whispered in his ear. The man tur-rned on the woman and cur-rsed her, and she fell into a chair weeping.

"'Let her be,' I tould me bould mission'ry, who was for going and comfor-rting the poor creature. 'Tis a woman's par-rt to shed tears.'

"'But he swore at her!' moaned me companion.

"'Tis the wor-rld's way in places like these,' I remar-rked.

"So I fetched her into the bright street again.

"'Now let me go home,' says she.

"'He wasn't there,' I reminds her. 'We still have a place to go.'

"'I don't want to see him ever again!' she mour-rns.

"But I swept her away and across to a little street I know and stopped before a bunding all dar-rk and gloomy. Me companion drew back at the foot of the stairs.

"'I will not go farther,' says she.

"'I am your guardian,' I remar-rks. 'We will go up.'

"At the top of the stairs a little gate opened in a big door, and I gave the pass-wor-rd and the door opened. Thin another door beyond that swung aside and I drew her into a big room filled wid light and noise. 'Twas Chow Sing's gambling house we were in, and all the rooms were crowded wid people thrying to be robbed. For a momint I stood still and let her take it all in. She lifted her veil an instant and thin let it fall, for there were manny women in the room intent on staking money against the game.

"'What is it they are doing?' demands Miss Sutherland, whispering in me ear.

"'Gambling,' I answers her, and felt the shudder against me ar-rm.

"Thin a Chinaman came up and I bought a drink for mesilf and a stack of chips, which I proceeded to lose whiles me companion looked over me shoulder. Whin me chips were all swept away I led her on into another room, big as a hall, where several hundred men and women sat or stood at the tables. And in the cor-rner of me eye I saw me bould Tommy, halfway down the biggest table, sitting there wid a big stack of chips in front of him—but I said nothing to the gir-rl.

"Slowly, and at great expinse, for it cost me tin dollars last, I made our way among the crowd and down the table, till we stood just behind Tommy. I peered over his shoulder and saw that he had lost most of his pile; but he played on, wid a smile on his face. Whiles I was peeking, the woman nixt him looked over wid har-rd sorrow in her eyes.

"'I am broke!' says she wid a poor laugh.

"'I'll lind yez some,' says Tommy, pulling out a goldpiece and passing it to her.

"Thin me brave mission'ry knew she had found him, and I hear-rd the little choke in her throat. I said nothing. Tommy staked the half of his pile and it wint the way the rest.

"'I am unlucky,' says he.

"'Yez are lucky in love, thin,' speaks up the woman beside him.

"'I am not,' says Tommy, the smile fading from his face.

"'Thin yez will win at last,' says the woman.

"Across the table another man sat, staring at his few chips. I could see that he was gone—that the table had taken his last cent. He looked around and saw a woman standing behind him.

(Concluded on Page 33)

The Worst Business in the World

Bookmen Say This of Their Own Business; But it Depends on the Point of View

By Robert Sterling Yard

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

It "Went" All Right

A YOUNG man with a note of introduction from a prominent Harvard professor bustled determinedly into one of the largest publishing houses in America and asked to see the head of the house. While awaiting his turn he walked up and down in apparent excitement. He wore a look of expectancy and confided to the attendant that he was the inventor of a book scheme which would double the sales of the house and incidentally make his own fortune. The attendant grinned. Half an hour later, in the publisher's private office, the young man introduced his subject glowingly and added: "Two or three of the professors think the plan is great; and so I hurried down overnight to lay it before you. I knew you'd want to know about it quickly."

The publisher paused a few moments, looked into the earnest face before him, and said gently:

"Tell me about it. Be frank and full in your statement and I will treat you fairly."

The young man launched into his scheme, even describing in detail the mental process which gave it birth; and the publisher listened patiently to the end. Then he said:

"The plan is a very good one. We have been using it for a hundred years. There is nothing new in the book-publishing business—hasn't been since its beginning. We have developed, of course; but we haven't changed."

Better Chances in Copper

THAT is one inside glimpse of a business which doubtless is more fascinating to more cultivated people the world over than any other organized livelihood except, perhaps, acting and authorship. General publishing, so called to distinguish it from textbook and subscription-book publishing—two highly specialized modern businesses—is, in fact, little changed from its beginning. The publisher who sits at his desk today, discussing with a group of subordinates the selling chances of a manuscript which has been read by all of them, deals with precisely the same problems in much the same way as the printer of a century ago who gravely consulted his foreman as to the chances of making fifty pounds out of a little adventure in publishing, never dreaming that he was founding a publishing house that would become famous in the generations. The problems of today bulk bigger and carry burdens of worry and complexity then undreamed of; but they are the same old problems. No business has changed so little as the publisher's.

Let us lift another corner of the curtain.

A brilliant young reader who had "picked" a dozen successes in half as many seasons, including a couple of "best sellers," had determined to start for himself and was seeking capital. After many months he interested a couple of rich men.

"But is it a good business?" they asked.

"Good? I should say so!" replied the enthusiastic youngster. "It is the most fascinating thing in the wide world. Its associations are nothing short of noble, and its problems call for the best that the shrewdest and most cultivated man has in him. The man who deals in fabrics or foodstuffs works all day, so that he may live evenings and holidays; but the publisher lives—really lives—in the highest sense of the word, in his work day by day. Why ——"

"But," interrupted his capitalists, "that's your part of it, and we don't wonder you love the business; but where do we come in? What chance have we to earn twenty per cent on our investment, for we must have a bait as good as that to tempt us to undertake the risks of starting a brand-new enterprise"

"Well," said the young publisher, "I can satisfy you there. Mr. Ess takes eighty-five thousand a year out of his business in dividends, besides his salary, which must be handsome. Mr. Dee has built up in ten years a business of a million and a half a year. Mr. Bee does a business of four millions a year. Mr. Aitch has built up a business of four hundred thousand in a quarter of a century which is said to net a hundred thousand a year. I don't know any publisher of any account at all who isn't prosperous—except a couple of very conspicuous houses which came to grief by bad management in their second generations; but they were very prosperous under their founders and doubtless will be again, with their fine lists. Why don't you ask the publishers themselves?"

The capitalists did so.

"General book-publishing?" asked Mr. Ess. "Financially speaking, it's the poorest business in the world."

"Well," said Mr. Dee reflectively, "if you've got hold of a genius, go ahead. Every publishing business needs a genius. But why don't you try mining stocks?"

"Get big bulk and you'll make money," said Mr. Bee, "provided you don't lose your boots trying to get your bulk. Pare expenses to the half-cent and never pay a twelve-hundred-dollar salary if you can hire for a thousand. Be your own axman, so you'll be sure. Otherwise there's nothing in books."

"Trade books alone?" asked Mr. Aitch. "It's the worst business in the world. I hope you've got hogsheads of money. Better go into textbooks. Fiction, did you say? Yes, there's money made in novels, they tell me. So there is in copper. I've heard of fortunes made in copper. But then, I'm no speculator. If I were I think I'd prefer copper."

Yet these men were all highly successful.

However, let us consider them individually.

Mr. Ess is a distinguished general publisher, but he also owns a highly profitable magazine, a highly profitable schoolbook business, a highly profitable subscription business, a retail business, a rare-book business, and several other minor businesses in books built up around his central publishing business and supporting it like chapels around the cathedral choir, each dovetailed into each other and into the central core, making a business edifice beautiful in proportions and a fortress for strength.

It Frequently Happens That You Can Buy at the Same Counter Two Different Editions of the Same Famous Novel

And Mr. Dee's general publishing business is supported by three handsomely profitable magazines, besides a score of minor undertakings which make, all together, for huge, aggressive power. Besides which, Mr. Dee is himself his own business genius—a great merchant who would have wrung wealth and power out of any business he had chanced to go into.

And Mr. Bee inherited a great business, founded in simpler days upon a great English publishing house, and today consisting of a union of general publishing with importing and textbook publishing on a large scale—the whole driven forward by a will of steel on a scale of expense so low as to be the wonder even of the publishing world.

How the Worst Becomes the Best

AND Mr. Aitch's is not a general publishing business at all, though most folks think it is, but a highly specialized and developed business in higher textbooks, assisting and assisted by a general publishing department which, thus assisted, is profitable because of its quality and because of the careful skill with which it is handled.

The point becomes as clear as sunshine.

The "worst business in the world" becomes one of the best in the world when it is propped up on every side by specialized departments sucking in profit from outlying markets; or when it is combined with periodical publication, each department materially assisting the other. It is naturally the hub of any publishing combination in which it appears; and the nearer perfect the surrounding wheel, the greater the possible speed.

There are general publishing houses, however, which stand successfully all by themselves. This means bulk business, and bulk business means one of two things—either many years of patient and discriminating list-building, with ample capital to build with; or the same result accomplished more quickly by the acquisition of the lists of other houses which, for some reason or other—generally lack of profits—elect to drop out of activity.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company is the best American example of the house which has acquired great bulk through slow building. Its list goes back to the beginning of New England literature and its catalog today contains the lifework of the most celebrated of the earlier American writers. This magnificent list, the accumulation of generations, alone would support a great house today without the flourishing educational and subscription departments which have been added in recent years.

Another Boston house, Little, Brown & Company, is as good an example as any of the other manner of bulk-getting. Starting with an old and excellent business in lawbooks, the house never attained real success in general publishing until it acquired the fine list which it became possible to purchase when Roberts Brothers, of Boston, decided that there wasn't enough money in publishing to tempt them to go any farther. With this valuable addition, the house has ever since built aggressively and profitably.

Speaking generally, it may be said to require about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars gross receipts yearly to support the simplest general publishing business, unaided by special departments in other publishing fields; at two hundred thousand dollars there will be profit and at four hundred thousand dollars prosperity.

These figures—even the minimum—are not so easy to get, however. The new publisher finds he must sell a great many books to aggregate even a hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and, unless a goodly proportion of the income represents "list"—that is, formerly published books which have already paid back their cost of publication and now are selling well on a basis of real profit—he can't expect to break even.

One of the most distinguished publishers in America maintained for years that he didn't want "best sellers."

"They are too expensive," he said. "I can't afford them."

When I seriously challenged him one day to prove his assertion, he said:

"It is easily proved. Here—hand me that bit of paper and let us make some figures. Let us assume a novel of four hundred pages, illustrated with drawings by one of the high-priced illustrators. Let us assume that it eventually sells one hundred thousand copies and that our first edition was ten thousand. It will figure up something like this:

Five Original Drawings, at $150	$ 750
Composition and Plates, at $1.[illegible]	400
Cover Design	25
Paper for 10,000 copies	500
Printing Text and Illustrations	500
Binding 10,000, at 11 cents	1100
Total	$3075

Or thirty and three-quarter cents a book.

"Succeeding printings will cost, at the same rate—less, of course, the first costs, drawings, plates and dies—nineteen cents a book; or an average of twenty and one-tenth cents a book for the total sale. The showing then will be:

Cost of Manufacture	$0.201
Author's Royalty, at 20 per cent of price $1.50	.30
Cost of Doing Business, 28 per cent of income	.224
Special Advertising Campaign	.05
	$0.775
Deducted from average price received	.80
Leaves average net profit on each book	$0.025

"If the 'best seller' scores a hundred thousand in the course of its run—say, two years—the total net profit will be twenty-five hundred dollars. I'm quite aware that most persons believe that the publisher gets many times that profit out of it; but these are the facts. To get the author's returns, of course, you have only to multiply the total sale by the royalty. In the above instance it would be thirty thousand dollars."

Why Novels Cost You More

"SO YOU see there's no profit in it for us—and what's the use? Besides yielding no profit, it actually hogs the whole attention of the house to the exclusion of the other and really important books—the books that, bulked together, really make profit, and the books that carry the dignity and the prestige and the power and the influence of the house. It eclipses them all. Salesmen strive to land quantities of the best seller because it is a showy business and everybody's talking about it. Every one in the house runs about reporting the last sale of twenty-five hundred copies just in by wire. The advertising man puts the wretched thing at the top of every ad, and grows scornful of the lesser sellers that constitute our real power. What do they care that the big sale brings no profit? The cornet screams and the crowd chuck up their hats! The lust of record-making has the whole establishment by the throat; we have ceased to be a serious business house in our wild rush for the top of the best-sellers list in the Saturday newspapers. No more for me."

Now it cannot be denied that there was a great deal of solid sense in this point of view, especially at the time it was uttered, some eight or ten years ago, just before the collapse of the "crazy period," when publishers of all degrees were spending their profits in rash advertising under the temporary delusion that "books are like everything else; advertise enough and they'll sell any amount."

Since then conditions have been much bettered, as we shall see; but even before the betterment the publisher quoted greatly modified his point of view. He found that even without profit, a large seller is a mighty good thing to possess.

In the first place, it is the best possible "trade leader." The salesman who has a heavy selling novel on his list is eagerly greeted in every bookshop and finds it much easier to sell down his whole list than if he had no big specialty to make him welcome. I have heard salesmen value this as high as twenty per cent, meaning that the big seller at the top would tend to increase the sales of the rest of the list by that large proportion. The constant reordering of the big seller by mail and express by every bookshop, big and little, in the country keeps the house that publishes it and that house's whole list constantly and profitably before the attention of the trade.

In the second place, it is the best kind of an "author getter." There is at least one author on your list who is receiving handsome royalties and who consequently is sounding your praises widely and continuously. Authors of novels besiege the offices of the publishers of a "best seller" under the impression that he possesses some occult power to make novels sell; at worst, they see his advertising and speak of him admiringly as "a heavy advertiser," which is a profitable reputation to possess. Successful authors of all kinds of books are the easier of approach.

I have said that profit conditions are better now than eight or ten years ago; but some of the conditions are worse. Paper, printing and binding all cost more now than then. On the other hand, competition in advertising has ceased, publishers having learned by costly experience that there is nothing in it to gain and all to lose, and that the old publishing fact that each book has its own natural limit of sale, beyond which it can be advanced by advertising only at a loss, is as much a fact about fiction as about any other kind of book. Book-advertising, at its height ten years ago, has rapidly lessened, until now it probably represents as nearly actual value as will ever be realized.

The recent advance in the price of fiction does not help the publisher. That is the bookseller's profit, though it was the publisher who brought it to pass.

Perhaps you did not know there had been an advance in the price of novels!

Perhaps you became so used to advances in the prices of everything that you never even noticed that your novels had gone up twenty-five per cent!

No one can blame you, of course; for naturally you would have been more likely to notice it if the price hadn't gone up!

Anyway, it used to be that publishers published the standard novel at a dollar and a half and booksellers sold it at a dollar and eight cents. Now publishers publish it at a dollar and thirty-five cents net and booksellers maintain that price; but there is no perceptible increase in the price the bookseller pays the publisher for it.

It happened this way: Booksellers were not making enough out of fiction to make it worth their while to feature it, particularly as certain cut-rate department stores often sold novels at an actual cash loss for the sake of the advertisement, hoping to draw customers for other departments. The publishers saw the natural retail outlets for their books threatened with actual obliteration by this destructive competition, and some years ago they combined to maintain prices for one year after publication, refusing to sell to those who would not agree to do so. The cut-rate department stores shouted "Trust," and a five years' war began, which ended in the defeat of the publishers in the courts, but the sound establishment in practice of the business principle of price maintenance. The combination, of course, went permanently out of existence, but the retail trade, including the vast majority of the largest and soundest department stores in the country, no longer troubles itself about those cut-rate shops. They may cut all they please and charge their losses to advertising; but they no longer affect the main current of the country's book business.

There still remained, however, too little profit in novels to tempt the bookseller to do more than keep a few on his counter. Something had to be done to spur him to real effort. "More profit!" he cried. "Put fiction on the net basis, as other books."

And so it came about.

However, there was no combination of publishers now; nor could there be. The experiment must be made by

"Two or Three of the Professors Think the Plan is Great"

individuals; and by-and-by one big house tried a book or two at a dollar and thirty-five cents net, that word "net" meaning that the published price was to be maintained for a year. It "went" all right. There was no complaint from the public and no dropping off in sales. Other publishers tried the experiment, and it was found that some of the higher-priced novels outsold with ease the old-priced novels lying alongside them on the same counter. Purchasers seemed to buy what they wanted irrespective of price.

Would it retard a big seller? That finally became the question.

The answer was: Lewis Rand. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, one of the boldest experimenters in the new system, ventured Mary Johnston's big historical novel at a dollar and forty cents net. Some publishers thought they were taking great chances.

The public didn't think so, however. Lewis Rand bounded into first place from the start. It scored its first hundred thousand on its first wind. The "net novel" was established. The price of fiction was definitely and permanently raised. By now every publisher has swung into line and almost every novel is put out at the advanced price.

Wait Two Years and Save Money

THOUGH the bookseller gets practically all the increase from this advance in price, there is a slight saving to the publisher in royalty, which makes an appreciable difference to him. Nor does the author lose anything in the end, because fiction has become really profitable to the bookseller, at last—it really wasn't before—and he actually sells a great many more copies than he used to under the old system.

Another new source of profit is the business in cheap editions that has grown up within the last ten years. There are houses whose whole business is to get a secondary sale of novels, at a fifty-cent retail price, which have made real successes at the higher price.

The publisher of the successful novel, two years after it first appears on the market, makes his deal with the cheap-edition man, loaning him the plates for a royalty of ten cents for each book printed from them. Of this, five cents goes to the author in lieu of royalty. The cheap-edition man prints in large editions, using the cheapest possible paper and a greatly cheapened binding. Editions of twenty-five thousand cost him, say, fifteen cents a book to manufacture, or, including his ten cents to the publisher, twenty-five cents a book. He sells chiefly to department stores at

Continued on Page 55

The Vast Majority of Novels are Fortunate if They Sell Two or Three Thousand Each

THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Mr. Humphrey Advertises

COME on, Addy; we'll be late," said Mrs. Humphrey briskly as she stepped into the living room, drawing on her gloves. Her husband occupied the morris chair, sitting on the small of his back and his shoulderblades, with one thin knee cocked up and a copy of the Big Rapids Express spread out upon it.

"Thirty-one thousand six hundred and twenty-eight," he replied dreamily, addressing the open page rather than his wife—"thirty-one thousand six hundred and twenty-eight."

Mrs. Humphrey, buttoning a glove, stepped behind him and looked over his shoulder to discover what this cryptic reply referred to. She didn't mind his fits of abstraction, except as they betrayed him into doing things that confirmed the more stupid and ignorant inhabitants of Vale in a disgusting opinion that he was "nutty."

The numerals he had repeated appeared in big black type in the circulation statement at the head of the newspaper's editorial page.

"A circulation of thirty-one thousand six hundred and twenty-eight now," he speculated; "probably that means the paper goes into twenty thousand homes, and ten thousand of 'em would buy my wooden ovens right away if they knew there was any such thing. That's the trouble, Carrie. It ain't that people don't want my ovens. The trouble is they don't hear about 'em."

True, he watched the marriage licenses in three counties and made the bride a wedding present of a wooden oven whenever the gift seemed likely to attract attention. His prize contest for schoolchildren had made many people aware that a valuable article known as the Humphrey oven existed and might be procured for only a dollar and a half. He advertised regularly in the Vale Vindicator, the Bloomingdale Patriot and the Mattewan Guardian, but the Vindicator's subscription list comprised only five hundred and seventy-two names and it claimed the largest circulation in the county.

"I suppose it costs a good deal to advertise in the Express," Mrs. Humphrey suggested sympathetically.

"Their rates are pretty high," he replied absently; "but I wouldn't mind that. You see, they won't print my advertisements at all except for spot cash."

"Oh, well, you'll be forehanded by-and-by," she consoled. "The ovens are really going beautifully. It won't be long before you'll have money to advertise anywhere. You must be patient."

As an example in that virtue she stepped to the hall and returned with his hat. Taking the newspaper from his knee and putting the hat on his head, she slipped her hand under his arm and gently pulled him to his feet. "The lecture begins at eight, you know," she reminded him.

For a moment he stood blinking foolishly at her; then he remembered about the lecture and docilely permitted her to lead him from the house.

"If I could only advertise as I ought I'd be selling a hundred ovens a day instead of ten," he observed as they went down the porch steps. "And every oven I can sell helps some woman do her housework, Carrie," he added very sincerely. "I feel like a man that's trying to shout tidings of great joy with his mouth full of sand—I can only sputter."

She did not reply, and he felt that the expression he had chosen was distasteful to her. She could hardly be described as a pious woman, yet everything connected with her church she took with the deepest seriousness. They had turned toward the main street of the village and were strolling on in the pleasant Indian summer evening under gorgeously colored maples and past neat lawns that were still green.

"There's an awful lot of waste in the world," he speculated on, after a while. "See all the foolish stuff they put in the newspapers, when they might a good deal better be saying something about my oven. If I could turn some of the pure waste ——"

"I do believe," Mrs. Humphrey interrupted in shocked tones, "that Bill Peters is drunk again."

Looking ahead Addison perceived by the electric light on the Vale House corner that the street, usually empty at that hour, was occupied by a crowd of twenty or more persons whom a lank and bony man of middle age, with a powerfully hooked nose, was addressing from the tail of a farm wagon. It was undoubtedly Bill Peters, and undoubtedly he was drunk. As they approached a gleeful shout went up from the audience, for the village marshal, having climbed over the front wheel of the wagon and approached the orator strategetically from the rear, had suddenly shut off his eloquence and breath by encircling his neck with a muscular arm. When the Humphreys reached the corner the younger members of the crowd were joyfully following Bill and the marshal down the street toward the lock-up.

She Vigorously Thumped Him Over the Head With the Convenient Kitchen Utensil

"There you have it again," Addison commented philosophically; "just waste! Bill Peters can make a rattling good speech; but what good does it do him? Good evening, Lute," he added, noticing a figure that sat placidly on the curb at their feet.

It was a round-shouldered figure, clad in frayed trousers, soiled and collarless shirt, an ancient vest that dangled like a rag, and a faded derby hat; it was smoking a disreputable cob pipe, and in response to Addison's friendly greeting it merely nodded, carefully avoiding Mrs. Humphrey's accusing glance.

The figure appertained to Lute Morrow, who had been Addison's general handy-man when the inventor was only the proprietor of a small and deeply embarrassed hardware store. Even then Lute had been scandalously lazy; but he had rendered a signal service in the matter of securing a plant for the manufacture of wooden ovens. Since then he had degenerated into a mere parasite.

"And there's some more waste, Addison Humphrey," said Mrs. Humphrey gravely as they turned the corner.

"Yes; that's true, Carrie," the inventor confessed humbly—knowing in his guilty soul that, as his wife pointed out, his indulgence was utterly demoralizing Lute. But the demoralization seemed so agreeable to Lute and the ten dollars a week amounted to so little anyway, that Addison continued to shirk his duty.

Presently, obeying the gentle pull of his wife's hand, he turned into the little red brick church, was vaguely aware of shaking hands with Rev. Lucien A. Watts at the door and of being led to a seat. Thereafter, at intervals, various explosive statements concerning the liquor traffic floated hazily through the anteroom of his absorbed mind.

"I say, you sit still and let whisky destroy you body and soul!"

That statement, delivered with astonishing vocal energy and accompanied by a mighty thump upon the pulpit, somehow roused him, and for the first time he took note of his surroundings. Ahead, Rev. Lucien A. Watts sat at the front of the small rostrum, his head cocked a little to one side, looking down at the audience through his spectacles with an air of preternatural gravity. Behind him sat Mrs. Lucile Warrington Stubbs, soprano, under a huge and much-adorned hat, fanning herself with a sheet of music.

The speaker, Mrs. Minerva P. Bangs, had paused to wipe her perspiring face and refresh herself with a draught of water. She was a very stocky woman with a broad, flat face and heavy jaw that indicated great firmness of character. Having refreshed herself, the oratrix renewed her verbal attack with tremendous vigor.

Looking about, Addison perceived that the small church was about two-thirds filled with precisely the same audience he was accustomed to seeing there every Sunday morning. He calculated that, instead of being in imminent danger from liquor, there was not a soul in the house that took three drinks in the course of a year.

"More waste," he reflected, smiling a little to himself; "waste everywhere—the foolish stuff in the newspapers, Bill Peters, Lute Morrow, Minerva P. Bangs." He was turning this reflection over in his mind with mild amusement when an odd and fascinating thought struck him.

Next morning, having discovered Lute Morrow fishing in the little pond above the dam from which the oven plant derived its water power, Addison beckoned the demoralized employee into the office and closed the door.

"Lute," said he confidentially, "do you suppose if I'd pay Bill Peters' fine and give him five dollars he'd sign the pledge and make a speech for me?"

"If you'd git Bill out of the lock-up and give him fifty cents he'd sign anything at all," Lute replied with conviction; "he'll be terrible dry about now. And Bill'll always make a speech; it seems to give him a satisfyin' conviction that he ain't at work."

After some further conversation Addison looked his employee steadily in the eye. He was scandalous and demoralized, no doubt; but incorruptibly loyal. "Of course I'm trusting to you, Lute," said the inventor under his breath.

By noon that day many people in Vale received the amazing news that William J. Peters had called upon Minerva P. Bangs and signed the pledge. Coming home to his midday dinner, Addison found his wife in quite a little glow of virtuous pleasure over it.

"Is that so? Well, I'm certainly glad to hear it," he murmured, looking out of the window as she told him the news.

Next day Vale was littered with handbills announcing that William J. Peters would lecture on temperance in the Grand Army tent at the baseball grounds the following evening.

The Grand Army tent had a seating capacity of eight hundred, which was equal to two-thirds the population of Vale. The seats consisted partly of borrowed chairs, partly of rough pine benches. A rude platform was constructed at one side of the tent. When Reverend Watts, Minerva P. Bangs and Lucile Stubbs took the chairs reserved for them on this platform, they saw, by the flaring light of a gasoline torch, that the tent was nearly full. Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, arriving a little late, had to take seats on a rear bench.

A moment after they were seated Mrs. Humphrey whispered in surprise: "Why, Addy, that's one of your ovens he's got up there."

"Why, so it is," the inventor replied in affected surprise, while a guilty conscience stung him.

A pitcher of water and drinking glass had been provided for the speaker. They reposed upon the article Mrs. Humphrey mentioned. As the article stood on end, the neatly stenciled legend on its door—"Humphrey Wooden Oven. Patent Applied For"—ran up and down. Still everybody could read it.

The lecturer, appearing in his little-used Sunday clothes—consisting of a neat navy-blue business suit, white shirt, standing collar and bright green four-in-hand tie—began somewhat haltingly, as he was not much accustomed to speaking in public when sober. He gained confidence as he proceeded, however, and began illustrating his general remarks with personal references.

"Now, there's Jake Small," he said gravely, pointing a long forefinger at an auditor on a rear bench. "You all know Jake's as good a painter as you could ask for when he's sober; but what good is he when he's drunk? Now Jake knows he oughtn't to get drunk just as well as you do. He knows his family needs the money. He's told me so himself fifty times. Ain't that so, Jake?"

Having himself been one of the town's most incorrigible drinkers for many years, the lecturer naturally had an

intimate knowledge of the drinking habits of others. As he drew copiously upon that knowledge, gravely naming and pointing out various individuals, he held the audience in electrified suspense.

It was undoubtedly the most interesting and exciting temperance lecture that Vale had ever known. At its conclusion there was considerable speculation among one section of the audience as to whether any of the persons used for illustrative purposes would elect to go to the mat with Bill. The orator, however, was of a long-limbed, bony, wiry, slightly bandy-legged build, and it was the prevailing opinion that, except his wife, only two persons in Vale could lick him. Among others in the audience the comment was of a different and higher character; and at the urgent request of several leading citizens Bill consented to deliver another lecture on temperance in the tent two evenings later. At that lecture he read aloud a list of the various consignments of liquor that Druggist Jennings had received within three months, and made such pointed comments that the druggist stumped out of the tent, purple with indignation.

The morning after this second lecture Lute Morrow shuffled into his employer's office, closing the door after him. "Bill says," Lute explained, "that if you'll stake him a little he'll lecture at all the towns around here—with Mr. Oven on the platform, of course. Bill's two great natural weaknesses is oratory and booze."

This communication plunged the inventor into an unhappy state. He hated to be tempted, because he was so apt to yield. Of course he could justify himself to his own mind. Temperance was a good thing; the oven was a good thing; and the two good things combined would mutually strengthen and forward each other. Yet he was acutely aware that other people—especially his wife—would regard the arrangement as scandalous.

"I dunno about that, Lute," he muttered thoughtfully. "I'm afraid"—he stared meditatively at the desk, pulling his prominent nose—"I'm afraid I'll have to think it over."

He meant honorably and impartially to consider the problem in all of its phases; but when Lute departed his thinking, in spite of himself, took an unfortunate turn. With a pencil and a blank letterhead he began working out little problems in arithmetic, something like this: Six hundred multiplied by six makes thirty-six hundred, which divided by fifty gives a quotient of seventy-two. And this meant that if Bill delivered six lectures in a week and the audiences averaged six hundred persons, thirty-six hundred souls would behold the oven on the platform; and if one out of fifty became a purchaser the output of ovens would be practically doubled. Of course this meant again that housework would be made easier for twice as many toiling women.

Though this arithmetic possessed a strong fascination for him, he realized that the fascination belonged to the same family as that which the serpent exercised over Eve.

The opening of the office door broke in upon his temptation. He looked up, said "Howdy-do," and at once began tearing the sheet of letter paper into small bits - for the person who entered was Rev. Lucien A. Watts.

Sitting at the end of the inventor's desk, the pastor affably discussed the weather, the corn crop, the recent election, Mrs. Mosier's appendicitis, Lawyer Reimer's new automobile. Thus, in due and proper time, he got around to the subject of his call which was to raise a little fund for the purpose of launching Minerva P. Bangs upon her career as a temperance lecturer.

Many people, he himself included, thought the pastor had a fine presence. He was tall and broad, and evidently was going to be fat. Already he had a fine start toward a double chin. His face was round as the new moon and nearly as large. He had a way of cocking his head to one side, opening his large, dull eyes very wide and staring at a person with preternatural solemnity. It made Addison think of an owl in the act of receiving some such amazing piece of intelligence as that the moon is made of green cheese.

"I think Mrs. Bangs might do a great deal of good," Addison commented thoughtfully, "if she could only get the attention of the right people. You see, there's no use in delivering temperance lectures to steady-going church members who are temperate already. If you're going to do any good you've got to catch the attention of people that aren't temperate. Now there's Bill Peters: he gets the attention of just the sort of people you're after, because he stirs up a lot of public curiosity. You see, people have so many distractions nowadays that you can't do anything at all unless you strike out with something novel and stir up their curiosity and get their attention."

"True; that's very true," the pastor murmured.

"My idea," the inventor continued, with a bold casualness, "would be to let Bill and Minerva—that is, Mrs. Bangs—form a sort of combination—lecture together, you know. That of itself would stir up curiosity, you see."

Reverend Watts was so truly amazed that he forgot to cock his head.

"Under your auspices, as you might say," Addison continued, "to give the thing proper standing and tone. You would introduce the speakers, you know, and all that. Now that would be something novel to work on. Why, we would have everybody in this part of the state under the tent!" Indeed, the idea that had just happened to pop into his head quite took possession of him; already he was smiling and nodding at the pastor, his eyes shining with enthusiasm, and as he proceeded to sketch various expedients for attracting public attention which occurred to him on the spur of the moment, the pastor's mind began to warm up.

"I was thinking myself," said Addison—shameless by now in the heat of his idea—"whether it wouldn't be a good thing to send Bill Peters out as a lecturer on temperance, because he can catch the crowd that needs to be caught, you see. Of course I'd pay something toward his expenses, and a saloonkeeper might say it was an advertising dodge on my part. But my oven is a novelty, you know; it helps to arouse public curiosity; it helps to make this different from just the ordinary temperance lecture, and that's what we want. Besides, it's a good, useful article, and I'd be spending money to advertise it in some way or other anyway. As I look at it, it's a great deal better that the money should go to help the cause of temperance than that it should be paid over for advertising in some newspaper that's owned by a brewery."

"True! Perfectly true!" murmured the pastor, more wide-eyed than ever.

Half an hour later, bubbling with affable enthusiasm, Addison accompanied the pastor to the door and bade him cordial adieu. Turning back to the office, his mind still aglow, his eyes mildly shining, a vague, happy little smile playing upon his lips, something occurred to him and he halted abruptly in his tracks. That something was an exact realization of what he had committed himself to. For a moment he looked very grave. "Well, by George, I'm in for it now!" he said grimly to the desk, and shook his head resolutely at it.

A fortnight after this conference in Addison's office, the section of the state in which Vale is located began to be aware of the Vale Volunteers. Fifty strong, followed by two wagons containing the tent and other paraphernalia, the band marched upon Mattewan, five miles from Vale. Rev. Lucien A. Watts headed the procession. Behind him, side by side, came Minerva P. Bangs and William J. Peters. The remaining Volunteers were young people—all save one who rode in the rear wagon. This one was Lute Morrow in a new ready-made suit bought at Mr. Taylor's emporium, a white shirt, neat celluloid collar and cuffs and a brand-new derby hat only one size too large.

No other Volunteer knew whether Lute really belonged to the band. A presumption to the contrary was raised that very first day by the circumstance that he was caught behind the tent surreptitiously smoking a cob pipe. As a matter of fact, a terrible contingency had occurred to Addison's anxious and divided mind—namely, that Bill Peters might suffer one of his periodic lapses and deliver a lecture that would bring the movement to an untimely and scandalous end. Lute possessed Bill's confidence and had considerable influence over him.

A good-sized audience assembled at Mattewan and studied the perpendicular legend on the door of the Humphrey wooden oven, which stood on end at the front of the stage with a water pitcher and glass upon it. At Mattewan Pastor Watts recruited a score of new Volunteers, who performed the march to Lurton, four miles away, the Vale contingent returning home.

It was at Jonesville, fifty miles from Vale, that Bill Peters first introduced the oven into his discourse. With his hand resting impressively upon that utensil he explained to the audience that his release from the bondage of drink was indirectly due to it. As he was usually incapacitated by liquor, he said, his wife eked out the meager family income by baking and selling pies and cakes. Dime by dime she had laid by a little hoard for the purpose of purchasing herself a wooden oven; but when she had collected a dollar and forty cents he discovered and dissipated the treasure. Remorse for this act led him to sign the pledge. Bill told the story very effectively, for as the Volunteers proceeded his oratory gained steadily in emotional fervor, though it lost nothing of the personal candor that always characterized it. At Jonesville, indeed, his pointed comments upon the one saloonkeeper of the town led to a personal encounter on the public street, which resulted so little to the saloonkeeper's satisfaction that he had Bill up in court, where he was triumphantly discharged.

A report of the Jonesville meeting duly reached Vale and produced two results. In the first place, Mrs. Peters declared, with great indignation, that if Bill should ever dare to say within her hearing that he had taken a dollar and forty cents or any other sum away from her without her consent she would break every bone in his useless carcass—a feat that she had come within an ace of performing upon at least two occasions. In the second place, Addison wrote a confidential and mildly reproachful letter to Lute Morrow, whom he suspected and accused of having inspired Bill to tell the mendacious oven story. In his difficult position the inventor felt that he must really draw the line somewhere.

Mrs. Humphrey naturally heard the oven story. Mrs. Taylor repeated it to her and heartily congratulated her upon her husband's advertising ability. This led to a colloquy between husband and wife, which Addison could never afterward recall without regret, for he came so close to lying to her that only an extraordinarily keen mind could distinguish the difference.

Elsewhere the Jonesville meeting led to still more important results. Mrs. Bangs believed firmly that woman was essentially much superior to man, but was held in

"Thirty-One Thousand Six Hundred and Twenty-Eight," He Replied Dreamily

subjection by a comprehensive masculine conspiracy. She was strengthened in this conviction when she compared her speeches with Bill Peters' speeches, and then compared the amount of public attention that she received with the amount that Bill received. Now the Jonesville Weekly Index gave a column and a half to Bill Peters' encounter with the saloonkeeper and only a line and a half to her speech.

Her opportunity came at Preston, the next town visited by the Volunteers. This was the largest place they had invaded, containing over four thousand inhabitants. The good sister with whom Mrs. Bangs lodged charitably repeated to her certain scurrilous remarks that a bartender was said to have made. Mrs. Bangs promptly repaired to the good sister's kitchen and possessed herself of the rolling pin. Marching down the main street she boldly entered the bartender's place of employment and vigorously thumped him over the head with the convenient kitchen utensil.

The effect of this was not lost upon Bill Peters. At Hillsboro he carried his wooden oven uptown and hurled it bodily through the plate glass window of the Hotel Johnson bar. When arraigned in court he declared with moving eloquence that the thought of all the misery contained in the various bottles displayed behind the plate glass had inspired him with uncontrollable rage. The justice imposed a merely nominal fine, which a Volunteer committee enthusiastically paid.

Thenceforward a friendly emulation possessed the two great protagonists of the Volunteer movement, and a trail of shattered glassware marked their wake. At Plainwell, two weeks after Hillsboro, Lute Morrow wrote to Addison in his schoolboy scrawl: "Minervy tide the score hear by jabing the mayor in the stummick with her roln pinn. reseats $61.48 expencis including Minervy's fine $59.25. keep wats to home."

Pastor Watts indeed had come home the week before on the verge of nervous prostration, for the methods of the Volunteers had assumed a character that his cautious temper could not endure. The Volunteers were now practically self-sustaining, for Lute Morrow had gradually assumed the functions of a business manager and saw that a collection was taken up at every meeting. It is a melancholy fact that Lute, who was practically worthless for any useful employment, had devoted himself to this business of the Volunteers with the utmost zeal.

Mrs. Humphrey, it scarcely need be said, was scandalized and indignant. She felt that the lawless, indecent acts of the Volunteers were bringing reproach upon temperance and religion. It annoyed her that, however innocent her husband was, gossip connected his name with the outrageous pair.

Addison himself was somewhat scandalized and a bit indignant. He really had a decent respect for temperance, and he had by no means supposed that his relatively innocent suggestions would be pushed to this extravagant height. More to the point, he was decidedly alarmed. True, the Volunteers were now practically self-sustaining, and so might be considered as beyond his control. But to himself he did not blink his moral responsibility for them. Certainly he was more or less connected with them in the public mind. The newspapers had taken to calling them the Oven and Rolling Pin Brigade. That the Volunteers would soon come to an ignominious end seemed almost inevitable. Either Bill Peters would get drunk or the pair would do something that would get them into jail for keeps. In either case the ignominy was very likely to involve him. He shuddered, for example, when he imagined himself facing his wife after Bill Peters had explained with inebriate candor how the Volunteer movement really started.

As usual, however, there was another phase of the question. If shattered glassware marked the trail of the Volunteers, so, also, did inquiries concerning the Humphrey wooden oven. Sales of that article had doubled. The thought of foregoing the sale of even one oven was subtly shocking to him, as though it amounted to an immoral flying in the face of Providence.

After carefully considering this many-sided problem he conferred with Reverend Watts. "This window-smashing business is cheap and disreputable," he said; "it sets a bad example of lawlessness. Of course, in one way I've nothing to do with it; but I helped start the thing off, and I feel I ought to do what I can to bring it round into law-abiding and respectable ways."

"True! I feel the same way," said the pastor rather eagerly.

"I've noticed," Addison went on, "that people are interested in anything that moves. All you can say of an ordinary street parade is that it moves, yet people will stand for hours to look at it. I think we might get up a street parade, with floats showing the downward career of the drinker and so on—as striking and dramatic as possible, you know."

"Why, I think that a good idea," murmured Mr. Watts.

"My idea," said the inventor boldly, "would be to go right into Big Rapids. Of course they're barred from Big Rapids now. This window-smashing business may do in country towns, but a city wouldn't tolerate it. I believe you could raise money enough there to make a start—say, just two or three floats. Then, you see, you could take the parade to other cities and keep adding to it. Of course it would be distinctly understood that all illegal, riotous methods were dropped."

Having inspired the pastor with enthusiasm for this idea, Addison telegraphed for Lute Morrow, who dutifully presented himself at the oven plant next day.

The inventor was busy when Lute entered. Glancing up a moment later, he demanded in shocked surprise: "Why, what's the matter?"

By that time he was quite used to Lute's celluloid collar, ready-made bow tie and oversize derby hat; but now he saw that a large discoloration surrounded Lute's left eye and that the organ itself was swollen half shut.

"Got up in the night and run plumb into an open door," Lute explained, gently feeling the bruised area.

"People will think you've been in a fight," Addison commented jocularly, and proceeded to unfold his plan. The street parade, he believed, would prove a great drawing card; but there must be a distinct understanding that this lawless assaulting and window-smashing was to cease. Lute's task was to impress this upon Bill Peters while Reverend Watts secured Minerva's pledge.

Both Volunteers readily assented to the new program. Bill, in fact, had got decidedly the worst of a personal encounter with a town marshal, and the skin was still gone from Minerva's nose where a saloonkeeper's irate wife had clawed her. Both were quite favorably inclined at the moment toward law-abiding methods.

From Big Rapids Pastor Watts reported most encouraging progress. He wrote Addison that he felt sure of raising enough money for three or four floats. Of course, he added, the people who were generously assisting the enterprise wanted it distinctly understood that the Volunteers must conduct themselves in a seemly and peaceable manner.

While preparations were making for the pacific invasion of Big Rapids, the Volunteers behaved in the most exemplary manner. At Pecatonica Bill Peters meekly ignored a gross personal insult; and at Morriston Minerva merely gritted her false teeth over what the Intelligencer printed about her.

Addison was delighted. He felt, with much reason, that he had been the chief instrument in redeeming the Volunteers from scandalous courses, thereby greatly increasing their ultimate usefulness to the cause of temperance. He had suffered a good deal in secret from an accusing conscience in respect of his wife; moreover, he had a natural human yearning to be admired by the woman he loved. So, when the success of the Big Rapids enterprise seemed assured, he confessed to his wife that he, and not Reverend Watts, had inspired and planned it.

"You did?" she cried in joyful admiration. "Why, that's just like you, Addy! To do the whole thing and never say a word! I knew you could do it if you'd only put your mind to it! That's just splendid!" Perhaps he blushed slightly as she kissed him.

In this way the Big Rapids affair became a sort of delightful secret between them, and they discussed its progress in much the same happy intimacy with which they investigated the baby's teeth, legs and intellectual accomplishments. Every forenoon Mrs. Humphrey watched for the boy on a bicycle who delivered the Big Rapids Express at the house, and eagerly ran over the paper to see whether it said anything about the Volunteers. If it did, she immediately telephoned the item to her husband at the oven plant.

The parade was to be on Wednesday. After finishing supper Tuesday Addison lingered at the table, toying with a temptation. Finally, with some hesitation as one giving way to a foolish impulse, he suggested: "What would you say, Carrie—what would you think of running up to Big Rapids?"

"Why, I was thinking of that very same thing myself!" Mrs. Humphrey declared, laughing happily. "Let's do it! We can take the nine o'clock train up and get there at midnight. Then we can take the three o'clock train back tomorrow and get home for supper. Do you know, we haven't been anywhere together for more than a year?"

At the railroad station, waiting for the train, Addison dispatched a night telegram to Lute Morrow at Big Rapids. The little night journey, without the baby or anybody, was almost as deliciously exciting as though they had been eloping, and they recklessly slept until eight o'clock in the morning. They were luxuriating over a late breakfast in a much gilded and mirrored dining room when Addison remembered the morning newspapers and extravagantly commissioned the waiter to fetch one. A friendly conversation with the waiter concerning the industries of Big Rapids kept his attention engaged for some time. When the waiter departed and he looked round at his wife he was horror-stricken.

Mrs. Humphrey had turned quite pale, and her eyes had the stony look of tearless woe. Beyond the power of speech, she pushed the paper toward him. He at once saw, in great black type, over the last column of the front page:

"Fanatics Run Amuck. Oven and Rolling Pin Brigade Wrecks the Alpine Café and Nearly Murders Two Policemen. Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Property Destroyed. Patrolman Flynn in the Hospital; Doctors Fear His Skull is Fractured; May Die. Patrolman Ryan Bruised and Bloody. Bill Peters, Minerva Bangs and Reverend Watts in Jail."

No word was spoken between husband and wife until they had been in the privacy of their room some two minutes. Addison sat in the plush armchair, his chin sunk upon his breast, his left arm dangling lifelessly over the side of the chair, his nerveless right hand resting palm up upon the paper in his lap. Mrs. Humphrey stood over by the window, staring vacantly down into the street. He knew she did not blame him. That was precisely what he could not endure. His dear, faithful, trusting wife, though reeling under the blow, never dreamed it was his hand that delivered it.

"I did the whole thing, Carrie," he said in a dry, toneless voice. "I did it all myself." As she turned, her lips apart and her eyes wide with amazement, he

(Continued on Page 61)

He Carried His Wooden Oven Uptown and Hurled It Bodily Through the Plate Glass Window

The Trade We are Scolded About

First Steps in Exporting—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY JOHN R. NEILL

ONE morning not long ago there were two interesting letters in the mail of a New England manufacturer. The first came from a merchant in a small town on the Pacific Coast and asked for a catalog and prices on goods. The second was from an indent broker in London, asking for the same things. Both writers stated that they had seen the manufacturer's products advertised in a magazine. The letters were strikingly alike. Yet the manufacturer's action on each was decidedly different.

The Pacific Coast merchant's inquiry delighted him as an assurance that his advertising was taking hold in new territory. Instead of writing his reply, he telegraphed a salesman in San Francisco to visit that dealer, show him the full line of samples and get him started with a little stock of goods.

London is no farther away than California. Yet there seemed to be something remote and strange about the second inquiry. He laid the letter aside till the next day, to think it over—and, arriving at no decision, waited another day. He began to be afraid that some English or German manufacturer might be taking this method of getting information and might copy his goods. Finally the London letter was not answered at all.

Now the Pacific Coast merchant would sell to consumers in his little town. The demand there is purely local and limited, however good. The London indent broker, however, would sell to other merchants over pretty much the whole of South Africa and Australia. He would give them credit, make collections and shoulder all the work and risk. What goods he bought from the manufacturer would be paid for promptly once a month, less five per cent commission for his service. It is not easy to find more attractive sales than this; but the New England manufacturer ignored it because it came from another country and from a merchant doing business on lines with which he was not familiar.

Trade That Goes Begging

WHEN the American business man thinks of foreign trade certain difficulties seem to come uppermost in his mind. He knows that human beings live in other countries—that they eat, sleep, work, play—that they need goods of many kinds; but these possible customers appear to be fenced off by boundaries political divisions, tariffs, customs, languages. He has heard of complications in export packing, shipping, credit, collecting, and of export swindles and humbugs. He thinks of foreign trade not as something that can be started on very small beginnings and built up gradually, but in connection with the aggregates of millions published at Washington. So, when Opportunity knocks gently at his door in the shape of an inquiry about his goods from some foreign country, he pretends that he doesn't hear her and is rather relieved when she goes away.

An experienced export man says the first step in foreign trade is to forget there are boundaries between countries at all. They are really imaginary anyway. For any concern with goods selling generally over the United States is passing just as definite boundaries every day in the year. Each of our states has its own laws on debt, bankruptcy and the like. These complicate credit and collections, restrict the use of commercial paper and make fraud easier than in countries where a uniform code obtains. Domestic business is subject to interstate commerce regulations. Our home markets include great foreign-born communities set apart by differences in language and customs. The house entering the East Side of New York with its goods practically goes to a foreign country so far as the tastes of consumers and the ways of merchants are concerned. The Eastern manufacturer extending his sales to the Pacific Coast will probably make as many minor changes and give as much study to little points of local demand and trade conditions as though he were going into European or South American territory. So, when boundaries are forgotten, most of the apparent difficulties of export trade disappear.

The beginnings of export trade are on every hand. Men let their imaginations go a little in thinking of foreign markets. They see, in the mind's eye, shiploads of goods, tugs and lighters, tin-lined cases and twenty-ton cranes, brown and yellow folk in tropical harbors. It is not usual to think of Illinois or Colorado in that way. The manufacturer who wishes to enter those states for the first time feels that he is making progress if he receives inquiries from a few consumers there, and places a small stock of his goods with one wholesale house in Chicago or Denver.

Export trade originates in about the same way.

Every business house that advertises at all, even in one or two of its trade journals, is bound to have a few foreign letters sprinkled through its mail asking for particulars concerning goods. Even the nameplate on a machine will bring these inquiries, or the label on a box or can. So simple a device as that of printing the price of an article in a magazine advertisement will stimulate foreign interest and bring cash export orders. For the foreigner is a keen reader of American advertising. He often finds descriptions of articles that he would like to buy direct if he knew the price; but many articles are advertised without prices for trade reasons. If he knows the price he orders. If it is not given probably he does not care to wait weeks for further information. Foreign inquiries come from across the Canadian border, from export houses at home and abroad, and from other quarters. Headway commences when these letters are taken up in earnest and given as much attention as is bestowed on new corners of the home market.

One of the most thriving export departments in this country was started less than four years ago by a woman. She was secretary to the president of a manufacturing concern. Small shipments of goods had been going to foreign countries for years; but they were always made as a matter of necessity and nobody ever wrote to the distant customers to find out what they did with the stuff, how they liked it, whether they wanted more or whether their friends might like some.

This woman secretary became interested in the stray foreign orders and determined to follow them up, learn what demand was behind them, the commercial standing of the purchasers, the possibilities for extending trade in their territory. First, she dug them all out of the letter-files, listed them on cards, arranged them by countries and wrote for information. When a foreign consumer could be reached she set out to place a little stock of goods with some merchant in his locality. If an order came from a foreign merchant she asked for a list of his customers and circularized them to help his trade. Every order that came through a domestic export house was followed up with a request for further information. By-and-by the woman had to have an assistant; then another and another and then a salesman. Today that house has regular customers in twenty countries, advertises and corresponds in half a dozen languages, and enjoys an export business that is still small and, at the same time, shows more rapid growth than any portion of its home trade.

The first orders from abroad may come through an American export house, probably situated in New York City, which is the center for this trade. The exporter corresponds to the jobber in home trade. He has his customers in other countries, some of them merchants, some buyers of machinery, supplies and the like. These export houses are not all alike in their ways of doing business. Their various plans go pretty much according to the age of the house. The real old-time commission exporter is a buyer, chiefly of staple goods, and acts only as a New York purchasing agent for customers in countries where he has no representatives himself. The export house that is a bit younger and more modern will have representatives in the countries with which it trades, and deal in specialties as well as staples. Still younger concerns will have quite a foreign organization of salesmen, and perhaps branches and sample stocks.

Foreign Collections are Easy

SUPPOSE the American manufacturer becomes interested in foreign trade to the extent of clearing out an old desk, putting a junior salesman at it and labeling the combination "Export Department." Then, instead of filling those orders from the New York exporters in a routine way, no questions asked, he will want to know a good deal more about their methods and their customers.

A certain amount of secrecy goes with these orders. The export house sends them in, becomes responsible for payment and directs that shipment be made under a confidential shipping mark. The latter is a circle, a horseshoe or a triangle, maybe, with the name of a foreign port inside and two or three initials indicating the foreign customer. Some of the export houses guard the identity of their customers rather jealously. These are the old-timers, as a rule the heavy staple boys who look upon their customers as concealed assets. With the younger houses, however, it is often possible to establish a good understanding whereby the export house continues to handle all sales in specified territory, but gives the manufacturer the names of its customers so that he may write to them, furnish advertising, keep them informed about his goods and stimulate his own trade in like ways. Secrecy is fast disappearing nowadays, and a little experience soon shows how to decipher secret shipping marks or identify the exporter's customers in other ways.

Most of the difficulties associated with export credits, collections, packing and shipping are purely imaginary. It is possible to make them quite complex and forbidding on paper, in a consular report or an editorial; but in actual practice, when business men begin to do the thing instead of theorizing about it, the methods are simple enough—and in some cases more so than in home trade.

Take export credits and collections as an example. With fully half his foreign customers the American manufacturer will never be called on to consider credit at all, because the shipments are made through responsible export houses that attend to all that themselves. In most cases where he sells direct to a foreign purchaser the goods will be sent with a draft accompanying the bill-of-lading, and the foreign customer does not get the goods until he accepts the draft. This gives a security far greater in most cases than the manufacturer enjoys in dealing direct with many of his customers in the United States.

Export packing is soon developed after a little study of conditions. A box of goods shipped from the New England factory to a customer in California will be skidded on to

Concluded on Page 54

THE FRESHMAN

By JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

V

WHEN Carter got up the next morning, though, he found that his right knee had been hurt. Beneath the cap there was a small, marble-like lump; when he moved the joint back and forth it creaked like a dry pulley; when he stood up the little round lump rebelled.

By dint of hard rubbing he managed to put himself into walking condition; once at the gymnasium, however, the first movement forced him to step out and report the fact to the physical director.

The physical director smiled at the sight of his raw nose. "Come and see me next period," he said.

Carter waited the hour and then went into the physical director's office. The director examined the knee.

"It's a strain," he said. "It will get well if you're careful. Keep off the field for two weeks."

Two weeks! Carter's mouth opened wide.

The physical director saw the look; he seemed to feel the need of emphasizing.

"For two weeks," he began again. "You want to play football, don't you? To make the team some day? Well, if you don't get this well now it will always bother you. You'll never be any good. Keep off the field for two weeks!"

The director was misunderstanding the situation. There was no need of thus emphasizing. In the midst of his consternation, with the sense in him of catastrophe, of wreck of all dreams, Carter—meek Freshman—had not for a moment thought of questioning the advice.

That afternoon he sat among the laurels on the railing of the bridge that crossed the creek near the gymnasium and watched wistfully the men entering in groups to dress for the field. Blair came by after a while, hurriedly. He saw Carter idle on the bridge, gave him a little nod; and, even as he turned away, the smile came upon his lips the smile of covert amusement, of judgment withholding itself.

Carter had slid to his feet at his approach; now he slowly got back upon the rail.

He had waited there to accost Blair. He wanted to tell him—to tell him that he was hurt; to explain why he would not today be upon the field; why today he must fail him. But, at the sight of him, coming along thus, surrounded by all the impalpable splendor of his renown, Carter had felt his intention disappear beneath a flood of timidity. Now, in self-deceit, he said to himself that he would wait till Blair came out again in his suit, ready for the field.

But when Blair reappeared in his suit; in his padded trousers, his striped stockings, his tigerish jersey, his high-cleated shoes; with his sweater sleeves knotted about his neck—dangling down his back, he looked so masterly, so fully now, in form as in repute, the being of legend which for so long, at such a distance, Carter had admired, that the Freshman found it still more impossible to go to him and speak. His feet this time did not even touch the planking of the bridge. Saying to himself, "Now I must tell him—now!" he remained as he was, paralyzed, till Blair and the opportunity were gone.

VI

CARTER kept off the field for two weeks.

He was thinking about it all the time, though, about it and things appertaining to it, drawn irresistibly by an attraction which was more a melancholy than a desire. Of mornings, between lectures, from the steps of North Hall his eyes wandered to the level rectangle at the foot of the sloping campus. The stands, then bare, looked raw and high; and the goal-posts, rising in this emptiness deprived of its explanatory animation, were like gallows. An old man and an old white horse raked the surface with a harrow, tacking slowly and methodically from side to side; and behind followed a boy with a watering-pot, creaming over, with the spout of which, following a taut string, he painted from side line to side line long white streaks. Where the harrow had passed and the pot had drawn, the field looked fit and clean and ready; Carter could feel in the balls of his feet its smooth resilience, and in his thigh-muscles there came a nostalgia of swift, free runs.

An hour before practice-time he was already about the quarters. Sitting on the rail of the little bridge that crossed the creek, half-hidden in the laurels, he watched the men pass alone or in groups, climb the steps and disappear, behind a slamming door, within the dressing room. Beneath, at the cellar door as at the mouth of a cave, the manager still doled out parsimoniously odds and ends of equipment to late applicants. After a time, out of the slamming door the men began to come, all equipped, the sleeves of their sweaters knotted negligently about their necks. Each stood a moment at the top of the stairs, looking up at the sky like a sailor, stamping the caked earth off his shoes, stretching his muscles, and then came down slowly with the cunning relaxation of one with a hard day ahead, the cleats clattering on the steps. They lingered here a while on the grass about the building before going down to the field, passing the ball easily from one to the other, gradually loosening their sinews—"warming up"—to the task ahead. Carter was beginning to know many by sight. The Varsity men were recognizable by the easy precision of their movements, the suppleness of their muscles beneath the taut jerseys, and an indefinable air of assurance, of strength tolerant and relaxed, reserving itself. Also he watched the novices; they were what he might be. Some were doing well; Flannigan was playing tackle almost every night on the "scrub."

Every day, as he sat here, Blair came by and gave him a short nod and then smiled as if he wished not to notice that anything was happening; but the smile, to Carter's self-conscious fancy, was taking on now a meaning more certain. Through its enigma, its refusal to express itself, a criticism was now cropping—a criticism, a dislike and a disdain. He still wanted to tell Blair, but now it seemed too late—too late and too foolish.

When the men began to trickle toward the field Carter followed and took a place in the bleachers on the lowest row, as near the side lines as possible. During the practice, chance took some of the scrimmages close by. Carter caught the savage smell of toiling men, saw the grim faces, the eyes flashing between the unkempt locks; he heard the drumming of concerted feet, the crash of the charges, the thump of body against body. To a successful tackle beneath his eyes, his shoulder, his back, tingled with the memory of his one success long ago; and to the taste of sweat, of toil and effort, irresistibly all his being found itself back at his moment of glory.

Things had changed since that day. The coach was now here. He came from the University in the East most renowned in sport, upon whose team he had been the star guard. He was a big fellow, a bit older than the usual graduate, broad and high, powerful as a bull, but with a very calm, set, pale face. It was said that he was a theological student; that, the season over, he was going on to China as a missionary. He moved about the field vigilantly, counseling, instructing, exhorting in a tense, quiet way, and at times snapped his fingers and said "Dang it!"—upon which the bleachers laughed and applauded. He wore his street clothes, youngish and impeccable of cut; he soiled his cuffs and collars; and once at least every three practices he suddenly went after some elusive back himself, as if unable to resist the impulse, tackled him and rose from the earth clodded to his hair—at which the bleachers went mad and asked rhythmically, "What's the matter with Brill?" Under this new guidance the squad was progressing fast; long lineups took place, and the Varsity unfolded new complicated attacks which Carter, with all his attention, could not quite analyze. Seeing this progress of which he was not a part, he felt more than ever lost, hopelessly distanced, abandoned and forlorn. Sometimes, as, the practice over, the men beneath the falling night straggled back up the hill, he mingled furtively with them, dissolved himself in their toil, their sweat, the profound satisfaction of their fatigue.

Carter, on the Side Line, Still Waited

The end of the ordeal neared at last. For several days Carter's knee had not hurt him; and finally the two long weeks were over.

He came to the quarters the next afternoon very early. All alone in the dark basement room he put on his unpadded breeches, without elastics, his socks, which he drew up high to meet these, his cleatless shoes, and directly upon his skin the canvas jacket, cold and rasping. A trepidation was in him, made at once of resolution and of dread—of resolution as to the way he would acquit himself on the field when called out by Blair; of fear that he might fail to so acquit himself. The feeling grew as, outside on the grass beneath the trees, he waited long for the squad to go down. At intervals his lungs drew in a sudden quick breath, as though abruptly he had fallen in cold water.

The bleachers were fuller than they had been his first day; they were noisy with the enthusiasm of the season now in full swing. It had rained during the night, and the field was muddy. Carter took his meek place on the side line.

Blair, standing in the center of the field, the big coach at his elbow, called out the names of the Varsity and of a second eleven. Carter's name was not among them. He had not expected it to be, however. That would be later. The practice began. He went down on one knee, in the mud of the side line, and waited. He waited for a lull in the work out of which Blair would come toward him, as once before he had done, and say: "Here, you Freshman; get in there at end!"—or at half—or as extra.

The ball soared in the sky above the whirling ends; feet drummed, bodies thumped, the teams crashed; now and then a long get-away brought the bleachers up standing. Carter remained there, immobile, waiting. The work wore on; a rest was called; the men were sponged and the practice resumed. Carter, on the side line, still waited; in the mud, now, his knee had made a little hole.

The afternoon slipped away toward evening. At intervals what Carter expected happened. There would be a lull in the play and Blair would come toward the side line.

Saying to Himself, "Now I Must Tell Him—Now!"

His eyes would pass swiftly over the substitutes waiting there; would bark out a name. But his eyes never rested upon Carter. For him he had not a flicker of recognition, not even the smile—the discomforting smile. By him the glance went swiftly and far, as past a void, as past nothing; as if Carter, squatting wistful there, lacked consistence and were invisible. And Carter, his personality shriveling to this passing glance, began to feel that he might not be called.

The night began to creep over the campus in black smudges. A whistle blew; practice stopped; the tired men began to drag up the hill. Carter, kneeling in the mud of the side line, was still waiting.

He went up himself after a moment. About him there was no hot, smoking, blissful weariness; his suit was dry and cold; his blood ran slow and sluggish in his veins. And in his shoulders, along his back, no memory dwelled of deed well done; instead, a sense of futility, the vague, vast disgust of an empty day.

The shower upon his cold body raised no exultant reaction. His sinews remained a bit cramped and stiff. And within him there awoke no stir of clean, divine hunger. Which was perhaps just as well, for he was not invited to the training table.

And riding homeward in the car he was alone. There was no one there to stoop down suddenly from heights infinitely superior and ask solicitously and simply about his welfare, and infuse his dreams with visions tender and glorious.

VII

EACH afternoon now the lineup grew more furious, each day the maneuvers of the elevens more subtle, complicated and perfect. Shifts in the Varsity showed that a final choice was being made; the date of the big game was near.

Every day, with meek punctuality, Carter appeared at the quarters and before his locker in the basement room put on his suit; every day, with the others, he went down to the field and there on the side line waited to be called.

But he was never called. Blair's eyes, roaming the side lines in search of a substitute, never stopped upon him; they passed him by coldly, without hesitation, without a flicker; Carter could have pinched his own arm sometimes to make sure of the presence so completely ignored.

So he squatted there, waiting. The days were becoming shorter. The long eucalypti crept earlier each afternoon over the campus; the fag-end of the work was in a half-light that fell like an impalpable rain out of gray skies. The practices were getting longer and harder. Up and down the field the teams charged and charged and charged till they lost human semblance, till they became two monstrous animals, two prehistoric beasts come out of the ooze of the seas to fight out here their antediluvian feuds. Some days it rained. The teams then wallowed in mud; his knee in a puddle, a cataract down his back, Carter watched them through a driving film, remote and unreal as his desire. He had long abandoned hope of doing anything this season which slipped away so fast; now all his hopes and longings were concentrated upon one thing—to be called out once, just once, as he had been the first day; to be called out and take his place behind the line, and hurl himself body and soul into the first attack that came; to dive headlong and feel against his shoulder the yielding impact of the charge, met; along his back its crumbling collapse; and to go up the hill after that, hot soggy and weary, that memory still in his shoulder, still along his back; and upon his enfevered body loose the cool shower and feel gradually awakening in him the exultant tingle of his veins, the clean, ardent, divine hunger of his stomach, and the profound satisfaction of his soul. That which he had tasted then he could never do without now; never would he be satisfied without the effort, the pain, the weariness, the content. So, humbly stubborn, he squatted on the side line, very quiet, but with the hope fierce within him.

Every day he put on his suit and every day he went down to the field; every day, squatting on the side line, he watched the practice, and every night, as his comrades went up the hill, hot, steaming, weary and satiated, he went up with them, cold and dry and unappeased. Dressed, he made right away for the car; clattering down the long, smooth grade, it seemed to whisk him away forever from the life of which he had tasted; he saw in vision the training table ringed with glowing faces. As he went to sleep at night, it was with the taste upon his tongue of a wasted day. Always his last thought was of the morrow. Unquenchable within him, the little flame of hope still burned; of hope that still he might be called; that squatting on the side line he would see Blair come toward him and say, "Carter!"

So every day he put on his suit and went down to the field and squatted on the side line—and waited.

His attention, nearly all of the time, was on Blair. He watched him at his position at quarter, leading the team with his signals, employing in those duties treasures of skill and intuitive genius. It seemed to Carter, though, that he was not quite as of former years. He had moments of strange apathy, during which his voice lost its vibrant quality and a heaviness crept into his movements. Once Carter saw this close. It was during the lull of a fierce practice; before beginning again, Blair had called the men to him and was speaking to them, ringed about him. The season was drawing to a close; the big contest was near. From now on every one must give all he had in him; it was work, work, work, no letup, and iron training rules. Carter, on the side line and very near, watched him as he spoke. His face was very white, but what most drew Carter's attention was his breathing. He stood there feet apart, thumbs through belt; but his body bent slightly in a concave line as if a bit caved in, and between the words the abdomen rose and fell, rose and fell, in quick inflations and tremendous collapses that flattened it almost to the spine. And, watching Blair, there floated back to Carter's mind the old, indistinct rumors of unruly, impetuous living, hazing this man about with something romantic and awesome; and watching this lithe body panting, this palpitation so birdlike distressful and frail, there came to him, erasing the silent feud there was between them, a sudden whelm of tenderness.

On Saturdays there was a change, welcomed of all but of Carter. On Fridays already it announced itself subtly the practice was shorter and more dashing. The next day the men of the team lolled all morning about the quarters. In turn, they were being rubbed or bandaged. Some were gay and laughed; others were silent and tense. They were dressed, all of them, a little more fastidiously than usual—with polished shoes and careful ties. At noon, after a light lunch, they all got aboard the city train, their uniforms in their dress-suit cases, accompanied by the trainers and their impedimenta. In the city a match was played with one of the athletic clubs or with a smaller college.

Carter did not go with them. His name was never on the list of those ordered to report. He saw them on their train, and then waited for a later one in which he went over alone, going directly to the grounds. There he bought his own ticket. As a man out for the team, he had a right to a ticket which the manager would have given him if asked, but he was unaware of this privilege; he would have been surprised if he had discovered that he, who sat every day on the side line, was entitled to any privilege. He bought his ticket, took a good place on the still half-empty stands, and was there when, to the rhythmic roar of the rooters, the bus rolled in and the team, avalanching down the wheels, bounded elastically to the green gridiron. It was especially the substitutes that he envied; the others were beyond even envy. His eyes were upon them as, muffled in their sweaters and blankets, they lay on the side lines, couchant but alert, all ready to spring out upon the field at the first call.

The team was developing. The new, complicated maneuvers were working smoothly. Kingdon, at full, was doing prodigies, and a giant guard was proving formidable as the apex of flying wedges specially planned to use his weight and strength.

After the game the bus departed and Carter went back to the train alone. The team, he knew, dined together that evening in the city, in warm companionship in the banquet room of a big hotel. He went back home alone and the evening was a long one, with thoughts absent, wandering over there to the city. And long, also, was the whole Sunday following. On Monday he was again on the side line.

It was on one of these blue Mondays that a pleasing surprise awaited him. He found his name on the list—pasted up on the door—of Freshmen ordered to report for a game with a Prep eleven the following Wednesday.

The match took place, with the usual disregard of Freshman convenience, in the

About Them a Bedlam Roared

morning, during recitation hours. The bleachers were empty, but Blair was present, watching from the side lines. Carter was put in at end toward the last minutes of the game and managed in the short time to get in two good tackles.

This temporary success in the long monotony of these days exhilarated him prodigiously. In his joy he decided, innocently enough, to give himself a little vacation. All the other Freshmen were doing the same thing; they were not expected to do otherwise. Carter did not report for the afternoon practice and, with the pleasure of a soldier dressed in civilian clothes, watched it from the bleachers, with the expectation of basking in his momentary satisfaction.

The move proved disastrous. From the beginning, Carter, worried, saw that with all the Freshmen away, at this stage of the season when all the less tenacious candidates had dropped out and several of the Varsity men were nursing injuries, the substitutes along the side lines were few. They grew fewer as the whirlwind practice progressed. Time and time again, from a sudden lull Blair's voice made a call upon those that remained. Carter saw them diminish with a heart that thumped. Finally there came a time when there was on the side lines only one man left—"Cupid" Peart, little caring if he were there or on the field. And then an end left the second eleven, limping; and Blair, impatient and baffled, stood up and looked toward the side line.

He looked long, urgently; twice his glance went the whole length as if to make sure there was no one else there. He was looking for an end and Peart played half. "Peart!" he called finally.

And Carter, up there on the bleachers, surrounded with people, could have beaten his breast in a frenzy of regret and biting self-accusation. It had come, his chance, the chance for which so steadfastly, so humbly, for so long, he had been waiting. It had come, his chance, and he had not been there.

The practice went on. Peart, at end, missed tackles; and Carter, tears near his eyes, was stiffening himself to an instinct of self-preservation. "What is passed, is passed," he was repeating to himself; "it's tomorrow

The Physical Director Bent Down

that counts. And from now on, never, even if the sky falls, never will I again be away—away from the side lines when he calls."

On the morrow, though, arriving for his eight-thirty, a rumor struck him to the heart. The team was gone. It had moved bodily to the city—with its substitutes, thirty men in all; with its trainer, rubbers, mascot and paraphernalia—to prepare itself there, upon the field where it was to be fought, in quiet and retirement for the big game, now only two weeks away.

VIII

THE college was abuzz with the news. The departure had been prepared secretly and secretly executed. The whole squad was now in the city, in a big house close to the grounds upon which the match was to take place. By most of the commentators the move was considered a clever one and a new proof of Blair's intelligent leadership.

As the day wore on, though, the college, thus suddenly deprived of its militant body and of the febrile agitation surrounding it, began to take on an atmosphere of muffled gray. It was like a garrison town, its soldiers gone, missing the fifes and the drums; an apathy a bit mournful was in the air. Carter, sending from the high windows of North Hall his customary look toward the field, saw it remote and dead. The unoccupied bleachers were empty with a new emptiness, an emptiness destined never to be filled; the goal-posts loomed with a deserted air. Across the rectangle no white horse tacked now, drawing a harrow; no boy followed with overcreaming watering-pot; upon its surface the tramplings of yesterday's scrimmages were already petrifying. Carter felt stupid. It seemed impossible that the whole thing should be over thus; that his long wait had come to an end, useless now and hopeless indeed; impossible, just then, like that, at the moment of his most determined resolution. And in spite of himself, forgetting, his glance went time and time again toward the field, to be met newly by its aspect of irrevocable abandonment—toward a field without its old white horse and diligent boy.

(Continued on Page 64)

LAW-PROOF TRUSTS

By FRANK Y. GLADNEY

DECORATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

LET us suppose the problem is to organize and operate a trust that is prosecutor-proof—one against which attorneys-general and special counsel will inveigh in vain. How can this be done? It is a very old problem, many attempts to solve which have dismally failed. Time and again the most adroit schemes to accomplish this much-desired result have been smashed beyond recognition by the crushing hammer of the courts; but, under the prevailing interpretation of the law, a solution has been worked out that is simple, easy and efficient. In order to create one of these safe and sane trusts, you need only the same elements that go to make up one of the old-style hazardous kind—and, in addition, one or more patents to leaven the lump. These new-style trusts are incubated in great numbers annually and put out to browse on the public commons.

A simple illustration will make this plain. In these days of multiplying trusts one may state a purely imaginary condition of affairs only at the risk of having some one take it as an invidious implication. A stone thrown at random is apt to be followed by a howl. But let us suppose that it is desired to form a trust. The business, under the supposition, is in a bad way, prices "demoralized" and competition at white heat. The big manufacturers are pitted against each other in a ruinous price-cutting war—cut answering cut, just as an echo does the voice. Something must be done. The circumstances necessitate the formation of a trust and all the materials are at hand. The managers of the sick industry call in a lawyer; and, after acquainting himself with the alarming conditions, he at once prescribes the use of a patent. Over thirty thousand patents are granted annually, pertaining to every industry imaginable. A search is made, and those interested chance upon a patented planing machine, a wood-polishing or turning device, or some other patented appliance or process that either is used or can be used by all the manufacturers in this business. The stress of anxiety is over. Such a patent is procured and assigned to some outsider—maybe he is the office boy of the principal manufacturer. The owner of the patent then proceeds to "license" all the concerns to use the patented machine; and in the license he states the uniform "licensed" price at which all the manufacturers must sell. He goes farther and compels each manufacturer to make contracts with each retailer, binding the latter not to sell the "licensed" product below the uniform, fixed, licensed price. The language of these stereotyped contracts is magical. It reads something like this: "The manufacturer of —— is licensed under United States letters patent No. 2,000,001, and the —— are licensed to be sold at retail at not less than —— dollars. Any breach of this condition will result in the cancellation of this contract; and thereafter the retailer can obtain —— only at the regular retail price of a single ——." Now the whole situation is cleared up: the sick business has been doctored into arrogant convalescence. Price-cutting among the manufacturers has ceased; the disgraceful scramble for the retailers' patronage is gone. The retailer smiles at his old competitor across the street as the puzzled customers go from place to place in search of a bargain, but everywhere encounter the same uniform "licensed" price. The public must now pay the licensed price or go without; but the fascinating part of the whole scheme is that it is law-proof. The safety of the scheme is underwritten by the Constitution, which declares that patents are to be granted for the encouragement of progress in science and the useful arts. The owner of the patent, so the formula runs, doesn't have to license any one to use his patented machine; and if he consents to do so he can state the "conditions," one of which may be the price at which the licensed article is to be sold.

Here, then, is the accomplished ideal of the trustbuilders. Rival manufacturers, formerly competitors, like soothsayers, smile knowingly as they greet each other. Competition is ended; the goods are licensed under the protecting ægis of a patent. Moreover, this beneficent condition of affairs is brought about in the most open manner. It does not hang precariously on the observance of a "gentleman's agreement." Its continuance does not hinge upon a secrecy of the organization or concealment of its operations. Correspondence under the names of fictitious persons and vicarious sacrifices of the office boy or clerk have no place in it. The whole system is perfectly legal and does not do violence to the law of the land. Many of the judges have so written it down.

This ingenious device for killing competition, that boll weevil of the trustmakers, was not perfected at a stroke. No one would have thought of stretching the elastic tether of the law to such an extreme on the first trial.

In the beginning a patented machine was sold bearing a "notice," inscribed on a metal plate, stating that the machine was sold "on condition" that it be "used only with material obtained from the owner of the patent on the machine." The purchaser had paid for the machine and owned it, just as one might buy a patented screwdriver, and the material was not patented any more than are screws to be set with such screwdriver; but the startling conclusion was reached that the purchaser and owner of the patented machine could not use it except in compliance with the notice. He owned the machine and it was worthless without material, just as a hammer is worthless without nails; yet the only material he was permitted to use was as completely monopolized as the machine. This, of course, doubled the monopoly of the patent-owner; it gave him the equivalent of two patents where before he had only one. The Government granted one patent on the machine to encourage "the progress of science and the useful arts"; the lawyers created another by attaching the "on condition" notice. Some proverbs say that every beginning is difficult; others, perhaps equally ancient, have it that beginnings are easy. At any rate, proverbs new and old agree that beginnings are always important. So here. This magical notice deserves to have a stake driven near by flying a red flag, for it means this: that the owner of a patent can sell a patented article bearing any sort of notice that pleases his fancy or enriches his purse, and the purchaser who has paid out his good money must obey the notice. The conditions in the notice may render the use of the machine by the owner impossible, as by failure of the notifier to supply material; and yet the purchaser of the machine is helpless. Remove the notice and the purchaser can use any material he may choose—replace the notice and the purchaser is bound hand and foot to the patent-owner; and yet this notice was not dreamed of until more than one hundred years after patents were in existence and until after the antitrust acts had begun to be troublesome. See what it leads to.

Unfortunately, the notice was not patented or copyrighted and other patent-owners at once adopted the same means of doubling their monopolies. Since every patented article must be "used with" or "in connection with" some other object or material, every patent-owner may easily double

or treble his monopoly. It requires only a little further study of the scope of "used with" or "in connection with" to enable these patent-owners to enmesh the whole populace in their nets. Indeed, one court, alarmed at the tendency, has already hung out this red light: "No one may safely sell coffee to the consumer but the patentee of his coffee mill. No one can furnish him flour but the patentee of his baking pan; and he may yet be compelled to buy milk from the patentee of his milk can and soap from the patentee of his bathtub."

The baffling singularity of all this glints out the moment we begin to examine these conditions. The rule underlying is that a patent-owner may attach any conditions whatever and a violation of these will convert the purchaser into an "infringer." What will happen then? Thus "infringement" no longer, as formerly, consists in making or handling a counterfeit or spurious article—an imitation of the genuine article—but exists whenever a purchaser from the patent-owner violates any condition that the latter has been able to attach to the thing sold.

The Coarse Thumb of the Law

ALL this leads to unexpected consequences. The power to impose conditions is the important thing. If this power can be used to hedge about the free use of what another has paid for and owns, by stalking in the bogy of infringement, it likewise can be used to prevent the free sale of what one has paid for and owns. In business, free competition consists of nothing more than each seller selling his goods freely at his own price. The unforeseen end which the conditions we have been describing can be made to serve at once becomes apparent when we turn from using to selling. The notice which served to blot out all freedom in the use likewise does away with all competition in selling; but the field is much larger.

Little ingenuity was required to perceive that one who violated a condition as to selling a patented article would be liable to the same terrorizing epithet—"infringer"—as one who violated a similar condition with reference to the use. Accordingly the next step in the development was to attach "notices" to many patented articles stating that the article was sold on condition that it be not resold for less than the licensed price of so much; and, further, that any one selling the article for less or using it when so sold would be prosecuted as an infringer.

See how this works: A large dealer buys one thousand patented eggbeaters from the patent-owner and pays him for them fifteen cents each. Then the dealer owns them absolutely, just as he does the counters, shelving, the linen, ginghams and groceries in his store. The notice on each eggbeater states that the licensed price is twenty-five cents. They do not move—some become shopworn and rusty; they take up important space required for other things. The dealer needs money badly and is looking about for something to unload. Perhaps, after all, the eggbeaters do not work properly. At any rate, he advertises them at seventeen cents each and they are all sold. Now the dealer and one thousand customers of all ages, sexes and habitats have become infringers, subject to "prosecution." We should say that this is the climax of absurdity, were it not that that superlative characterization must be reserved for the latest phase of this obsession. For only recently it has been declared that one who buys patented articles at second hand from the purchasers, who obtained them from the patentee at the full trust-fixed licensed price, and resells them as second hand for less than the licensed price, is also an infringer. This means that if a woman should purchase a patented sewing machine accompanied by one of these notices, use it for fifteen years, until it was worn into utter uselessness, and then prior to the expiration of the patent sell it to a junkdealer at a cut price, both she and the scrap-pile broker would be infringers. Obviously these conditions as to selling prices are as preposterous as similar conditions as to the use of articles; but the existence and the toleration of the latter class entail far more momentous results. A patent-owner who has sold his goods to one thousand dealers throughout the land can force all of them to maintain licensed resale prices and thereby destroy all competition in the sale of what they have paid for and own.

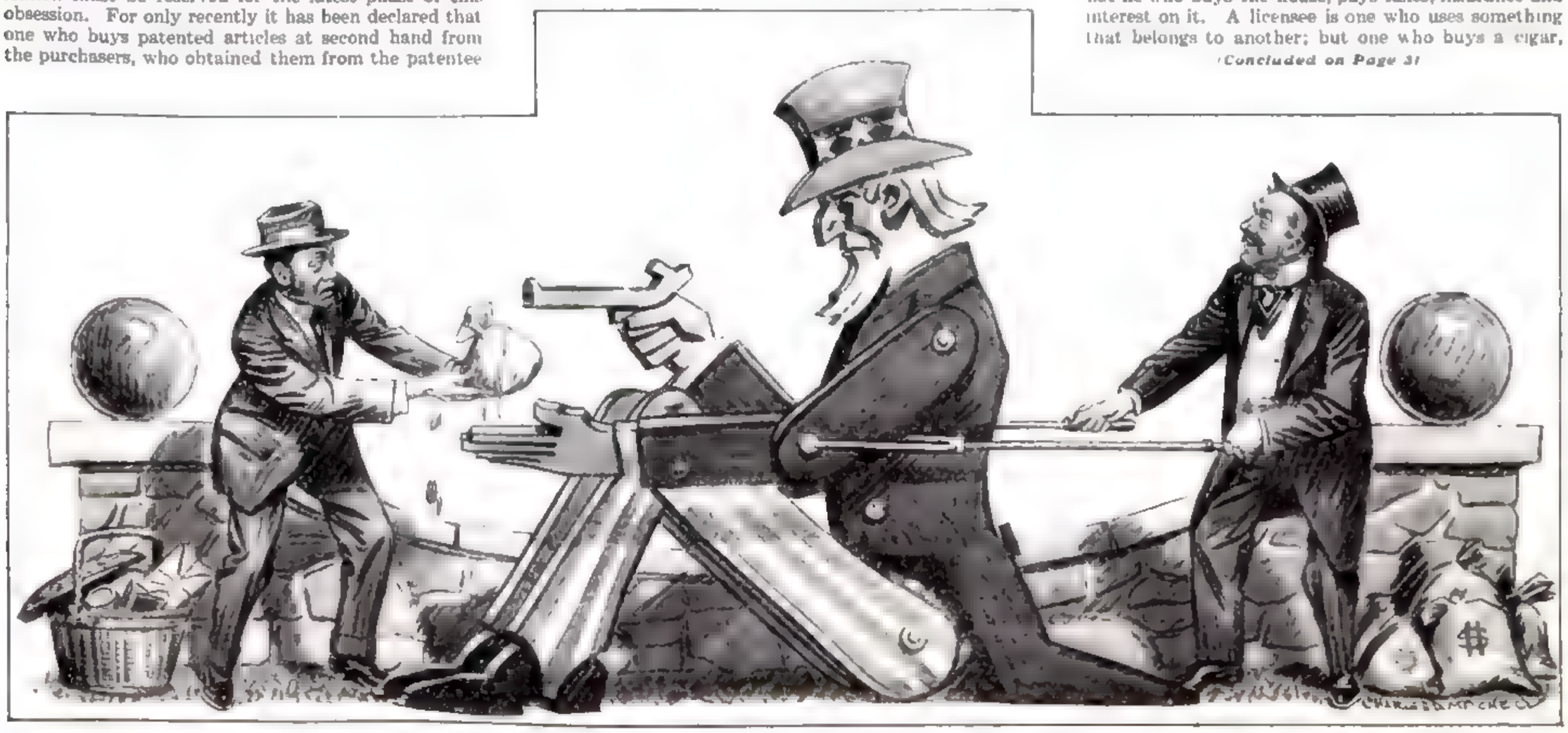
At this point the whole scheme may become a means to justify a forbidden end; for the general rule is established that the owner of a patent can impose whatever conditions he will regarding either the use or the resale of his patented article and any one who violates the conditions is an infringer. Consequences are unpitying; he who announces a rule vouches for every application of it. The coarse thumb of the law does not sense the intentions of men. If conditions may be imposed by the owner of a patent no one may question his motives, probe his intentions or inquire whether he is acting in his own interests or as a tool for others. The trustmakers desire to end competition among themselves and among all retailers who handle their wares. They long to have every member of the public pay the full licensed price. Now they find the law ready made. The means to this end is a patent-owner and his conditions. The patent-owner, easily found, licenses the use of his patented machine, process or appliance on condition that the licensed goods be not sold in the first instance by the manufacturers or resold by the retailers below the licensed price. Then any one, whether manufacturer or retailer, who cuts the license price is an infringer. Of course the fact that the goods manufactured and sold in a given instance are not patented can make no difference. It is sufficient that the condition is imposed on the use of a patented mechanism employed by all; and there is no occasion for flinching because the condition fixes the price of a household necessity. That is a consequence that may have been unperceived, but it was unequivocally bargained for when the power to impose conditions was granted. When the law is converted into a vise, and the people are placed between the jaws, a constant tightening of the grip is inescapable. It was Goethe who said: "Out of error nothing is evolved; it only involves us."

It is all so easy and simple. True, there are features in the scheme that must be passed over hurriedly to avoid a suspicion of weakness. For example, since the beginning, fifteen years ago, not one consumer purchasing at a cut price has ever been prosecuted for infringement. That would end the game. If a patent-owner should come into a Federal court with this grievance, "I made one of my patented articles, sold it to a retailer, got the purchase money and now have it in my pocket; this man bought it from the retailer and is now using it wherefore he is an infringer," the judge would probably tell the lawyer for the patent-owner that the proper place to have a guardian appointed for his client was the probate court; but, by constant detonations about "conditions," "infringement" and "patents," every one is disarmed. State officials are kept safely at a distance, for they have nothing to do with infringement or patent-imposed conditions. The National courts, having dealt with infringement for over one hundred years as a safeguard to "the progress of science and the useful arts," do not stop to inquire what other arts are parading under that banner. And to the public the word "infringement" conjures associations of United States marshals, prosecutions, damages, fines and contempts; for, to the average citizen, infringement has much of the horror of counterfeiting or robbing the mails. In truth, the scheme under examination throughout gains much plausibility from the compelling power of ideas long associated with the term "infringement." The word awes the dealer and consumer into an unquestioning belief in the inviolable character of the condition.

Pulling Off the Wax Nose

SUPPOSE we unmask the Patent Disguised Trust. We begin by pulling off the wax nose, "infringement." This is the most conspicuous part of the disguise and its removal greatly facilitates recognition of a very familiar institution. There is nothing mysterious about infringement. Let's see: The Government has the sole right to coin money. If a private individual coins money it is counterfeiting. Similarly the patent-owner has the sole right to make specimens of his patented article. If another makes an imitation or duplicate article, that is infringement. One who exchanges or even has in his possession counterfeit coin is himself a counterfeiter, even though some one else made the coin. Likewise one who uses, sells or even has in his possession a spurious specimen, or an imitation of the patented article, is himself an infringer even though it was made by some one else. Spurious coin is counterfeit. Imitation patented articles not made by the patent-owner are infringing property. Counterfeit coin must be destroyed; infringing articles also must be surrendered; but handling, using and exchanging genuine coin issued by the Government is not counterfeiting, even though a thousand conditions are violated. By the same token, using and selling patented articles, voluntarily made and sold by the patent-owner, is not infringement, even though a trust-made contract is violated in so doing. That's all there is to infringement and all that can be made of it. Suppose infringement, like counterfeiting, were a crime. A dealer has on hand a patented device purchased from the patent-owner for two hundred dollars. The licensed resale price is three hundred dollars. The dealer cuts the price to two hundred and ninety-nine dollars; then both seller and purchaser go to jail in ignominy and stripes! Cutting the licensed price is infringement! That is the most potent factor in the makeup of the disguise. The license trappings are just as easily stripped off. It is said that a purchaser of a patented article from the owner is a "licensee": but that is saying that black is white. A man who hires an automobile for the afternoon is a licensee: not so one who buys the automobile and pays for it. A tenant who rents a house is a licensee, but not he who buys the house, pays taxes, insurance and interest on it. A licensee is one who uses something that belongs to another; but one who buys a cigar,

(Concluded on Page 31)



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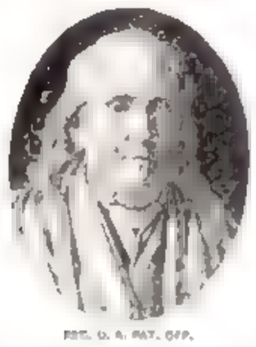


REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada - By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2 75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 23, 1911

The Republican Nomination

THE last three Presidential elections were walkovers for the Republicans. Each time their vote in the electoral college was about two to one. Apparently the Democrats can count on one hundred and forty Southern electoral votes, no matter who their candidate or what their platform. That was Parker's vote in 1904. Aside from this inalienable Southern support, Bryan, in 1908, received only twenty-three electoral votes - from Colorado, Nebraska, Nevada and Oklahoma. The contest of 1912, however, promises quite different conditions.

The grand difficulty confronting the Insurgents arises from the fact that an impregnably Democratic South, where the Republican party consists largely of Federal officeholders, will probably give Taft more than three hundred votes in the nominating convention. More than seven and a half million Republican votes were cast at the last election. Eleven Southern states gave only half a million of them; but the votes of those states in the nominating convention may decide the nominee.

One may take eleven Northern and Western states—Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Wisconsin, California and Oregon—that have gone Republican in the last three campaigns and usually since the Civil War, but which, on the basis of the latest returns, are now either Insurgent or Democratic. Within those states the battleground of the next campaign will mostly lie; but their power to choose the nominee is not much greater than that of the Southern states, which are virtually outside the contest.

If it is made reasonably clear that only an Insurgent, genuinely devoted to tariff reform, stands a show of winning in this territory, Mr. Taft will not be renominated. To adduce that proof is the task before the Insurgents.

Usury Laws

A CORRESPONDENT who confesses to doing something in the chattel-mortgage loan line demands to know why the law should attempt to fix the price for money any more than for other commodities. The only reason, apparently, is that the law has attempted, time out of mind, to fix the price for money—and pretty generally failed. Taking any compensation whatever for the use of money was banned by the Church through the Middle Ages, and civil law generally followed the Church; but Roman law, realizing that a lender may suffer positive loss when a borrower fails to pay at the time agreed upon, had permitted the creditor to exact damages from a defaulting debtor. This the Church also recognized. Saint Thomas Aquinas wrote: "A man who lends may, without sin, contract with the creditor to receive recompense for a loss." It was held that the creditor must prove an actual loss before collecting penalty—or damages—from the debtor; but gradually the practice grew up of making loans without interest for short periods, when neither borrower nor lender expected the note would be paid at maturity. When it was not paid at maturity the lender—with a clear conscience, no doubt—proceeded to collect a certain percentage of damages from the defaulting borrower, and in that way received interest for the use of his money. Only in comparatively modern times was the taking of interest for the use of money generally sanctioned by law.

The point is that the lender, in fact, got the interest he wanted—very much as New York banks, in panicky times, get sixty per cent when the law says they shall take six; or as trusts and combinations go on forming when the law says they shall not.

Lapses From Civilization

NO ONE whose opinion is worth considering would maintain that the American people are entirely fit for self-government. Ever since the appearance of Bryce's American Commonwealth, at least, it has been held that their signal failure in self-government was found in the big cities; but that opinion is no longer tenable. When H. G. Wells, for example, speaks of Chicago as an "amazing lapse from civilization" he is merely making a phrase.

The signal failure of self-government in the United States occurs in the country and in towns of less than the first rank—for a typical instance, in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, where a considerable part of the population looked on complacently while a man was slowly roasted to death under circumstances of bestial savagery that might well have turned the stomach of an Iroquois Indian. Here is an absolute lapse from civilization—a sheer drop into the savage. In Coatesville, as in most other communities where the lowest brute phase of humanity has suddenly come out on the surface, we find that the people are just about the average sort. The lapse from civilization occurs because no authority is at hand to restrain them. A squad of metropolitan police or a corporal's guard of regular infantry would cow any of these mobs in a moment. Lynchings do not happen in great cities, not because the people are different, but because armed authority that is virtually independent of them is always at hand. Crucial moments arise, like that at Coatesville, when the maintenance of civilization requires a handful of Cossacks, responsible only to the Czar and impartially ready to shoot. Before such an emblem of absolute authority no mob would persist.

Of course, on the other hand, handfuls of Cossacks scattered over the country would involve far more than the suppression of beastly mobs. But we must say with Jefferson: "I prefer those inconveniences which arise from too much liberty to those which arise from too little."

The Monroe Doctrine Abroad

AT THE invitation of the German Government, some of the most eminent citizens of the empire participated in a discussion of finance and industry in the Fatherland. The stenographic report of their proceedings fills two bulky volumes. On page 591, of volume II, we find the following, by Freiherr von Cetto-Reichertshausen, director of the Bavarian Landwirtschaftsbank:

"I believe the equilibrium between exports and imports may also be established by reducing the volume of imports. This would be in accordance with the principle that obtains in the United States—the so-called Monroe Doctrine. The American reasons: What I can produce in my own country I am going to produce there, in order not to have to buy it abroad."

Herr Schinckel, chairman of the Hamburg Chamber of Commerce, partner in the Norddeutsche Bank, in Hamburg, and director of the Diskonto-Gesellschaft, in Berlin, retorted—page 622, volume II:

"Another error that Herr Cetto has slipped into in his interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine! It consists in the United States wishing to assert its supremacy over the South American states, and that for the cogent reason that they know very well they cannot produce everything in their own country; they must import coffee and cocoa from that continent. That is why they lay their hands upon South America. That is the Monroe Doctrine."

The failure of these eminent Germans, however, to understand the Monroe Doctrine should not be charged up against them. It is difficult enough for Americans to understand it.

The Fighting Code

WE HOPE it will be made clear before Congress again convenes that this country wants the British and French arbitration treaties ratified as they stand.

So long as the notion generally obtains that cowardice and unwillingness to fight are the same thing, a nation must fight over certain questions—otherwise its position among nations would be made intolerable; but every assertion by a great nation of willingness to arbitrate helps overthrow the fighting code. In the coming time, when national truculence is despised and willingness to fight is regarded as criminal, no question will arise that a nation cannot submit to arbitration. The treaties, as they stand, look forward to that time and so bring it decidedly nearer. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, with its proposed amendments, looks backward.

Probably you remember that a disagreeable person made derogatory remarks about Owen Wister's Virginian. It then became necessary for the Virginian to fight the disagreeable person, because the community in which they lived expected men to settle their personal differences with firearms. Nowadays, in Wyoming a man who does shoot when his courage is impugned not only loses caste, but gets locked up. The fighting code has been overthrown and a citizen no longer needs a pistol to preserve his standing in the community. To bring about that desirable change, some men must have had the courage to say: "We are not willing to fight." That is what the United States, Great Britain and France would say in the arbitration treaties. The Senate committee's proposed qualification, "Unless we feel especially like it," would certainly take away much of the force of the declaration.

The Aristocratic Type

OF ALL words in the English tongue, "aristocratic" is probably most indispensable to lighter literature. To say of a female character that she looked aristocratic or had an aristocratic air, or—above all—that her beauty was of the aristocratic type, not only conveys a tolerably definite impression to the reader but immediately puts him in that desirous attitude toward the character which the author aims at. Incidentally, also, it puts him in a desirably humble attitude toward the author, who must be presumed to know all about aristocrats since he speaks of their appearance, bearing and type with such assurance.

Anatole France, however, has brutally pointed out that our idea of aristocratic appearance and bearing is derived almost wholly from three sources: First, from the theater, where we see actors and actresses portraying lords and ladies; second, from drawings and paintings; third, from fashions in dress. And the actors and actresses whom we see on the stage are almost invariably of decidedly humble origin. In short, our idea of what an aristocrat looks like is derived from looking at handsome plebeians. When the author says his heroine's type of beauty was aristocratic what he really means is that she looked like an actress whose father ran a dray, or like an artist's model whose mother took in washing.

Politics in Canada

A POWERFUL organ of Canadian Conservatism states the issue in the pending election virtually as follows:

"We Conservatives have declared that reciprocity will lead to the annexation of Canada by the United States. Therefore to vote for reciprocity is to vote for annexation, and a Liberal victory at the polls will be regarded as tantamount to acceptance of future political union with the United States by a majority of Canadian voters."

This, of course, is exactly like saying to a vegetarian: "I assert that meat is necessary to preserve life; so, if you banish meat from your house, it means that you want to die and to kill your wife and children."

The bald statement that "leading newspapers and statesmen of the United States are unanimous in accepting reciprocity as the entering wedge for annexation" has been made by the Conservative leader—which is on a par with declaring that our leading newspapers and statesmen are unanimously in favor of war with Japan.

This Canadian campaign, we grieve to say, has been waged on a much lower plane than any Presidential campaign that has occurred in the United States in many years, though we have been taught—by Canadian friends for whom we have the highest respect—to look across the border for an example of politics in edifying contrast to our own.

Help From Illinois

SENATOR LORIMER is solemnly warning the voters of Illinois that such progressive measures as initiative, referendum and recall would destroy our revered political institutions and hand the distracted country over to anarchy and chaos.

This naturally reminds us of a convention of fruit growers at which a pest that was ravaging the orchards was discussed. The discussion proceeded in lugubrious tones until a famous peach grower, J. H. Hale, enlivened it with the following observation:

"Thunder! The San Jose scale is the best thing that ever happened to you. It compels you to spray your orchards, as you should have done long ago."

To the junior Senator from Illinois, more than to any other one person, the country is indebted for the great progress made toward the direct election of Senators by the people; and he ranks high in the devoted little band that has been of incalculable service in forwarding initiative, referendum and the whole movement for more democratic government. Illinois used to be taunted with having contributed very little to important political movements since the Civil War; but she can now claim to have assisted mightily in setting up a general spraying of political orchards.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Good Runner

ONCE upon a time -remain perfectly calm, please, this is no fairy story—once upon a time a certain influential, important and ridiculously rich citizen of New Jersey, who was by way of being something in the thread trade and by name Colonel William Barbour—of course his name wasn't Colonel, it was William Barbour, Esq.—but the Colonel part of it went in all the public prints and he was a Colonel, too, when it comes to that so he shall be known as Colonel William Barbour in this veracious chronicle; however, as I was saying when led into this explanation, Colonel William Barbour, of New Jersey, being heavily padded with money, announced his determination to take to his string the modest further title of Representative in Congress. This, it was bruited abroad, was but a seemingly necessary—to the Colonel—preliminary to the acquirement of that much niftier and more impressive title of Senator which, the word was passed, the Colonel intended to annex in due course.

At that time the Colonel weighed, say, two hundred pounds, and assayed $150,000 to the pound. He certainly was upholstered with the green and yellow boys. Not to put too fine a point on it, this pleasing fact helped the Colonel with the boys of the Paterson district who rarely had a chance to confer political honors on embryo statesmen who bulged so effulgently with the scads. The boys turned to with a will, rolled up their sleeves, and rolled up a nomination for the Colonel. They defeated for the nomination James F. Stewart, who had been in Congress two or three terms and was quite popular, although not so very rich.

It looked to be a cinch for the Colonel. He was very strong with the American Protective Tariff League, being President then or now—anyhow, a big man in it—and treasurer of the Republican National Committee. The Colonel was one of our leading little protectionists. You see, as he was by way of being something in the thread trade, he had a right to be strong for the sacred policy of protection. In fact it worked both ways. The sacred policy of protection was as strong for the Colonel as he was for it. Under the beneficent tariff that existed at that time and will exist until they get it revised the Colonel got the benefits of protection both going and coming. He has flax mills in Ireland and flax mills in New Jersey. What he manufactures in Ireland he can finish in Jersey. Observe, dear friends, how it works: The unfinished stuff he makes in Ireland is allowed to come in at a low rate; the finished product is highly protected. Presto, start it in Ireland and get it in at a low rate and finish it in Jersey! This means protection from pauper labor, for should the stuff be finished in Ireland it would find a high duty prevailing when an attempt was made to bring in the finished product to compete with the Colonel's finished product made in Jersey. Simple, isn't it?—almost childish.

A Cloud on the Colonel's Horizon

Who's Bill Hughes and Why

BUT, as we were saying, the Colonel acquired the nomination and surveyed the field. Who was to run against him? Who, indeed, inasmuch as he owned several banks and employed a large number of men and women in his mills? It looked like a walkover. Suddenly, however, there appeared a cloud on the Colonel's horizon no larger than Bill Hughes. And who was Bill Hughes? asks the gentleman on my left. Bill Hughes was—and is—a hardy young lawyer, a Democrat and a person of positive views, resident in the thriving mill town of Paterson.

"What do you desire?" asked all and sundry of the said Hughes.

"The Democratic nomination for Congress," Hughes replied.

"But wherefore?"

"Never mind the wherefore part of it," said Hughes, not without some asperity in his tone of voice. "Gimme that nomination and go back and sit down."

"Poor boy!" remarked the leaders; "his terrible experiences in the Spanish War have dethroned his reason. Let's humor him. Give him the nomination. It won't hurt the Colonel any, and it will tickle Bill."

So they nominated Bill, and Bill stipulated that he would make his own kind of a campaign. If he had more than two dollars and forty cents in cash at the time, he was successful in concealing the whereabouts of that accumulation. The district was normally about four thousand Republican. They pitied Bill. But it so happened that Ed Lawrence was running the Paterson Guardian at that time, and there never was a moment when Ed Lawrence didn't hate peace; and Bob Bremer was editing the Passaic Daily Herald, and he had his own ideas about tranquillity too. So Ed and Bob turned in and lined up with Bill. They went at it with axes and clubs and hand-grenades and gatling guns and butcher knives and cleavers and hatpins and all other known weapons of offense, to say nothing of a couple of fine-pointed and very sharp editorial pens. When it was all over Bill Hughes had carried the district by thirty-eight hundred and had a seat in the Fifty-eighth Congress, the Colonel retaining his martial title and adding no other prefix.

In 1904 another Colonel—T. Roosevelt by name—was running for quite an important place, and he carried Hughes' district by about seventy-five hundred. Bill lost it by four hundred and ten. He went back to the practice of law. He had made a good impression in the House as a square-jawed, square-toed, level-headed chap, without any frills and with his eye on his number all the time. Then came another campaign and Bill jumped in again. He was elected this time by about twenty-five hundred. He developed a lot in his second term. They began to know him for a good, sensible, stand-without-hitching chap, with plenty of courage, a bulldog tenacity and a habit of getting what he went after. Also he was a good Democrat.

Mr. Taft ran coincidently with Bill in 1908—not for the same job, of course, but at the same time. Mr. Taft cleaned up Bill's Congressional district by about eleven thousand five hundred. They had all been shaking their heads about Bill. It seemed such a shame that so bright a young man should be defeated when it was no fault of his. Presidential landslide, you know. Couldn't be helped though. Fortune of war. Bill got a lot of pity before election and had a fine opportunity for snappy comebacks after election, for he was elected by sixteen hundred in spite of the way Mr. Taft carried on in the district. Now it's a habit with Bill. He was reëlected to the present Congress by forty-eight hundred. Lewis, the Republican candidate for Governor in New Jersey last fall, carried the Hughes district, so Hughes ran four or five thousand votes ahead of Governor Wilson, who was also elected. They seem to think well of Bill over there in that Paterson district.

The leadership of the Democrats when they were in a minority in the House was a kind of a scattering affair. When the Democrats came into a majority that leadership had to solidify a bit, and a number of strong men got their recognition. One of these young men was Hughes. He was made a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, which is the biggest honor in the House next to the speakership and the chairmanship of this committee, and at the present time is especially important because of the tariff legislation that has been in progress and that will continue through the life of this Congress.

Hughes has developed into a strong man on the Democratic side. After it was decided that the Speaker should not appoint the committees there was a great pother as to how the committees should be appointed. A lot of plans were proposed, but Hughes came marching to the front with the plan that prevailed and that proved satisfactory and workable. He proposed that the Democratic majority should elect the Ways and Means Committee in caucus and that the Ways and Means Committee so elected should be made the Committee on Committees and clothed with the power to name the other committees.

Hughes has been especially active in securing legislation for the workers. He succeeded in amending appropriation bills to prevent the employment of convict labor, and put on amendments providing for an eight-hour day on Government contracts.

Hughes is a big, brawny, broad-shouldered man with a fighter's face and a fighter's spirit. He is quick in debate, enthusiastic, pugnacious, and is getting stronger on his side every minute. "What do you think of him?" asked a friend, once upon a time—there it goes again. "He came in here on a brake-beam and now he is a member of the Ways and Means Committee." Pretty fair, I think.

Putting it Mildly

"COMIN'-UP JOE" was a famous Montana camp cook, who worked in the short-order houses in Butte and Helena when the camping season was over. He got his name from his invariable response to waiters or customers who asked about their orders. "Comin' up, sah," he would say; "caint see me foh th' dust."

Joe was employed as cook for an Eastern camping outfit some years ago. There were some ladies in the party, and one of them made life miserable for Joe by interfering with his work. She would give him orders he didn't like to fill, for he had his own ideas, and good ones, too, on camp cooking. When the party returned and Joe got back to Helena somebody asked him what he thought of Mrs. J., the lady who had interfered with him so much.

"Well," said Joe, who desired to express as good an opinion as he could, but who remembered his wrongs, "all I cah to say is this: Ef de good Lawd ain' powerful good to her befoh she dies, she shuah will mek a homely corpse."

A Generous Thought

A BARBER was about to be electrocuted at Sing Sing for murder. On the night before his death he was asked if he had any dying wish.

"Yes," he said, "there is one thing I would like to do."

"What is it?" inquired the kind-hearted warden.

"I would like to shave the district attorney!"

A Two-Cent Job

LANSING S. WELLS, the purchasing agent for the Yellowstone Park Association, was born in Utica, New York, and went back to the old home a few years ago, after thirty years in the West, to look around.

He discovered the sign of the store where he had his first job still hanging on the barn of the old place. It read: "Cheap Toy and Kite Store for Sale hear."

"My brothers and some neighbor boys ran the store," said Wells, "and I was a workman in it. I made the tails for the kites. It was a grand job."

"What salary did you get?"

"Two cents a week, but not in cash. I was the victim of a combination in restraint of trade even in those early days. I had to take my pay in kites that I made myself, while my brothers got the money."

A Smoke Nuisance

THE late President Perkins, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, smoked atrociously bad cigars during the daytime and insisted on his friends smoking them also.

At the close of a trip across the continent in his private car, wherein Mr. Perkins had supplied a guest liberally with these cigars, they came into Portland, Oregon. As they rode into the station the guest saw a big electric sign advertising these cigars. The sign read: "Blank Cigars—Five Cents."

"Perkins," said the guest, turning to the railroad president, "when did they raise the price of those cigars of yours?"

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

How They Solve the Problem of Industrial Wars

By Albert J. Beveridge

DECORATIONS BY JOHN R. NEILL

AN AMERICAN corporation or firm has a dispute with its working men about wages, or hours of labor. The employer "takes a position." He remains "firm." He insists "on running his own business in his own way." So the working men also "take a position." They, too, remain "firm." They insist on their "rights."

The situation gets worse. Either there is a lockout or a strike. Soon strikebreakers appear. Then there are flying missiles; men are shot down; bloodshed results.

When it is all over the employer has lost money and business. The working men and their families, perhaps, have suffered hunger. Bitterness has been sown in the hearts of both—a bitterness that lasts—lasts and spreads. Other employers have a fellow-feeling for that employer. All working men sympathize with their brother toilers. And so there is industrial hatred where there should be industrial peace.

This is one of our greatest economic questions. We have not solved it—not even approached the solution. Canada is beginning to solve it. Perhaps she has found the answer to this question. Anyway, her law for the conciliation of industrial disputes is the most notable and successful experiment ever tried in that perplexing field.

What this law is and how it works is of vital concern, not only to every American working man and employer but to every American citizen. And to describe this industrial statute is the purpose of this article.

Let us first see just how this Canadian law came about. It is a dramatic and intensely human story. In 1906 a great coalminers' strike occurred in the mine regions of the province of Alberta. These mines supplied with fuel the people in the great "prairie provinces" of Canada, as far east as Winnipeg.

Public Opinion's Silent Work

SO THIS strike among the coalminers in 1906 became a serious matter to hundreds of thousands of people. When the winter came on the strike involved life and death to the families of scores of thousands of farmers as well as residents of towns. Reports of desperate conditions came to the Government. Fences—everything that could be spared—were being burned to keep men, women and children warm and even alive. And still the strike continued.

The Dominion Government had a Department of Labor, which today rapidly is developing into the most important department of the Canadian federal establishment. Its deputy minister was a very young man named Mackenzie King, who now, although still under forty, is Minister of Labor.

This young man is a graduate of Harvard, where practical economics engaged his attention. Later he did settlement work in Chicago and in Europe, so as to get the point of view of the workers and of the common people with whom he had ardent sympathy.

By tact, firmness and good sense, and an inherent capacity for justice which impressed itself upon both working men and employers, but especially on the former, he had secured the settlement of several difficult strikes before this great coalminers' conflict of 1906.

The Government sent him to see what he could do with this grave situation. So young King "went to the front"—it was literally that, industrially speaking: for it was industrial war indeed. There he labored with operator and miner, striving to get mutual concessions so that freezing thousands on the frigid prairies for hundreds of miles east of the coalmines could be saved from further suffering. The upshot of this work was the ending of the strike, the return of the miners to better labor conditions, and the salvation of the imperiled communities.

Something more had to be done, however. A situation so full of peril to the public ought not to arise again if human wisdom and justice could prevent it. "Yes, something has got to be done," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada and head of its Government.

The provisions of this Canadian labor law, though important, are not nearly so significant as its administration; but the law itself and especially its administration show the Canadian theory of disposing of vexed questions by appealing to the good sense and good feeling of the parties involved—the recognition that both employer and employee have sounder sense and a better nature than that unwisdom and intolerant spirit which, on the one side or the other—sometimes on both sides—produce industrial war. So this Canadian labor law apparently is loose—and yet in its operation surprisingly effective.

In the first place, it applies only to public utilities, such as railways or coalmines, municipal service corporations, and occupations directly connected with some public utility, like stevedoring in transportation. Apparently the idea of the Government was that it would go only so far as to attempt to prevent industrial wars in those industries in which the public has an immediate and peculiar interest. After the law had worked for a while, one building trade petitioned the Government to extend the law to cover building trades.

The only thing autocratic about the law is that any lockout by employers or any strike by employees is made illegal until the dispute is submitted to the board, which I presently shall describe. If the lockout or strike occurs before the controversy has been submitted to this board, penalties are prescribed, very severe indeed for the employer and, of course, less so for the employee; although, considering their comparative circumstances, perhaps in the end equally severe for both.

This penalty provision as a practical matter amounts to very little. I believe that out of one hundred and six cases it has been inflicted only once, and then against an employer. Of course it would be practically impossible to apply it to thousands of working men. It is the moral effect of breaking the law—the getting against the lawbreaker the mighty power of public opinion at the outset—that is the really effective thing.

Supposing, for instance, that a body of working men find that their employer is about to institute a lockout. Or supposing, on the other hand, that the employer learns that his men are about to strike. Either party may under these circumstances apply to the Minister of Labor to appoint a board of conciliation, as it is called.

As the administration of this law has proceeded, the confidence of the employer and working men—and especially of the latter—in the fairness of these boards of conciliation has increased. And the public looks upon it with favor. Indeed the law, especially its administration, is based upon the powerful influence of public opinion; for public opinion, when thoroughly and reliably informed as to the facts, is just and reasonable. It operates psychologically upon all other men at whom it is directed. The employer feels it; so does the working man. A voice begins to speak in their minds and hearts, saying to them: "After all, this is right. This is justice." And so public opinion does its silent and, in the end, its irresistible work.

How, now, does this law work? When the Minister of Labor receives this application for a board of conciliation he notifies both parties to name each a member of this board. Of course the party applying—usually the working men—at once designates its member of the board. The other party—usually the employer—is then given five days in which to name its member of the board.

The two members named by the opposing parties are appointed by the minister as a matter of course. If either party refuses to appoint its member the Minister of Labor appoints a member for that party. This, however, has happened in only about six or seven cases, although in all about one hundred and six boards have been appointed—sometimes with most excellent results. These two members of the board of conciliation choose the third member. In case they do not agree upon this third member within a given time, the Minister of Labor appoints him; and in either case the third member always is the chairman of the board.

Victory With Peace and Honor

THE chairman is of the greatest importance, for it is his good sense and understanding of human nature that largely determine the board's success. The board holds what we in the United States would call "hearings." These may be either public or private. When the hearings are over the board makes its report. Often this report is by a majority—two members. In this case there is always a minority report filed. The majority report states the merits of the case and what ought to be done: that the increase of wages asked for should not be granted or that it should be granted; or that hours should be shortened or not shortened; or that the labor conditions should be modified according to the demands of the men, or that they should not be—and so on through the whole range of subjects so painfully familiar to our workers and employers throughout the United States. These findings are then published in the Labor Gazette, the official monthly organ of the Department of Labor. The minority report of the third member gives his views.

And that is all. The findings cannot be enforced. After the report is made the men may go on with their strike or the employer with his lockout if either so desires. So, with our curiously rigid American notions, at once you will say that the whole thing amounts to very little; but results show that it amounts to a great deal. For example, there have been one hundred and six boards created for the prevention—the conciliation—of these industrial disputes. In every one of these strikes there were serious probabilities; in many, even certainties. It is quite probable that at least scores of industrial wars would have occurred but for the work of these boards, which prevented them by conciliation.

And everybody in the United States knows what that means. "How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" says the Bible. One industrial war leads to another. The heating of blood in one industrial conflict causes hot blood on the part of both workers and employers everywhere in the neighborhood of that conflict. This in turn spreads. And so, after many of these controversies have sown the seeds of suspicion, distrust and hate, the industrial elements in the whole country are at war in their hearts.

In these hundred and six cases on which the Canadian boards have passed, nearly all of them were settled peaceably. And in an overwhelming majority of all these cases the final settlement decidedly favored the working man. In all these cases the three parties interested were perfectly satisfied with the outcome. These three parties, of course, were the public, the working men and the employers.

Do not forget that in every one of them the employers and working men were at perfect liberty to go on with their desolating battle if they desired to do so after the report or "award," as it is called, of the board was made. In only a very few cases did the contending parties do so. And in several of these cases the Minister of Labor continued to work by moral and mental suasion with both employers and workers, and in the end succeeded in settling the controversy. In only two cases, I believe, did the conflict continue; and these finally died out because of a recognition on the part of both employer and workers of the folly of continuing it.

Right here you must know that the theory upon which the Canadian Government is beginning to solve that question of the Sphinx that we call the labor problem is, first, that the public has a mighty interest in those wasteful conflicts; and, second, that the employers and the working men have a fundamental right finally to settle their controversies themselves. This seems contradictory, but it will become clear to you when you follow the practical administration and working of this law.

Getting Together Sociably

DO NOT think that the conciliation in a certain industrial dispute is confined to that particular dispute alone. Quite often the "award" of a board in a particular controversy has been used by the employers and working men in other cases as a basis for settling their disputes.

Suppose a conflict that threatened a strike or a lockout has been settled and the war prevented by the conciliation board in a given case; suppose in that region there are pending other conflicts between the working men and their employers involving substantially the same point of controversy. Very well. Several times the working men and their employers in these other cases, where no boards have been called for, take this "award" and with it as a basis peaceably settle their controversy among themselves.

Then, too, in more than one instance strikes have been prevented because the parties who were about to disagree did not want an investigation—a public airing of the real cause of the trouble. It usually has been the employer who has been influenced by this consideration. For, though the board does not make the investigation public for reasons I shall state, yet it may do so—would do so if wisdom and justice required.

Isn't this method better than a conflict with detectives and strikebreakers, armed with deadly weapons, on one side, and enraged men and women on the other side? "The proof of the pudding is the eating," is a good old saying; and thus far the Canadian labor law appears to be justified by its results. But just how are all these surprising results brought about? By the manner in which the boards go about their business. And this is important for us Americans to think about. The fine spirit, the kindly common-sense, the plain understanding of men, with which the Canadians administer this conciliation law, is a big lesson for us in the United States. With us, in a similar controversy, each side would have an attorney who, of course, would want to show his client how ardent, skillful, courageous and resourceful he was in his client's behalf. Also, with us Americans, such a board would consider itself a "court"; and the chairman of such a board would probably be a judge from the bench. Sometimes the chairman of the Canadian board is such a judge; and with a very few notable exceptions these court judges have not proved to be nearly such good chairmen of these conciliation boards as men from some other walk of life.

If we Americans had such a board more than likely we should look upon it as a court; and if its chairman were a judge from the bench he would be sure to say that the "testimony" must come in "according to the rules of evidence." "Let everything be taken down by a stenographer," such a chairman would say in America. He would hear objections, motions to strike out and all that, by so-called "counsel."

And just here is where the Canadian method of conciliating industrial disputes affords us a lesson that we should learn thoroughly, take deeply to heart and, indeed, make a part of the personal conduct of our own lives.

For the Canadians do no such autocratic thing in the working of these boards of conciliation. Right at the outset they were very fortunate in having as the chairman of several of the first boards Professor Adam Shortt. And the sagacity and human understanding of this man in handling these delicate, difficult and important matters have established a line of conduct that has been departed from only a few times.

Professor Shortt conceived the simple and common-sense idea that these so-called hearings should be as informal as possible—more like friendly talks to get at the kernel of the question.

Let us see how the "informal-talk-and-good-feeling" plan works with the Canadians. In this connection, let us say that a Canadian board of conciliation meets to find out the real facts about a Canadian labor dispute and to bring about a conciliation if possible. The board meets in a certain room at a certain time and place. Very well. First of all, everybody is made to feel at ease. By a kindly and yielding good sense, both the employer and worker are made to realize that this is a friendly meeting. Somehow or other an atmosphere of good-will is created. And thus the proceedings of the board begin.

The representatives of the contending parties are heard. But heard how? Not as we hold hearings in the United States. Not at all. Let us suppose that the labor representative has his say first. In simple, informal phrases he states the facts as he understands them. The representative of the employer does the same thing. Neither is under the slightest constraint. And there is no stenographer to take down the statements of either or the statements of witnesses.

Why is there no stenographer? Why, simply because the board does not consider itself a criminal court, but a board—and a board of conciliation. Canadians think that when either an employer or a working man makes a statement of record he probably will stand by it with foolish obstinacy, even if, later, any one of them discovers that he may not be right.

Then about the newspapers. Professor Shortt set a sagacious example there, which has been steadily followed since, of calling the newspaper men in and putting them on their honor.

"Now, 'boys,'" said Professor Shortt, "come in, if you like; but you come in on the condition that you give me your word of honor that you will not publish anything until I see it and approve it."

And, of course, the newspaper boys pledge themselves accordingly. And, of course also, if any heated, foolish statement of employer or employee or any of their witnesses is made it never appears in the newspapers. It would humiliate the person making the reckless statement afterward to withdraw or modify it, or to do anything that would be an admission that he was inaccurate. It is precisely for that reason, you see, that the stenographer is excluded. So the "published statement" obstacle to conciliation is obviated in this way, just as the "written record" obstacle is avoided by the absurdly simple process of having no stenographer. The whole idea is, of course, that the object of the hearing is not warfare but conciliation.

Let me give you a concrete illustration in one notable and difficult case. The judge of a court—a man of remarkable common-sense—had been appointed by agreement of both parties as the third member of the board and its chairman. The case was as aggravated as any we have known in the United States. The board met and permitted the employers and several of the working men to be present. It seems there were about half a dozen of each.

They sat on opposite sides of the room where the board was meeting, glowering at one another. And their glowerings did not adequately express the bitterness in their hearts. The situation was tense. The outlook for conciliation was very dark. The wise young judge, however—for it appears that he was a young man—happened to have been a careful student of Professor Shortt's method. So what did he do? Did he say in a grave, sepulchral voice, "Let the witnesses be produced," or "Gentlemen, state your case—you first, you employee, and after you the employer"? He did not! He did nothing of the kind! Leaning back in his chair, he said: "Well," looking leisurely at both sides, "does anybody here smoke? I do. If anybody else smokes, why, smoke up."

Everybody grinned in spite of himself. They did not want to grin, but they did grin. Also they wanted to smoke. So the ice was broken—and it appears that it was very thin ice and very dangerous ice. Then the hearing began—began with cigars and pipes in the mouths of everybody who wanted to smoke.

The Magic of Sympathy

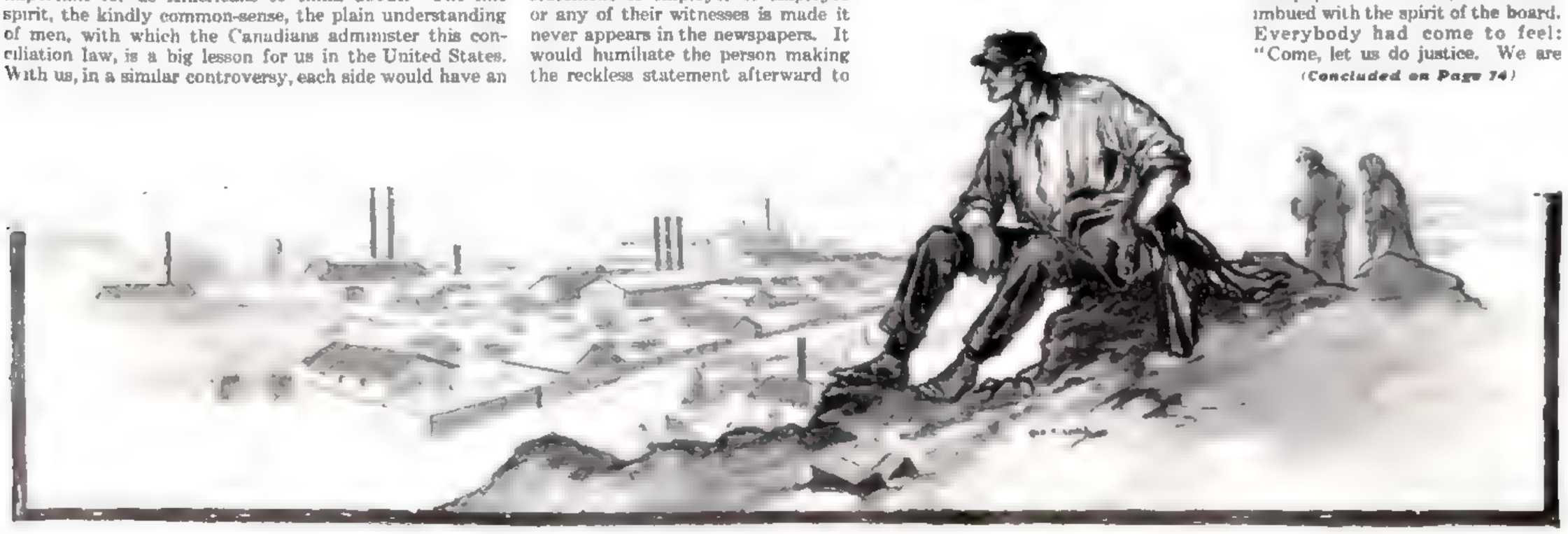
SOMEHOW or other the kindly attitude of the whole board, headed by this able young judge, did not seem in the least to either employer or employee to be that of a court. Why, no; they were not before such an awful thing as a court! Indeed, they were not "before" anybody—so they found. They were with some gentlemen who really were gentlemen and who wanted to help them.

"Well," said the young judge, "suppose you labor men tell us about your troubles first. You applied for this board, you know. What is the trouble anyhow?"

So up spoke the representative of the workers and told in a simple way, just as if you and I were talking together, what the facts were from the laborers' point of view. And everybody, even the employer, listened with interest and sympathy. Nobody was as much surprised at his sympathy as the employer himself. When he came to state his side of the case it was with quite a modified point of view. You see he had got the working men's point of view in a way he had never got it before. Somehow or other he had been made to put himself in the working man's place. Somehow or other he had been made to feel: "Now, suppose I were that working man—I'll be hanged if I wouldn't feel just as he feels!" By the same magic of common-sense and human feeling, the worker had been made to feel: "Well, what would be my view if I were the employer?"

And so the whole hearing proceeds. No great row was reported in the newspapers, because of the methods I have stated. No row occurred. Indeed, the spirit of this hearing had got into the air of the neighborhood. The general public found itself helping conciliation along. By that radiation of frankness, honor and kindliness which I have tried to describe, the whole community, including the newspapers themselves, had become imbued with the spirit of the board. Everybody had come to feel: "Come, let us do justice. We are

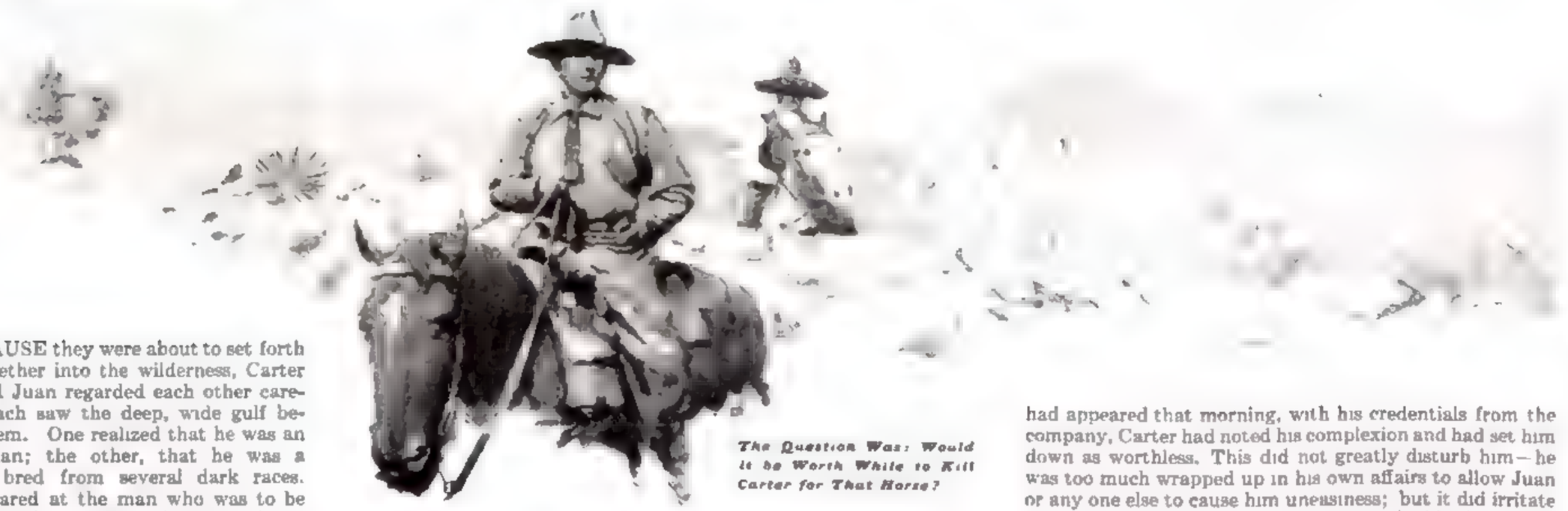
(Concluded on Page 74)



THE GREASER

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



The Question Was: Would it be Worth While to Kill Carter for That Horse?

BECAUSE they were about to set forth together into the wilderness, Carter and Juan regarded each other carefully. Each saw the deep, wide gulf between them. One realized that he was an Englishman; the other, that he was a mongrel bred from several dark races. Carter stared at the man who was to be his guide with suspicion in his eyes. Juan, understanding too, lowered his lids and let his soul retreat somewhere into the very interior of himself.

They made a curious pair on Chiricahua's single street. Carter, for all his corduroys, flannel shirt and laced miner's boots, and in spite of his wide-rimmed hat, remained the fresh-cheeked, blocky Briton; and it was evident—a sort of moral atmosphere proclaimed it—that he had taken a bath that morning. Also it was a certainty that he had no liking for Chiricahua or anything about the place. As for Juan, the lack of many baths did not proclaim itself from him, because there were other things more striking—his catlike slimness, his velvet eyes, and the evil in his swarthy, pockmarked face. According to his features he was at least a thief—if not a murderer.

Obstinacy had kept Carter English in spite of his years all over the world as a mining engineer. Now it made him show his absolute intolerance of Juan's complexion as he delivered his first order. It was not the words; it was the tone and the aggressive stare which accompanied them.

"Go get the horses!" was all he said. Something stronger and more deeply seated than British stubbornness lurked in Juan's thin-lipped, white-toothed smile when Carter began speaking. It flared out suddenly from beneath his drooping lids before the utterance of the second word. The savage in his soul spread over his whole body for an instant. Then it buried itself again under the Latin portion of himself and he bowed politely.

A Sharp, Dry Buzz Whose Venomous, Blind Hate Was Unmistakable, Came From the Earth in Front of Him

"Yes, señor," he said in a voice like silk, and went at once. He came back leading the two animals and tied them to the hitching-rack near by. Carter became busy lashing some traps to his saddle. Juan stood waiting, as still and picturesque and as harmoniously unclean as the row of old adobes behind him. Under his hatbrim his black eyes took a sidelong appraisement of the Englishman's great black horse. Never had such a horse been seen in Chiricahua until Carter had ridden up on this one the night before. The flame from Juan's eyes was like the fire of wanton love. His lips parted; and then, as if he had to speak:

"You 'ave a nize hoss, señor," he said respectfully.

With the marvelous abruptness of his breed, Carter replied, looking at him without a particle of expression: "You didn't bring that canteen! What's the matter with you anyhow?"

Juan's eyelids came down like a curtain as he stooped and picked up the water-bottle in question. Carter did not see this, for he was engrossed in swearing at all of Southern Arizona.

"Rotten country!" he wound up. "How many hours' ride do you call it anyhow?"

"Four hours, I theenk, señor," Juan purred.

"Come, then," said Carter, "let's be off." He untied the black horse. The animal rubbed its nose against his shoulder. "Hold up!" he growled. Behind his back Juan saw the black throw its head at the rebuff—and his pocked face grew a shade darker.

Carter clambered into the wide stock saddle with the palpable effort of one who will never outlive the habit of abbreviated stirrups and a pigskin. Juan turned to his own lean, white-eyed pinto, which was standing on three feet. He leaped to his seat with a grace that transfigured the sorry mount for the moment. They rode up the main street; when they had gone two hundred yards Chiricahua was hidden by a turn in the road. They were in the wilderness.

The road was steep; on each side the mountains rose abruptly, shutting in a narrow patch of sky. Their summits were all bright with the morning sun—the warm rays came partway down the scarred slopes; but here, in the bottom of the cañon, everything was still chilly and shadowed.

In spite of the fact that Juan had been hired as guide, Carter rode ahead. He used short stirrups; and at every stride of the big black he rose gently from the saddle, then sank back again. He bent forward and he kept both elbows out from his sides. Juan followed at a little distance. His pinto showed marks of age and hard usage that made its coat look like a motheaten rug; but Juan's manner of riding was such that he had become a part of his horse, and as a part he gave consummate grace to the combination. He swayed a little with a catlike movement, and all the time he kept his eyes on the big black. In this way they rode and each man was busy with his own thoughts.

Carter looked on the things ahead of him with obstinate, cold eyes, intolerant of what he saw. He did not like the country; he did not like the errand on which he had been sent; he had made up his mind already that the prospect which he was going to examine was worthless. Also he did not like his guide. To him, at all times, dark skins had meant "niggers"—and treachery. This was his first encounter with a half-breed Mexican. When Juan had appeared that morning, with his credentials from the company, Carter had noted his complexion and had set him down as worthless. This did not greatly disturb him—he was too much wrapped up in his own affairs to allow Juan or any one else to cause him uneasiness; but it did irritate him, just as the heat and dust of Arizona had bothered him since he had come here. So he stared ahead, sure that this business would turn out badly for the men who had sent him here, and certain that it would be disagreeable for himself. His back bristled with distrust.

As for Juan, wrapped in his mantle of impassiveness, he pondered. The question was: Would it be worth while to kill Carter for that horse? His thoughts pro and con were curiously simple and direct. To own such a horse would make earth a paradise. The covetousness that burned within him seared his very soul. And when one rides behind another in the wilderness there are many chances for a knife in the back. Practice had made Juan an adept in this sort of thing. And then the joy of sticking seven inches of steel into that particular back! Juan's eyes went upward from the horse to Carter's burly form rising gently in the saddle, and they dilated lustfully. Mexico was a short day's ride away; he knew a tangle of mountains where other renegades were doing a fat business in spite of the rurales. His nostrils widened. Still, there were complications; he lowered his gaze and studied the earth ahead of him again. The rangers were watching the border closely these days; and whoever rode fast, looking behind him as he rode, was apt to find another horseman somewhere ahead of him. Furthermore, Juan had just scraped through two or three little affairs during the year, emerging from each one only because the victim happened to be of his own complexion. The last time he was in jail he had fairly smelled the gallows! But this horse! Such a horse would be worth gambling for. The thing lay in the balance; decision hovered, poised.

They came to a place where the road forked. Studying his problem, Juan did not notice Carter taking the wrong trail. Suddenly he looked up.

"Señor," he called, "you 'ave to go thees way."

Carter wheeled his horse and came back; his ruddy cheeks were a deeper red than usual; his eyes were more intolerant. He spurred the big black past Juan, crowding the lean pinto aside.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he growled.

Juan's spurs chugged against the pinto's flanks and his eyes shot fire as he regained the road. Then the lids drooped beneath his bowed hatbrim. After all, he had slipped by the rangers before and he could again.

He began to arrange the details of how and where, while they climbed up into the hot sunshine. The smell of dry dust came from the road; the rocks about them radiated trembling waves of air. Occasionally, from among the dwarfed bushes a tall, thin cactus rose like a warning finger. Juan remembered how no man had seen them set forth together. And then the noise of a horse's hoofs around a turn in the road made him look up.

A rider was coming down the hill. He wore the garb of the old-time cowboy and on his open vest there was a star. A lean man, with an implacable, scarred face. His keen eyes went from Carter to Juan, and they narrowed. Juan saluted somewhat elaborately. "Good morneen, capitan," said he. The captain of the rangers passed on in a little cloud of dust. Juan shrugged his shoulders resignedly behind Carter's back. Decidedly, Fate had interfered against him.

They turned into a narrow winding trail, and climbed to a ridge whence they saw the mountains tumbling away like waves of a troubled sea. For two hours they rode; and they beheld the tangled cañons unraveling themselves beneath their feet. Then they descended into a huge amphitheater that faced out on half of Southern Arizona.

Here, surrounded by a thicket of brush and surmounted by an old winch, was a prospect-hole; broken stone strewed the mountainside below it.

Juan leaped lightly from his pinto; Carter sat looking over the landscape. When he had taken a slow and disgusted appraisement of the outcroppings and dump he climbed down and gave the reins to the Greaser. Juan unsaddled the horses and led them to drink at a little spring. After they had slaked their thirst he hobbled them. He handled his pinto roughly; he lingered over the black—and once he stroked it lightly on the flank. The animal lowered its head; Juan breathed heavily. He looked sad. If only they had not met the ranger captain!

"Come on!" called Carter. "Look sharp! I can't be here all day, you know."

He was plowing through the brush which grew about the mouth of the shaft. Suddenly he stopped and fell back a step. "My word!" said he. A sharp, dry buzz, whose venomous, blind hate was unmistakable, came from the earth in front of him. He stooped and picked up a boulder; he hurled it upon the snake's folded coils. Then he went on grumbling to himself at a country where everything was made to annoy a man.

The prospect had not been worked for some time, and the brush had grown over the mouth of the shaft. At Carter's command Juan sweated for half an hour cutting it away. When that was done they dropped a bundle of burning twigs into the hole. the flames streaked down and down and then lay on the bottom—a twinkling little patch of light.

"All right, my man," said Carter. "Get the rope."

Juan hurried to the saddles; and, as he was coming back with a rawhide riata, he turned aside to stroke Carter's black horse again. The Englishman called him away impatiently. They knotted the end of the rope about a piece of old plank, making a sort of bosun's chair. Juan took a turn around the winch and Carter bestrode the plank; the Greaser began to lower away.

It was a slow descent from daylight into dusk and from dusk into darkness. In one hand Carter carried a bunch of lighted candles; they threw red flickerings against the rocky walls. Juan, holding the rope above, was unable to pay it out evenly; it slipped around the winch and fetched up sharply. Carter's progress was thus a series of brief falls, each lasting eight feet or so, then checked suddenly. It kept him swinging so that he had to fend himself off from the sides of the tunnel with his feet. Every swoop downward gave him a peculiar sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. Perhaps it was this, or perhaps it was the approaching peril itself making its presence felt as danger is said to do; at any rate, it occurred to Carter that he was in a hole in a mountain many miles from men, with his life in the hands of Juan. The evil, pockmarked face of the Greaser came before him.

Abruptly the rope stopped running out—Carter's weight came full against the end; it shivered, jerked and broke.

Carter fell through the darkness. Halfway down he struck one side of the shaft; he ricochetted to the other side. It broke his fall. He thudded on the bottom, all asprawl. He lay there stunned. The bunch of candles landed a few feet from him. They flared up and filled the place with lights and shadows.

Carter's swoon lasted for only a few seconds. He awoke with his ears full of a strange, dry buzzing. That sound seemed to have been all around him—it was gone now. It had left a feeling of horror behind it, like a memory. He was lying flat on his back; his eyes were directed upward; he could see the little patch of white daylight that marked the mouth of the shaft—across it the winch and, dangling from that, ten feet or so of rawhide rope. He looked for Juan; there was no sign of movement up there. An ugly fear gripped his heart. He shouted. No answer came.

Juan heard the cries. The breaking of the rope had thrown him heavily on his back and the fall had left him dizzy, half stunned. His first feeling as he picked himself up was one of rage at the mishap. He rubbed his body and passed his hand over the back of his head, where a lump was already growing. He stared at the hole and saw the broken rope-end dangling from the winch. Then Carter's voice came out from the earth. The tones were muffled, but the sharp, high note of fear was unmistakable. One word kept coming over and over, clamoring. That word was "Help!" Instinctively Juan looked around him as if to search for aid. He stepped closer to the hole and peered down into it.

"Can't you hear me? Go get help!" Rage was in the voice. Juan looked toward the trail over which they had ridden. His eyes followed it for a long distance. He shrugged his shoulders. His eyes roved and they fell on the big black horse. He turned his back upon the shaft and walked down to the animal. It looked up as he approached; when he reached it and laid his hand upon its neck it nuzzled him. He took the hobbles from its ankles and saddled it. He drew the cinches taut; felt them to make certain of their tightness. He lengthened the stirrups, measuring their distance with his extended arm. From the hillside above him he could hear Carter's voice coming constantly, without a stop. It grew shrill; it cracked and broke; it rose again in pitch. There was no rest for the ears from it. Juan moved slowly, with care. He filled a canteen at the little spring and lashed it to the saddle. He felt again of the forward cinch. He picked up the reins and was about to throw them back over the glossy neck when he noticed that there was no tie-rope. He dropped the reins and climbed the hill toward the winch.

Carter's voice had died away at last. The place was wrapped in a huge, wide silence. Juan reached the mouth of the shaft; he bent over it to take up the dangling end of rope. At once the voice began again. It was thin and dry from previous efforts—it did not sound like a man's voice any longer.

"Go and get help!" it shrieked. "Why don't you hurry? Go get some one with a rope!"

Juan took the broken rope from off the winch.

"Damn you!" The voice whistled upward from the depths. "Hurry! I'll give you anything if you get me out of here."

Juan lay flat so that he could look straight down into the hole. He saw the twinkling pin-point of candle-flame far below.

"Don't you hear me? Anything I have! I'll give you my horse!"

Juan smiled down through the darkness as those last words came up to him. Then in a voice as smooth as silk he called: "Yes, señor; I go now." He rose and brushed the dust from his ragged garments. He walked down the slope. He patted the black horse on the forehead; gathered up the reins, swung lightly into the saddle and rode away down the trail.

. . . . . .

Carter lay motionless in the bottom of the shaft. He had not changed his position since he had found himself there. He still stared upward at that white patch of daylight crossed by the winch. He still saw Juan's face as it had appeared over the edge—a pockmarked face, swarthy, smiling, stamped with evil.

For a long time Carter lay, seeing that smile, hearing the silken voice of Juan. He fought to repress the distrust within him, to quell a terror which was rising; but, as he battled with these things, they grew—they became overpowering. He called again, more desperately than before, until his throat seemed to split. There was no answer.

The flaming candles spluttered; they flared. He looked toward them. The wavering light cast black shadows; it glistened on a moist patch among the rocks; it gleamed on something else near by—a smooth, dull reflection that seemed to be moving constantly, twisting into new curves. Carter lifted his head and looked more closely.

Into the silence came a sound that drove the blood back to his heart and turned his heart ice-cold! It grew in volume; it rose in pitch; it filled the chamber; the air shivered. A sharp, dry, whirring buzz, climbing higher and higher until it became ear-piercing, terrible! All that blind, deadly hate could give to tone was in that sound. Carter stiffened where he lay.

The candles flared again. Quite plainly now he saw their light gleaming on a ball of involuted coils that slipped and slid and twined—and never stopped. They knotted themselves more tightly; they loosened into new shapes and tied themselves again. He watched them glide and twist, close to the candles, a few feet from him. He distinguished details—an out-thrust head, triangular, with lidless eyes as merciless as if there had never been aught but hate in all the ages of the world; a quivering, erect tail, with its horny sheath of rattles; a squirming back, whose scales glinted like bits of colored ice; a section of thick, round belly. There must have been twenty of them in that restless ball; they were never still. As he stared at them their rasping, horrid song began to die. At last it stopped. Suddenly, from somewhere overhead, there came an angry buzz; the thing began again. He clinched his teeth and fought a blind desire to leap and scream. Silence came once more.

The time went by. He did not know whether it went fast or slow. He only knew that, whenever he stirred hand or foot or limb, the venomous rasping filled his ears. And when he lay motionless he had to endure the torture of his thoughts—the memory of Juan's pockmarked face smiling down at him; the futile harping on one

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problem: Had Juan gone? Would he come back?

He kept his eyes glued on that patch of white daylight above him.

. . . . . .

Never had Juan ridden such a horse before! He felt the great back rise beneath him, swooping on. What a stride! He raised his face and laughed at the sky.

He tightened the reins ever so little and the black came down to a gentle fox-trot. Juan swung to the movement beneath him, as the horse swayed, he swayed; together the two were like one. His eyes went to the trail; his face became inscrutable.

He was riding over the route which Carter and he had traversed that morning. He rode slowly, as one who has many hours of rough trails ahead of him. His eyes hung for some time to the earth. At length they rose again; he looked away. He gazed far, as if he were looking beyond the range of his vision. It was the way a man peers when he is starting on a long horseback journey—as if he sees the place whither he is going. In this manner Juan stared southward toward the spot beyond which a nest of tangled mountains rose in Mexico. At length his eyes came back to the trail; but frequently he raised his head to look always in that same direction.

For two hours he rode down the narrow trail. He was coming to the road. To the right it wound, a dust-colored ribbon stretching toward the boundary. He glanced along it; there was no sign of any traveler. To the left, a steep rock escarpment hid everything beyond the junction of the trails. Juan leaned back against the cantle of the saddle; his body swung loosely in rhythm to the fox-trot of the black. In his hand the reins lay slack. The trail forked before it met the road. He came to the place; he pressed the reins against the glossy neck to take the turn to the right. Suddenly he stiffened in his seat and drew them taut. So quickly did he stop the black that the front hoofs spurted pebbles before them. A rider came from behind the rocks.

The captain of the rangers showed no astonishment at sight of Juan. Beyond the fact that his right hand dropped lightly until the fingers touched his revolver-butt, he betrayed no emotion whatever. A feeling that something might be wrong, a premonition born of his meeting with Juan and Carter that morning, had brought him back from Chuicahua.

With the reins taut in his left hand, Juan's eyes widened. At once he lowered them until the lids hid them entirely. Then he looked up again, flashing all his teeth in a smile.

"Ah, Señor Capitan," he cried. "I come for help. Thees man—thees English señor—is fell down een that shaft. You come queek with me!"

The captain of the rangers looked sharply at him. And even as he looked Juan wheeled the black in its tracks. "Queek!" he called. Wasting no time in answer or inquiry, the captain pressed the spurs into his horse. They raced up the steep trail. They did not spare the animals; they climbed the mountain as neither had ever ridden before. Juan reached the shaft some distance ahead. The captain leaped off his heaving pony and ran to join him.

Carter heard their voices shouting down to him; he saw the rope descend and waited motionless until it touched him on the face. Then very cautiously he took it and slipped it round his body. As he tied the knot the snakes began their buzzing again. He begged the men above to hurry.

They dragged him out all white and shaking. He could not stand at first; his knees doubled under him. At length he was able to walk and to reach out his hand to Juan.

"My man," said he, and his voice trembled from what he had been through, "I thought you'd left me. I owe you my life. I'll pay you for this. I'll ——" His eyes followed Juan's gaze and he saw the big black horse. "Quite so," said he. "I promised him to you. I'll keep my word."

When he had held the wall-eyed pinto for Carter to mount, Juan leaped on the black. The three men started down the trail. The Englishman was talking loudly to the captain of the rangers.

"Funny," said he, "how you'll misjudge a man. Here's this fellow saved my life. And, to tell you the truth, I never expected to see him again."

The captain of the rangers looked toward Juan; his eyes narrowed slightly.

The Greaser bent over the saddle-horn and stroked the glossy neck of the big black.

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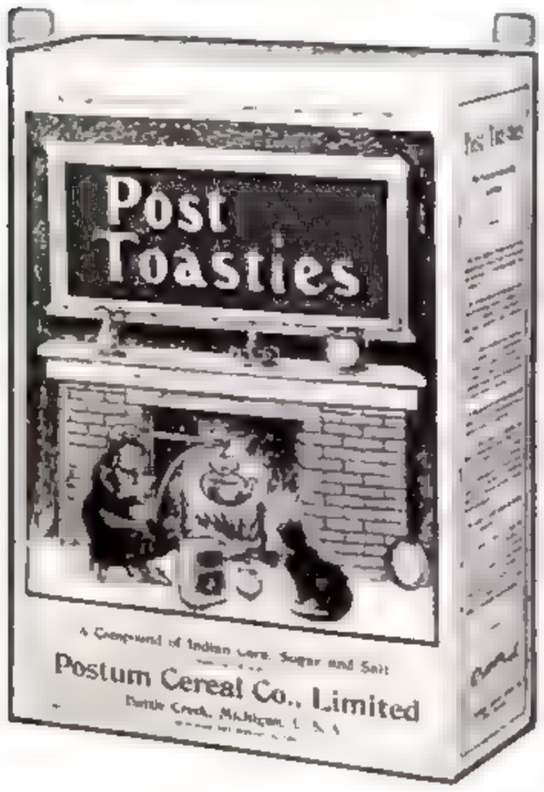

LAW-PROOF TRUSTS

(Concluded from Page 33

a peck of potatoes or a patented article is an owner—he may do with all just as he sees fit. It is none of the seller's business.

Still other paraphernalia remain. Thus: The owner of a patent does not have to sell or license the use of his patented device at all; therefore, if he chooses to do so, he can state absolutely the conditions. This is a drum that is pounded incessantly. However, if the only justification for imposing conditions is that the patent-owners do not have to sell their wares, their plight is most miserable. For the law of "don't have to" is an exalted privilege, enjoyable equally by all—patent-owners, the butcher, baker, candlestick-maker, paralytics and dead men. None of these has to sell anything that he owns. What does it profit? The fact that one does not have to sell does not mean that he may sell on whatever condition he chooses. No trust has to sell its goods; if that fact would justify the imposition of price conditions the people would have to surrender. All a trust member need say is: "We do not have to sell at all; therefore we will sell only on condition that there be no competition and that all sell at the same price." The law is leveled squarely at the condition. It is the condition that causes the trouble in every instance. The condition is nothing more or less than an illegal restriction.

Test Shop for the Navy

THE Naval Observatory at Washington has very little to do with the navy except as an establishment for testing, repairing and distributing nautical instruments. It is a sort of supply depot, from which all kinds of apparatus utilized in navigation are furnished to our fighting vessels. It tests sextants to make sure that they are correctly graduated; it tests barometers to see that they do not vary beyond a certain amount, and it tests telescopes and "binoculars" to find out their magnifying power, visual "field," clearness and freedom from color aberration.

It is a part of the business of the observatory to test "torpedo watches," which are the timepieces carried for purposes of navigation by torpedo boats. An ordinary warship carries three chronometers—the idea being that if one of them happens to go wrong the other two may be relied upon; but chronometers are big enough to be in the way and there is no room for them on a torpedo boat, so that the commanding officer keeps by him a watch of guaranteed accuracy instead.

Both watches and chronometers are tested at the observatory by comparing them with a "star clock"—so called because it keeps time not by the sun but by the fixed stars. This clock stands in an underground vault in order that it may not be exposed to changes of temperature, and its brass pendulum swings in a partial vacuum inclosed in glass. Thus the timepiece is not affected by variations of atmospheric pressure. Another interesting point is that the clock winds itself every half-minute by the help of an electro-magnet, which is energized by a small battery circuit.

The vault containing the clock is so placed that the seventy-seventh meridian of longitude passes directly through it. This is a matter of obvious importance, inasmuch as time at the observatory is reckoned by the passage of certain fixed stars across the meridian—the latter being represented in the sky by an imaginary line directly overhead. The sun crosses this line exactly at noon each day. It would be entirely practicable, therefore, to reckon time by the sun; but the orb of day is too large an object to be convenient for the purpose. A star, on the other hand, is a mere point of light; and the astronomer, with the help of a telescope arranged to swing exactly in the meridian plane, readily catches the instant at which the twinkling spark of brightness passes across.

By this means the time is recorded with absolute correctness. Then the star time is reduced to sun time—which requires some figuring, inasmuch as a star year is one day longer than a sun year—and a sun-time or "standard-time" clock is regulated accordingly, the latter timepiece being the one that sends the noon signal by telegraph every day all over the United States.

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PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

Concluded from Page 13

"'Bless me last coin for me,' says he.

"'Wha yez go halves?' she demands.

"'I will,' says the man. So she held her finger on the coin while the wheel spun—and the man won.

"'Tis a good scheme,' says Tommy, who had seen the play; and he looked round carelessly to catch sight of me companion. Her veil was down and he didn't know her—but he swung halfway round. 'Be my good luck!' says he, not glancing more at her.

"To me amazement, Miss Sutherland pulled off a ring from her finger and held out her hand and laid it on the stake. I could see the trimble of it, but me bould Tommy was watching the wheel and saw nothing. He won. And thin he divided his pile and passed the half of it back to her.

"Some chips clinked on the floor and I stooped to pick them up, whin I hear-rd Tommy's voice again.

"'Here,' says he; 'do me the favor to put your fair hand on my money, for it brings luck.'

"I felt cold in me spine at the wor-rds, but the gir-rl by me side put out her hand and laid one finger on the pile of chips. And I caught wid me eye the glint of the ring on her finger. She had put it on again and lifted her veil. I looked at Tommy, but he was staring at the wheel and saw nothing. He won again, and as her hand drew back he saw the jewel. 'Twas a poor little jewel of jade, but he jumped up wid a sudden groan, tur-rned round, and, before me bould mission'ry could draw back in the crowd, he was facing her.

"'Beth!' says he in a whisper. 'What are yez doing here?'

"Nobody paid anny attintion to thim, as the play was going on; and they stood there under the bright lights, while I kept silent.

"'What are yez doing here?' he demands.

"She swallowed a little and thin said:

"'I came to bring yez luck.'

"'I must get you home right away,' says he. 'Come!' And he dragged her off. I folleyed, wid the chips in me hand.

"Whin they were once more in the street he tur-rned on her.

"'How did yez get into that place?' he demanded. 'What were yez doing in that gambling hell?'

"She shrank back at the wor-rd and I stepped forward.

"'I took her there mesilf,' I said bouldly.

"He stared at me and thin back at me brave mission'ry. I could see in his eyes that he made nothing of it all.

"'Ye brought me luck, all right!' says he bitterly and would have gone. I stopped him.

"'Would yez see Miss Sutherland go home by hersilf?' I inquired.

"'I can get there alone,' says she in a small voice, and I saw the quiver of her lips. 'I am much in your debt, Misther O'Rourke,' she tells me. 'I have seen what the wor-rld is like. Thank God! I have seen it before I have done that which would have spoiled my life.'

"'And what would that be which yez will not do now?' I demanded.

"'Marry the man—the man I—I have loved,' she whispers.

"'Yez have seen the wor-rst,' I retur-rns. 'Is it the bhoy that needs ye or the heathen that can spare yez that yez will devote your life to?'

"She looked at me bould Tommy. I saw the blue eyes of her dar-rk under the street light. He stood there wid his white face and his hear-rt on his lips. My ears caught the sound of a whisper:

"'Do yez need me, Tommy?'

"'I want you!' says he. 'And, by Hivins, I will have yez to be me wife! Niver again shall yez see these things. I shall take yez away and keep ye safe.'

"'Thin,' she whispers, 'take me. I am only a gir-rl and I cannot preach wid a broken hear-rt. Tommy, protict me!'

"'I will protict yez!' he answers gently. And he took her hand and they went away, leaving me bould Mickey to stand alone in the middle of a dar-rk wor-rld.

"I dropped the chips I still held in me hand, for there was no luck in them anny more. The woman's finger on the coin may bring yez money; 'tis the little finger on the hear-rt of a man that brings him strength."

"Shackamaxon" Guaranteed Fabrics

WHEN a merchant-tailor shows you one of the exclusive *Shackamaxon* guaranteed fabrics, you see not only a cloth of the finest texture but one that will hold its shape when the suit's finished.

Any good merchant tailor will give you correct style and fit—*Shackamaxon* will give you distinctive pattern and long wear.

You cannot get *Shackamaxon* fabrics in ready-made clothing. They are handled only by merchant tailors.

Write us for the new *Shackamaxon* fall style book and correct dress chart, also the name of a tailor near you handling *Shackamaxon* fabrics

J R KEIM & CO

Shackamaxon Mills Philadelphia

Look for the name "*Shackamaxon*" on every yard.

"Shackamaxon" Guaranteed Fabrics

When you buy a pair of shoes

put in "N F 10" Shoe Laces and you'll never be bothered with broken laces so long as the shoes last.

"N F 10" Shoe Laces

have no equal for strength and long wear, and every pair is

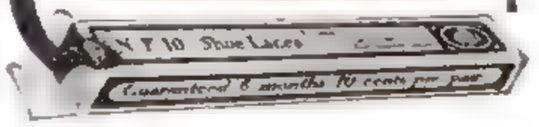
guaranteed 6 months

Finished with fast-color tips that won't come off.

10 cents per pair in black or tan—four lengths for men's and women's high shoes. At [illegible] dry-goods and men's furnishing stores. If your dealer can't supply you, we will. Write anyway for booklet showing complete line.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.,
Dept. A, Reading, Pa.

Makers of the famous Nufashond Shoe Laces



FREE OFFER

Any Community Silver customer can obtain *free* this Coles Phillips poster, with another in color. These posters contain no reading or advertising matter, and are printed on plate paper in a size suitable for framing.

Ask your silverware dealer to show you these pictures and to get them for you.

COLES PHILLIPS

"Are your pink ears listening, Betty?"

"Yes indeed. Will they hear something nice?"

"Better than nice—it's true. Betty, are pearls any less lovely because they all have a grain of sand at the center?"

"No, but what of—?"

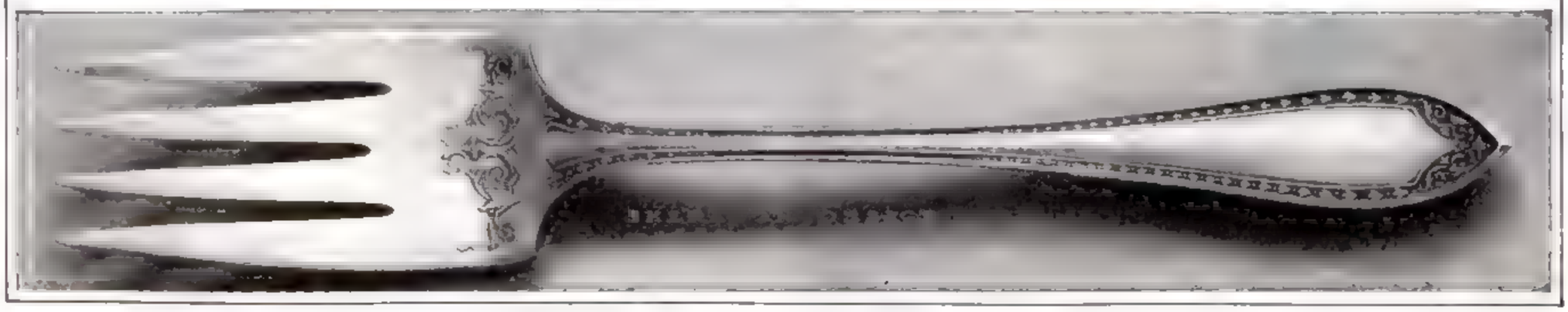
"Then how is table silver the worse for having a center of different metal?"

"Well I somehow feel—"

"Pardon me, dear, but that's just it: you only *'feel.'* If you will just stop to *reason* a little you will see that table silver is for a purpose. If it fits that purpose gracefully and completely, I'm for it. Let me read you this:

COMMUNITY SILVER

is built by overlaying solid silver upon a center of stronger, stiffer metal. Do not confuse it with ordinary 'plated' silver, for Community Silver is so specially thickened at the wearing-points, and toughened to withstand wear, that in a long lifetime you will never see or touch anything but the purest of pure silver. *It is guaranteed for 50 years.* There are many attractive designs at your dealer's. The price is attractive, too. For instance, six teaspoons, $2.00."



ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.

von Gal made Hats

"CORRECT STYLES FOR MEN"

are not only correct, but they confer a fine air of distinction. Styles that are recognized as always right—quality that is the finest that can be put into a hat—splendid workmanship—these unite to give the tone that is appreciated by men who know hat values.

The favor in which these hats are held is not a matter of chance, but of merit. Whether you pay $3.00, $4.00 or $5.00 for a von Gal Hat, you are assured of getting the best quality that can be put into any hat at the price.

You are assured of the money's worth that only a great organization can give—assured of the styles that lead because created by the most artistic, skillful designers.

Satisfaction in the hat you wear is guaranteed to you by the dealer in von Gal Hats. It must be to your liking. We stand behind him in this absolute guarantee.

Prices, $3, $4 and $5. At your dealer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for Fall and Winter Style Book E, and we will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover expressage.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3 Hat

Factories: Danbury, Conn. Niagara Falls Ontario, Canada Straw Hat Factory: Baltimore, Md.

Hawes, von Gal INCORPORATED

Offices and Salesrooms: 1178 Broadway New York 207 Washington Street Boston

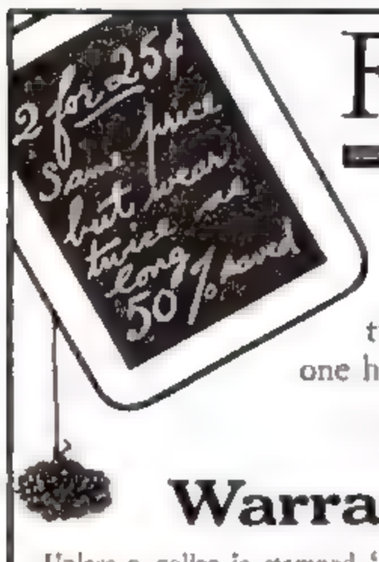


Figure It Out

BARKER Brand Warranted Linen Collars cost you just the same price as cotton collars. But one linen collar will outwear two of the cotton kind. You save at least one half of your collar money by wearing

Barker Brand Warranted Linen Collars

Unless a collar is stamped "Warranted Linen," you may be sure it is only cotton. Barker Brand are the only 2 for 25c collars stamped "Warranted Linen." Other collars at that price are cotton. If you pay the "linen price" get linen. Look for the stamp "Warranted Linen" and this trade mark. Barker Brand Warranted Linen Collars have been made in the same good old fashioned way of the only reliable collar material (sun bleached Irish Linen) for upwards of half a century. They are up to the minute in style as you can see by the new styles shown here. Most dealers can show you a style to suit you absolutely.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1 and we will send 8 collars prepaid.

Our style book is free—send a postal for it.

Wm. Barker Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

BUSINESS HELPS

HOW a sales-manager for one of our great corporations drew victory out of defeat—for which victory he was so rapidly advanced that he shortly gained the position he now holds, that of president of the corporation, drawing one of the biggest salaries in the world—how he won his sales victory through insight, initiative, originality, insistence and persistence, all this was the story told me the other day by one of the officers of his company. The most important thing, of course, is that through the possession and use of highly desirable qualities he won his victory, but it is also important, for it is so encouraging, that he was well rewarded. And this matter of reward is one that may usually be counted on by any one who works successfully for any good company; the big men at the top are not busy in pulling down climbers but in helping them up, for they want other big men up there to help them.

This story is one of the many that point out, as some one has cleverly expressed it, that success comes in "cans not can'ts." From the first with this man it was a case of "can." And the story of how he succeeded is worth telling, not that his methods may be precisely copied, but for the sake of showing that in every case of difficulty there is some way out and that it is up to the business man to find that way—and if he is of the right caliber he will find it.

Give Them What They Want

The corporation, which is one of our greatest manufacturing concerns, had made expensive efforts to establish an export trade with the countries bordering the Mediterranean. The people of those countries were using large quantities of one class of goods that this company was making, but in spite of this fact and in spite of superiority in quality and the lower prices that the company could offer, no foothold could be gained. Germany had secured the trade by dint of long perseverance, and now successfully monopolized it.

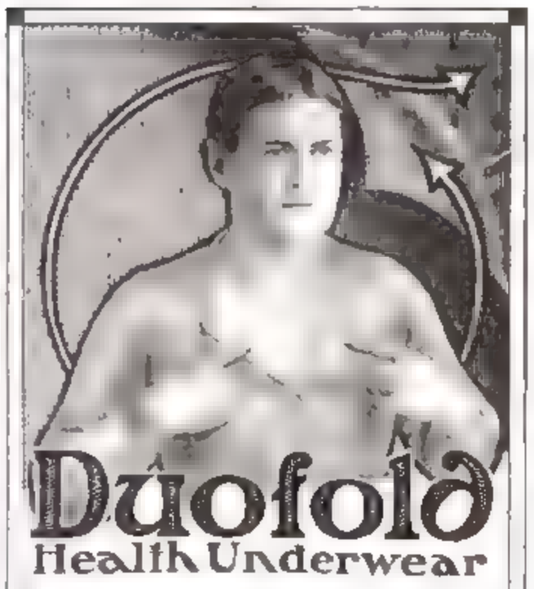
The corporation had spent so much money and it needed the trade so badly that it was not ready to withdraw from the market and set down the cost of its efforts against profit and loss. Instead, a new sales-manager—the hero of this story—was employed. He had already proved himself a man of brain and resource in the company's service, and he was now told to take up the Mediterranean proposition. "You shall have practically unlimited power as to ways and means, but we depend upon you to secure this trade for us," was what he was told.

As a first move he made a personal tour of the countries concerned, and not only met the wholesalers but got in touch with small dealers and with many of the people. He had only a slight smattering of any foreign tongue, and most of the people he met spoke no English; so in order to get even a slight knowledge of these languages he had the hardest kind of preliminary work in studying grammar and phrase books.

Among the qualities that this sales-manager possessed was the rare one of insight into human nature, and his insight and patience and hard work led him to discover why his house had heretofore failed. It was because, as he expresses it, "the company had not offered the people what they wanted."

What he had learned was that the Mediterranean people as a class are conservative; that they abhor the strange and the unusual and the new. Germany had gained the market only through infinite tact and patience, and because of the fact that it had really offered to "fill a long-felt want," as there were no native manufacturers who could seriously offer goods of that general class. And now, here the Germans were, apparently as firmly intrenched as if they were part of the order of Nature, for the buyers—Greeks, Italians, Turks, Syrians—had become thoroughly imbued with the feeling that the goods must have a "made-in-Germany" appearance. It was absurd, but it was serious.

Then to the sales-manager came the inspiration that meant success. He adopted



Duofold Health Underwear

A sheep wears his wool on the outside. That's where it is in **Duofold.**

The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it. Only fine cotton or silk touches you. The wool is in the outer fabric. Two light-weight fabrics in one, with air space between the wool and cotton, and the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

Could anything be more scientific and sensible?

Delightfully smooth on the skin; well-ventilated, keeping the body always at an even normal temperature.

Duofold gives the warmth of wool without the "itchy" sensation of wool against the skin; nor the sticky effect of a solid cotton garment. **Duofold** is always smooth, dry, light and perfectly ventilated.

Single garments and union suits in all weights and various styles for men, women and children. $1.00 and upwards.

Your dealer has them or will get them for you. Write us for Style Booklet.

Duofold Health Underwear Company
Mohawk, N. Y.

This Beautiful

Staytyde Willow Plumes

21 Inches Long 20 Inches Wide Only **$9.50**

Stay-Tyde Willow Plumes

$8 50 to $12 50
9 50 15 00
$19 50

FRENCH CURL PLUMES	
Special	$1 98
	2 48
ex wide	5 00
	7 50
	10 00

$5.00

Send for free catalog

SOUTH AFRICAN IMPORTING CO.
1841 Wabash Ave. Dept. 327 F, CHICAGO

Extra heavy Fittings No flat bottom in which mud can settle

ELJER CHINA

The result of a continued honest effort to produce the best tanks and lavatories. Write for circular and name of nearest agent.

Eljer Co. Cameron, W. Va.

Nature "Manufactures" This Breakfast

Choice oats grown specially on fertile farms, then cured by our own particular process—which keeps the flavor of the oats

NATIONAL OATS

—you can taste the difference

Crispy thinness—not crushed—spread the good taste through—ready for your palate.

The baby, the boy, the girl, the grown-up, the grandparent—all like NATIONAL OATS not only for breakfast but for all day.

[illegible] more [illegible] better [illegible] the [illegible] and can't [illegible]

Get a package [illegible] be either and the two — [illegible]

NATIONAL OATS CO.
Address: ST. LOUIS
Three Big Mills:
East St. Louis, Cedar Rapids, Peoria

SAVE $35

By sending us your order [illegible] you will do us [illegible] And you are [illegible] typewriter [illegible] It has [illegible] visible [illegible] speed, [illegible] strength, [illegible] everything [illegible] need. The writing is visible at all times. It is simply easy to [illegible] that pay

$10.00 NOW 10 CENTS A DAY

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter

We are sending out any number of typewriters FREE OF COST to people who are earning them with very little effort. Their names will be sent upon request.

If you will do us a small service, which we will explain, we will

GIVE ONE AWAY

For full particulars of this splendid offer just write us a letter and say: "Mail Your Free Offer"

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.
Established 20 Years
Dept. 29, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

as his motto "Give them what they want!" and set to work to apply this motto to its logical conclusion.

Giving the people what they wanted did not to him mean abandoning the field to Germany. He was far too good an American and far too loyal to his house to think of anything like that. Giving them what they wanted meant to him giving them goods that a German himself would think was made in the *Vaterland!*

He carefully planned every detail of his intended campaign before putting the case before the powers at home. No longer were the products to be trim and snappy in appearance; no longer were there to be packages of machine-made accuracy. No; this man, being a sales genius, determined that the articles should be a trifle crude, squat and awkward, like those of his rivals; that they should be given a hand-made heaviness of aspect, and that they should thus be different from the regular products of his house. And in weights and quantities the German standards were to be exactly followed.

Nor was it alone the contents and sizes that were to be considered, for perhaps even more important was the outside appearance of the packages. The bag-trousered Turk and the dark-eyed Sicilian would not buy an apparently German-made product, no matter how completely the German look should be secured, if it were to be offered in a box of American trimness. It was fortunate that the sales-manager had been promised a free hand; it was fortunate also that before this he had favorably impressed some of the big men of his corporation; for his requisitions were contrary to all American ideas, all the ideas that had made his corporation so great. "It is retrogression, it is absurdity, and it will be costly retrogression and absurdity!" exclaimed some. Even the management could not fully understand the situation, but they so fully trusted the man that orders were given that his requisitions be fully honored and his instructions implicitly followed.

How Trade Sandbags Itself

Now followed some amazing scenes. In those parts of the mills where the ideas were to be carried out it seemed as if progress had stepped back for a quarter of a century or so. One part of the establishment was a huge box-making plant, where any size or kind of box could be made by machinery with absolute precision and great speed. But now, for this Mediterranean trade long rows of girls directed by forewomen sat at tables and made packets by hand, carefully folding very un-American pasteboard on wooden blocks and then, doubling over one end, securing the required form by hammering in a foreign-looking brass tack and clinching by hitting a bit of metal on the bottom of the block. Then the block would be pulled out and the box would be ready for filling and closing by hand. "The whole thing was positively droll," as it was expressed to me. "Here we were going back to the methods of the Dark Ages to get up-to-date trade!"

Armenians and Sicilians and Greeks, though they could not read German, had become accustomed to the sight of certain German hieroglyphics on their wares; but the sales-manager was ready for this point also, and had labels printed with German text on green German paper the exact size of the labels on the models, for all this work was done from models brought home from the very markets where these were to be sold.

Then when everything was ready came the task of fully impressing the salesmen with the necessity of making sales. However, thanks to this particular sales-manager, a man of fire and determination, this was not hard. He knew all about the art of selling. He told his men that now they must go out and sell, and so they went out and sold; for he had imbued them with his spirit.

"Nor do we consider it a matter of deception," said the official who told me the story. "The wholesalers knew, as a matter of course, what they were buying, and they thought more of us for the cleverness of the scheme. They were, in fact, really interested by it all. They soon saw that our quality was right and they knew our prices were advantageous, and so they bought."

The whole thing was a big success. Trade began at once; and now that corporation's dealings with the Orient—for the

This Razor Strops Itself to Head Barber Keenness

A Truthful Advertisement

TO strop the AutoStrop Razor you take the razor in hand just as if you were going to shave with it.

You slip the special strop through the top of *the razor* and under the blade. You push the handle to and fro. The blade strokes the strop, first on one side and then on the other, at exactly the barber's angle and with exactly the same feathery, nimble touch that the head barber took years to learn.

A few strokes on the strop and the AutoStrop Razor has compelled you to strop an edge as sharp as the head barber's.

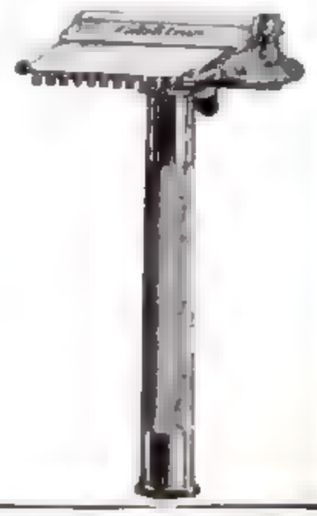
It feels like a barber's edge in shaving—like a smooth, delicately stropped barber's edge, and not like the rough, coarse, unstropped or poorly stropped shaving edge you know so well.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Consists of silver-plated, self-stropping razor, twelve blades and strop in handsome case; price $5, which is your total shaving expense for years, as the stropping makes one blade often last three to six months—sometimes a year. Cheaper than a dollar razor. Other sets for sale at all dealers in both United States and Canada, $5 upwards. Factories in both countries. Send for free booklet.

If you will get an AutoStrop Razor on trial today and give it a good trial, you will be saying to your friends, "I read an AutoStrop advertisement the other day which I did not believe. I 'called' them by trying one, and I tell you it's the greatest thing I ever used. You ought to get one."

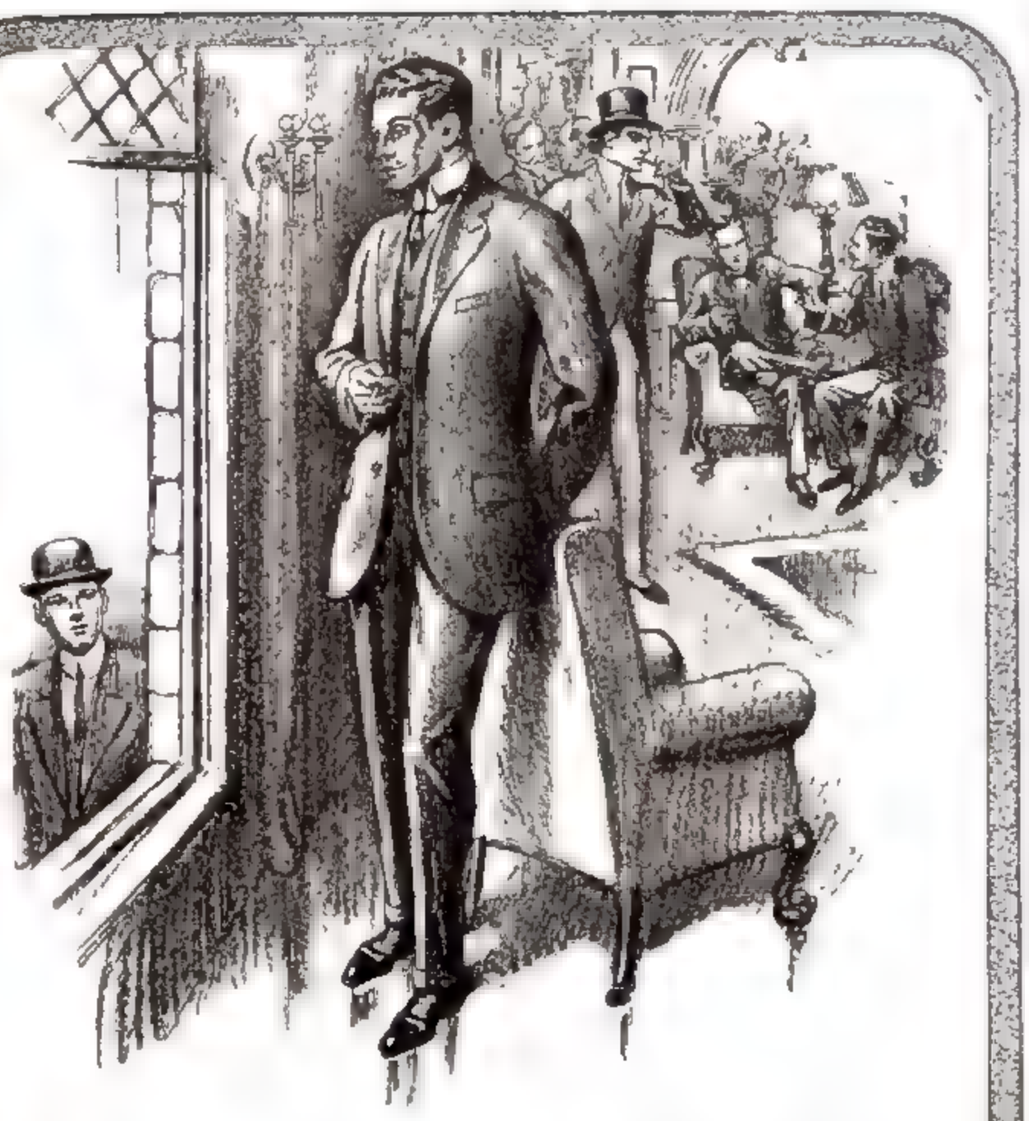
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York
400 Richmond St., W., Toronto, Canada
61 New Oxford St., London



Strops, Shaves, Cleans, Without Detaching Blade

Far Quicker, Handier than a No-Stropping Razor

Cheaper than a Dollar Razor, as the Blades Last So Long



Have Us Tailor The Real You Into Your Clothes.

Let us give you the poise and personality that only *merchant-tailored* garments can bestow—the assured air of "fitting in" indoors, outdoors, *anywhere* as the accepted equal of the best-dressed men. Let us "tape" you for

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

$20 *to* $45

In these *tailored-for-you* garments you can give free rein to your individuality. You can choose from an array of more than five hundred patterns—30 fashion models—a range of 15,000 American and trans-Atlantic styles. You can make your own taste and personality count in "the kind of clothes gentlemen wear," as you can't in "clothes pulled from the pile."

You order through our Authorized Representative in your town, a trained measure-taker. He "tapes" you down to the minutest fraction of an inch. We tailor the garments *personally for you*—just as carefully as your local tailor *could* and as the best metropolitan tailor *does*—we make you feel "at home" in your clothes wherever you wear them.

Go to our Representative to-day. Our seal, pictured below, is in his window and on our label. It guarantees our tailoring as though bond-backed. If you don't know our Representative, write to us for his name and for "The Drift of Fashion," No. 6, the famous tailor-shop-in-print. Simply address

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.

Far East was soon made their market form one of the important parts of its business.

Only last year another American company lost heavily in its trade with China found its trade almost wiped out, in fact, through the ill-judged enterprise of a factory superintendent. The Chinese, like the Mediterranean folk, are extremely conservative—which always means, in every country, unwillingness to have a thing done any differently, even if the new way is better—but this American house had at length established an important trade, and the pig-tailed, almond-eyed people had learned to buy freely certain packages of a certain appearance. So far it was like the Germans and the Mediterranean people but this American house was not outgeneraled by a rival but sandbagged by itself. The factory superintendent altered the color and general appearance of the wrappings—whereupon trade dropped like a stone. The packages did not look the same and, therefore, to the suspicious Chinese they were not the same!

Foreign trade is looked upon with a good deal of doubt by a good many houses. I have heard merchants and manufacturers say that the distances are too great for profitable shipping; that there are too many adverse conditions as to debts, collections, customs, duties, length of credit, the question of foreign correspondence.

The Willing Salesman

"Why should we go abroad?" as one of them put it to me. "We have the greatest market in the world right here in our own country, with its swift and marvelous development. With the best market in the world in our possession why should we go to distant continents?"

It always seems curious to find men refusing the chance of growth. Of course our own home market is the best in the world; but why shouldn't the rest of the world be conquered also? As an astute exporter pointed out to me:

"It is not only that a house may increase its business and thereby its profits, but a concern that has established a foreign market for its output has an anchor to windward for the periodic times of stress at home. When a temporary business depression hits our country and orders fall off, then is the time we are glad that we have places where we can unload on the other side of the ocean."

After all, the greatest concerns and the biggest men are the ones that are most persistently broadening their field of activity. One cannot imagine a really big man or a really great corporation hesitating when an opportunity comes for reaching out farther, whether abroad or in our own country.

Recently two men were to be selected by an important Chicago house for positions with a branch of the concern in a city farther west, and the superintendent decided upon the two who were to be given first chance.

One had thus far made but lukewarm success, but the superintendent and he had been friends from boyhood, and the superintendent thought that, given a new opportunity, he could still make good.

"John," he said, "here's just the chance for you. Don't you want to go out to our new branch on a bigger salary?"

But John hesitated. He hesitated so long that the superintendent grew impatient. "No," came the reply at length; "no; I think not. You see, I have my home here—I've bought my little place, you know—and our friends all live here and I'm sort of settled."

"Sort of settled!" How expressive that is of the state of hosts of men who do not succeed.

Then the superintendent went briskly to the other man, who had already made quite an advance in the business.

"Brown, don't you want to go out to our new branch on a bigger salary?"

Brown answered without a moment's hesitation. "If you ask me if I want to go, I don't. It seems to me that the best chance for me is right here, at the home plant, even on a smaller salary for the present. So to the question as you put it I can only say I don't want to go." He, too, owned his own home in Chicago and had his circle of friends, and the superintendent wondered if he were going to speak of them—but he wasn't that kind of man! Instead he went on cheerfully: "But if you want me to go it's another matter. I'll be glad to do it, and can get off tonight if you want me to."

The D.&P. Guarantee has no "string" to it.

A New Pair For *Every* Rip In *Any* Seam From *Any* Cause

OUR Guarantee reads:—"This pair of Gloves is sewn throughout with Belding's Prize Medal Silk and is *guaranteed not to rip.* Should they give out in the seams, return to The Dempster & Place Co., Gloversville, N. Y., with this ticket, and *a new pair of gloves will be furnished free of charge.*" No time limit—no "if," "but," "yet" or "otherwise"—no ruse or "catch." Just, *a new pair.*

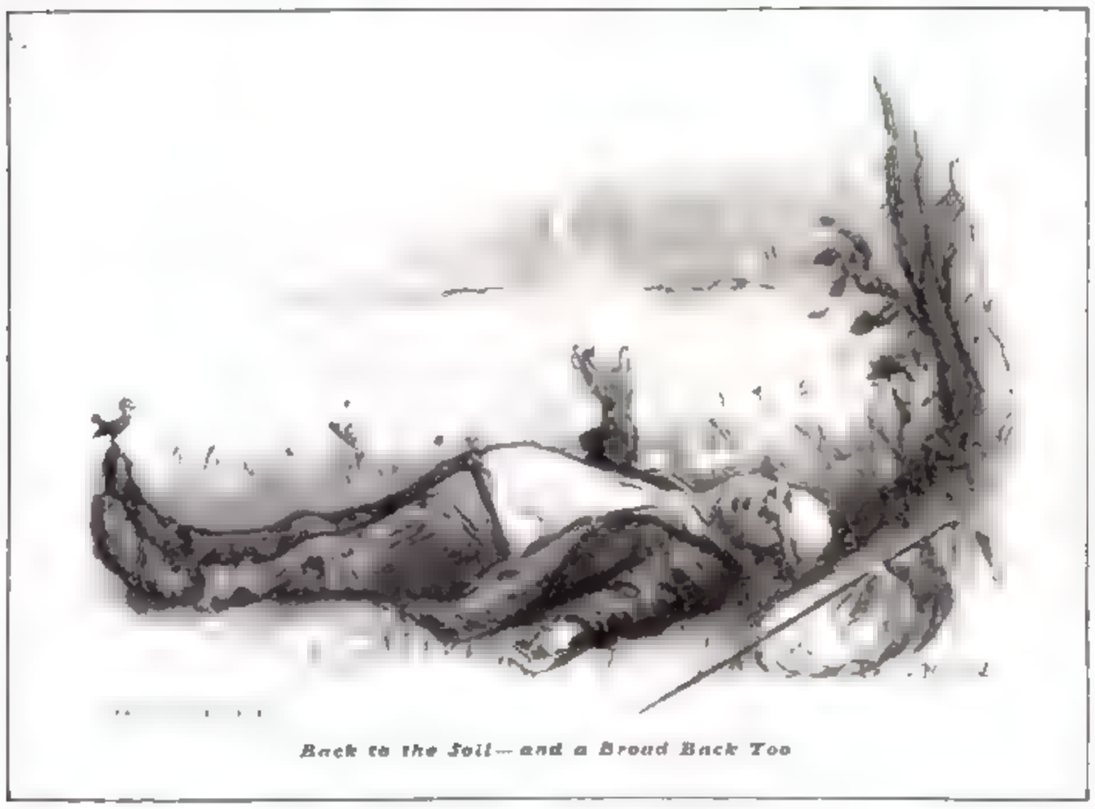
"FIRST-PICK" leather tanned to mellow softness; searching inspection of every part of every skin for strength, suppleness and uniformity; *accurate sizing* and the indescribable "smartness" peculiar to them make "D. & P." Gloves the proudest product of American skill.

D.&P. Gloves are made for nearly every purpose and occasion and retail for $1.50, $2, $2.50 and up, and as low as $1. If *your* dealer hasn't "D. & P." Gloves in stock, we'll send you our *Glove Book B*, that pictures and describes the leading styles and from which you can order safely and conveniently by mail.

Look for "D. & P. Make" inside the WRIST of every glove you buy.

THE DEMPSTER & PLACE CO.
Gloversville, N. Y.

Sense and Nonsense



Back to the Soil—and a Broad Back Too

Love's Cottage the First

THERE'S a wonderful cottage just over the way, with windows and porches and doors; inside there are rooms in imposing array, and hallways and closets and floors. The doors are on hinges and swing open wide whenever you want to go out and when you are out you may go back inside by just simply turning about. The windows have glass panes to let in the light, and push up to let in the air. Indeed, it is all the most wonderful sight I think I have seen anywhere! The rooms all have walls over, I think, on each side; and ceilings above, I declare! Each one has a floor over which you may glide just by stepping your foot right down there. I wish I were gifted with eloquence rich to tell you the sights I was shown—the glass in the windows, the rare flowers which upon the wallpaper have grown! The new-married couple that's building this place explained all its wonders to me; and I never hope in the years of life's race another such cottage to see!

THE more that I saw of this marvelous place—the more that I saw and I heard—the more my surprise must have shown in my face, the more I was startled my word! There were closets for—can you imag'ne?—for clothes! To be hung upon what think you?—hooks! Yes, hooks to be placed there in long, even rows. Downstairs there were bookshelves for books! To enter each room was a door to walk through, that let you go in and come out. You may not believe all I say to be true, but you may believe, without doubt. Wherever you went you might walk on a floor—a truly remarkable fact on which the designers set very much store—they dwelt on the floor with much tact! And what do you think they discovered for me? A kitchen, so I was advised, for cooking things in—soup, meat, coffee and tea—a purpose I'd ne'er have surmised. And so I went on from surprise to surprise with this wedded couple, who hurled their wonders at me as I drank in with sighs this most wonderful house in the world!

THEIR floor number two could be reached in a trice, as they were delighted to show, by a quite breath-stopping, ingenious device—a staircase you walked up just so! They showed me a bathroom wherein might retire the world-weary mortal to scrub; and there they discovered for me to admire—I swear that I saw it—a tub! Still wonders on wonders before me were spread; surprise lent surprise the more zest. I saw airy chambers each laid with a bed—for sleep, so they told me, and rest! The basement, they told me, was under the place, and I thought with surprise I should drop when I learned that the attic was up a staircase and the roof of the house was on top. The porch was outside, as they showed me with glee, and the lawn was the place for the grass; and the walk laid in front, that they took me to see, was that people might pass and repass. And if you desire such a cottage as this, that well-known old firm, Groom & Bride, who live in the state of Perpetual Bliss, will show you both out and inside. They'll show you such marvels as never you saw, nor ever you will where you roam, until you are speechless with wonder and awe in that marvelous place they call Home!

—*J. W. Foley*

Frankness Between Friends

Says Henry Smith to me one day:
"I got a few short words to say.
The which, I want it understood,
I'm tellin' you for your own good.
I'll so I'll say, most free an' frank.
The way you act is something rank!
You drink too much, you smoke, you chew,
You swear like common sailors do.
You gamble, too, an' lead a life
Most aggravatin' to your wife;
An' folks is sayin' all the time
The way you carry on's a crime!
Why don't you straighten up? I would.
I'm tellin' you for your own good."

Says I to Mr. Henry Smith:
"Since we are just like kin an' kith,
An' since you told me where I fail
An' why I oughta be in jail,
I'll speak a little word or two.
Explainin' what is wrong with you;
The hull of which, it's understood,
I'm tellin' you for your own good.

"First, then," I says, "you're such a cheat,
You swindle every one you meet;
You chant your anthems in the church
An' leave your neighbor in the lurch;
You seize an' grab by force an' fraud
An' call it all the 'will uv God.'
In short, to say it brief an' quit,
You're miser, crook an' hypocrite.
You'd rob a baby if you could
I'm tellin' you for your own good"

But Henry Smith was very queer;
He hit me just behind the ear
"Of course," he says, "it's understood
I'm sluggin' you for your own good."

Five coppers come up in their cart
An' pried us old-time friends apart;
They took their sticks uv loaded wood
An' clubbed us hard for our own good.

In court the Judge says: "Gentlemen,
Don't try to be so frank again;
Be chary of the words you speak,
Lest you be swatted on the cheek.
I fine you ten—it's understood
I'm doing it for your own good."

The moral is, don't be too frank;
It gets you nuthin' at the bank
Just keep your thoughts beneath your hood
I'm tellin' you for your own good.

—*Lorton Beale*

I DO NOT hesitate to award Karo the preference above any other table syrup used in my household.

As an accompaniment to waffles and griddle-cakes it deserves all that can be said in praise of it. It is as clear and as sweet as honey and richer in consistency without the cloying quality that makes honey distasteful to some, and unwholesome if eaten freely.

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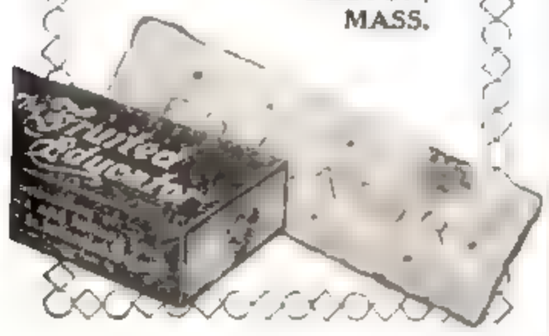

PROPHET HOBSON

THERE are Congressmen who heard Richmond P. Hobson speak on his favorite topic—war—last winter—a good many of them, notwithstanding the political revolution at the polls in November. Of these men, there are several who gave close attention to Captain Hobson and who say he predicted war between Japan and the United States within ten months.

It is quite likely these men are mistaken, for Captain Hobson's speech, as printed in the Record, does not say we shall be at war with Japan in ten months. Instead, it says we shall be at war with Japan in twenty months. Though it is true the captain withheld his speech for revision for eight days—it was delivered on the twentieth of February and occupied the front-page position in the Record on February twenty-eighth—it seems improbable the captain would seek to modify so important a prediction or give his prophecy a better chance and a longer life by doubling the estimate of months that, in his opinion, will elapse before we grapple with the Japanese. Of course he had the opportunity. One can do much with a speech, in the way of revising and toning down, in eight days; but it seems incredible that the captain, being fully conversant with the weakness of America and the imminence of war, would have made an unconsidered statement concerning that imminence even in the heat of debate, or, having made such a statement, would try to let himself down easily by changing it when revising his speech.

At any rate, the speech, as officially printed, must be held to be the speech as officially delivered—and in the Record the captain says twenty months, rather awkwardly, to be sure, but none the less certainly to those who possess enough skill in numbers to count the fingers and to those who have the usual complement of fingers to count.

Proceeding eloquently on February twentieth—as printed on the twenty-eighth—the captain was addressing himself to the naval appropriation bill and pleading for more battleships. His irreducible minimum was four. He hoped there would be a dozen and he would have liked a hundred. After he had talked a page and a few lines over he said: "It is high time we should consider what we shall do when this nation is struck. Members may differ with me as to when that day may come—I will tell you frankly that, in my judgment, you can count almost on the fingers of your two hands twice around the number of months. In my judgment it will come before the Panama Canal is completed; but, whether you accept my opinion or not, whether we agree as to the date, that time is going to come."

"Does the gentleman mean to say that a war is a visible certainty?" asked Representative Driscoll, of New York.

"Yes, I say so," Captain Hobson replied; "and it cannot be very far off."

The War is Canned, on Ice

Until this time the captain had not named the country with which we are to be at war in twenty months; but, a few minutes later, Representative O'Connell, of Massachusetts, brought out that information.

"Do I understand the gentleman to say that he thinks we shall have a war within twenty months with some great nation?" asked O'Connell. "What great nation is preparing for war to strike us within twenty months?"

The captain turned to the Representative from Massachusetts and extended his hands. "I know the gentleman would like for me to say Japan and I will be glad to tell him so."

There it was—the bald prediction that we shall be at war with Japan in twenty months.

"I would like to know," pressed O'Connell. "Does it not take a long time to prepare for war with a great nation that is separated by an ocean?"

I presume you have heard Hobson talk. Almost everybody has; for, since he returned as the hero of the Merrimac, he has spoken on about every rostrum the country affords. The captain is an orator.

Well, he was at his best at the moment he named Japan. He paused and listened to O'Connell's second question and then he answered that answered it to a fare-you-well in these ringing words:

"I am frank about this," he said. "I am speaking the truth as I see it. The truth is the only thing a man can stand on in this world. When he feels he has found the truth he can stand there through the wreck of worlds. I will tell him the truth. Ever since this nation went into the Hawaiian Islands and the Japanese nation served notice they would never acquiesce, ever since 1898, when we went into the Philippines and Japan asked us to let her go in there with us, and we refused; ever since her citizens have come to this country in great numbers and our people, following the natural law of segregation of races, have not given them the treatment they thought they ought to have—they have been preparing for war. Preparations have gone on in every department. If the gentleman will take the pains to look at it—whether for the army or the navy, whether for the merchant marine and the transportation, whether for the finances or diplomacy—he will find the war is already prepared for and has been for a number of months."

Ante-bellum Financing

"Do you think all the Japanese on our Western coast are in preparation for war in conjunction with their Government?" asked O'Connell.

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," asserted Hobson; "and no one can have who is familiar with the Japanese in foreign lands. He is a Japanese there and he is doing the functions of his Government there. If his Government is preparing for war he is cooperating."

That seemed to settle all but the financial part of it, and Representative Gaines asked about that end of it. "Does the gentleman believe that Japan could today, or that she can at any time in the near future, finance a war with the United States?" asked Gaines.

"Ah," said Hobson, "I will tell the gentleman that Japan has been the one nation in the world with acuteness and ability to finance a war before it comes. Japan is hard up now because the war is already financed."

So here we are, face to face with a war with Japan, coming on or before October twentieth, 1912, which falls on a Sunday.

Continuing, the captain told, in a masterly manner and with great declamatory effect, just what will happen to us. He showed how Japan will either seize the Panama Canal or put it out of commission in case the war does not occur until after the canal is finished—which, according to the captain's idea, it will. As it will be necessary to have the war in the Pacific, our fleet will have to get to the Pacific, but not around the Horn. That would be utter folly, the captain thinks; so our first problem will be to go and retake the Panama Canal. If it is not completed we must complete it. If it has been destroyed we must repair it. Our first effort will be to create an efficient army; for it is in Panama we can only hope for success, as the Japanese will have control of the Pacific. This will take several years.

Then the Philippines will be under the control of the Japanese; and Hawaii, Guam, Samoa, the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, Panama, San Francisco, the Puget Sound region and the whole Pacific Coast will be occupied by the enemy, without serious opposition on our part. This will be humiliating, but the nation must stand it, leave the Pacific Coast and Ocean to their fate and regain the Panama Canal. This will involve sending three or four hundred thousand men and spending sixty million dollars for transports. We must create regular soldiers, build transports and warships—ten warships a year—and, after a few years, whip 'em if we can. If we get whipped we must do it all over again. When we finally regain Panama the enemy will retire from the Pacific Coast, but gaining Panama will be only the first step in the war, already several years long. Regaining the control of the sea in the Pacific will be the second step. That will take a few more years.

Having thus cut off the enemy's communication with home, we shall send an army across the continent and, if the enemy has not retired by this time, drive him into

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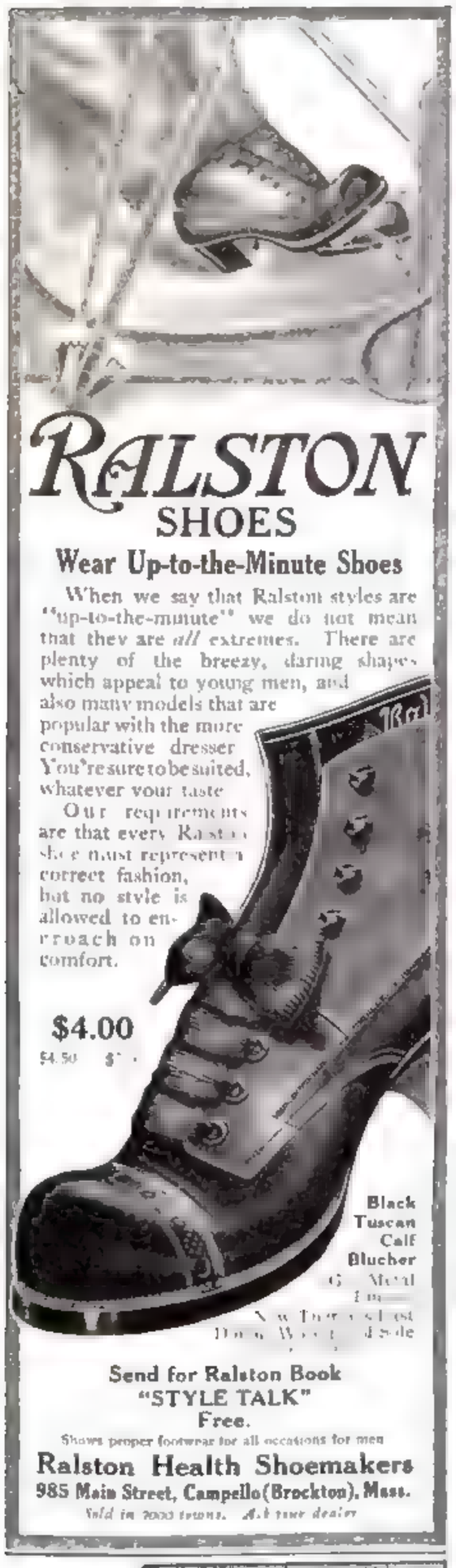

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the sea. Up to this time it will be best to submit to the entire occupation of the Pacific Coast. Then the Japanese will fall back on Hawaii and make a great stand there. We shall be obliged to retake Hawaii. There will be a long siege at Pearl Harbor. This will be the third stage; and then we shall be in position to do some harm to the enemy at the end of five or six years. The next thing will be to retake Guam, make a dash across Korea, capture Japan and end it.

As we are unprepared, it will go mighty hard with us for the first eight or ten years, but we shall win out eventually, not only if Japan tackles us but also if any other nation takes us on. When we come back from this war, the captain thinks, we can lay down our arms for good; so he isn't averse to it, being, at heart, a peace propagandist and thinking the only way we can get lasting peace is to fight for it. The captain, notwithstanding his gloomy outlook for a ten-years' war, is hopeful so far as the ultimate result is concerned. No matter whether the challenge comes from Asia or from Europe, the nation that makes it will rue it, he concluded.

Now that was in February, 1911; but it must not be thought the captain was prophesying on a sudden impulse. He had made the same prophecies before many times, both in Congress and on the rostrum, although he never was quite so definite in Congress. Outside he was much more definite. On April 11, 1908, he had a few words—about five pages in the Record—to say on the same subject in a general way; and on March 29, 1910, he also spoke in a similar strain, each time urging more battleships. In this speech he pointed out how Germany can land one hundred thousand men on Long Island and in New Jersey in two weeks from the time of starting and seize Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York without serious resistance.

In his minority report on the naval appropriation bill, dated April 6, 1908, the captain urging more battleships and being the only signer of the report—a minority of one—put out this startling paragraph:

"Our proper investigation of the question of national defense involves the consideration of the possibility of a war with Great Britain and Japan combined, a war in which our flag would be wiped from the sea and in which the hordes of India and China, as well as Japan, could be thrown on our shores."

Some Early Prophecies

The continuity and enthusiasm of the captain in this sort of prophecy was well described by himself in his speech of April 11, 1908, when he said: "I have gone tirelessly about the land night and day just pleading for peace, because I see the war-clouds are gathering—clouds that would bring not only war between nations of the white race, but a great war between the races of the world!"—and for this reason he urged four battleships. It is quite true.

Whereupon these questions inevitably arise:

What credence shall we place in the predictions of Captain Hobson?

How has he qualified as a prophet?

Why should we accept his statement that we shall be at war with Japan within twenty months?

The captain had an essay in number two, of volume twenty-one, of the Proceedings of the Naval Institute of the United States, published at Annapolis in 1895. That essay was entitled: A Summary of the Situation and Outlook in Europe—An Introduction to the Study of Coming War. This essay received honorable mention in the year 1895, at which time the captain was twenty-five years old, an assistant naval constructor in our navy and, as shall be shown, pretty hefty as a prophet.

He started with the flat statement that Europe, from the beginning of its history, has been the world's great battlefield, which was his opening paragraph. After five lines proving this, he hopped right into prophecy—as follows: "A bitterness now exists between the principal Western nations that has but few parallels in history; and never has invasion been so formidable as now, when the Slavonic wave of mountain-like proportions is sweeping westward."

This was in 1895, you understand—and there was great promise of war. After telling why and how the nations were well prepared—except that Russia was not so well fixed as the rest and that alliances were already in course of arrangement—the

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captain said: "It only remains for diplomatic strategy to decide the moment. No fact is so universally accepted abroad as the imminence, the very presence, of war. It is a living actuality; not only every man in the armies and navies of the great Powers expects to take part personally but every individual with any hold on life expects to be a witness."

Particularizing a little, he continued: "This imminent war bids fair to involve all of the six great nations of Europe, a population of about three hundred and twenty-four millions, of which about seventy-four millions are capable of bearing arms, possessing over two million tons of war vessels afloat. . . . The war will be on a scale incomparably greater than any in the world's history."

Primarily, the issue was to be the rivalry between nations, but that was not all. The Slavonic race was surging westward; prudent foresight had led Russia to cultivate an alliance with France, and Russia purposed to drive her wedge home when France attacked the other nations; and the crux of it was that the perpetuation or the overthrow of the British Empire and of the central continental Powers—also the heritage of European soil—were all mixed in it. The United States was expected to remain neutral and reap great benefits from the expenditures of the contending parties as well as fall heir to a vast shipping tonnage and worldwide commerce.

Two or three pages farther along we find how it was to be arranged. It seemed simple. As the captain explained: "Russia, with her ambition for expansion, is checked in Southeastern Europe and in Asia by Great Britain. French ambition in North Africa and Asia is also checked by Great Britain"—and the French hate the English like the deuce. Also, the captain showed: "The Russian frontier presses hard on Germany and Austria-Hungary. The German frontier presses hard against France. Toward the German and in particular toward the Prussian the Frenchman has a bitter, inherited hatred, fanned to white heat by shame at recent defeat. Thus Russia, with insatiable ambition, and France, with ambition and passion, are in complete accord and form a natural alliance for aggression against Great Britain and Germany, who would naturally be allied in defense." In short, the dual alliance of Russia and France was drawn up for aggression before two distinct enemies—Great Britain and the triple alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy.

It is shown that the alliance of France and Russia, in attempting to defeat the triple alliance, would have to defeat Great Britain also, for Great Britain would never allow the dual alliance to whip the triple alliance without stepping in and taking a hand. Also, it was likely that Italy would quit, and this would force Great Britain to join with Germany and Austria. The right thing to do, the captain pointed out, was for France and Russia to whip Great Britain on the sea and then go to it and garner Germany and Austria and the rest. Also, "Egypt and India would fall like ripened fruit, almost without a struggle; and Europe, Asia and Africa would be at the feet of the conquerors."

Beauty-Doctoring Three Continents

The captain skillfully analyzed the naval strength of the various countries to be involved, and showed that though Great Britain predominated then, in 1895, the preponderance both in quantity and superiority of quality would pass over by 1896-7 to the fleets of the dual alliance, France and Russia. "Every indication," he said, "points to her enemies' seizing this unhappy moment to make the attack. It should be made before the expiration of the treaty compact of the triple alliance in 1897 in order to assure Great Britain's being left alone. There is no doubt that France and Russia both appreciate the situation. The extraordinary activity in the shipyards of both countries has undoubtedly one common, concerted object—to enable the alliance to seize the rare opportunity which both Powers have vainly longed for."

Great Britain having been defeated on the sea, as predicted by the captain, the next step was to be the conquest of the central continental Powers. The triple alliance was to be smashed by making Italy's financial burdens intolerable through the manipulations of French financiers. It was sure Italy would withdraw to isolation. France and Russia would then force Italy to join them, and Germany and Austria-Hungary would be taken out of hand. This was to be a land struggle. It was to be easy, too, for two million men from France, Russia and Italy would come in on Germany and Austria from every side and grab them.

After this the soldiers of Russia and France and their ally, Italy, were to have easy picking. The conquests beyond Europe would be practically achieved. "No serious opposition could be made," the captain pointed out. "They could be taken possession of at their leisure. The day France and Russia, after the British overthrow, look up from the battlefields of Austro-German defeat they will see their frontiers start on the march across Southeastern Europe—into Africa and into Asia. There will be no serious obstacle in this march toward the circumference of the three continents—not even the walls of China or the deserts of Africa. The conquering Powers would control the Eastern Hemisphere."

Some further argument and prediction prove that the six nations concerned will form themselves into two triple alliances—France, Russia and Italy for aggression; Germany, Austria-Hungary and Great Britain for defense. The aggressive alliance would have one hundred thousand excess of warship tonnage, according to the figures of the captain, and three million six hundred thousand men in excess as soldiers. "Signing the new aggressive alliance would be the bugle-call for war," he says. "Europe would be seized with convulsions. Three nations would be ingulfed in one great upheaval. Germany and Austria-Hungary would no longer be seen on the map; the British Empire would belong to past history."

The captain says the "natural plans of the alliance between Russia and France are stupendous, defying almost imagination itself. Its possibilities are fairly boundless, covering a hemisphere. If fully realized they will change the face of three continents."

How Russia Swept On

Having shown how the war would be won in 1896-7, the captain took a further shy at prophecy and divided the spoils. He said France does not care for colonial possessions and would be content with a slice of German territory, while "Russia is steadily expanding at a rate not approached by Rome when she was advancing to her conquest of the world." Inasmuch as France fought for revenge and Russia for ambition, looking for the extension of Slavic sway, Russia would fall heir to vast territory on two and probably three continents

As for stopping this war, there was no hope. "To check this somber, onward rush of events there are no means on which much hope can be placed," the captain pointed out, in conclusion. There was nothing to it. The thing must go on to its inevitable consequences. Germany, Austria-Hungary and Great Britain were all to be wiped from the map. Russia was to own everything. It was certain and imminent.

It requires only a cursory knowledge of history since 1895 to prove the captain's skill as a prophet of war. Everybody knows how Russia and France grabbed the entire Eastern Hemisphere in the great war of 1896 and 1897. Everybody saw Russia sweep on to victory after victory, especially with Japan. And, having foretold this cataclysmic upheaval, the captain has turned again to prophecy, with the United States and Japan as the subjects of his foresight. Therefore, beware!

He is no piker as a prophet, as has been shown. He prophesies on a broad scale. It is much easier for him to foretell a war that is to last ten years than one that is to last six months, and one that is to change the face of a hemisphere than one that is to slice a bit off a principality. He performs along broad lines.

Sometimes, though—but a story: At a dinner in Washington, Hobson was a guest. Everybody spoke, including Hobson, who told how war with Japan is inevitable. Just as he had reached his highest flight of eloquence on this thrilling subject, a statesman who had retired to a sofa in an adjoining room for a period of rest and contemplation came into the room and listened for a moment.

Then he stepped over to Hobson, patted him on the shoulder and said: "Thash all ri', Hobby, m' boy; thash all ri'. You shunk th' shipsh all ri'; but you didn't shink her in th' ri' plash."

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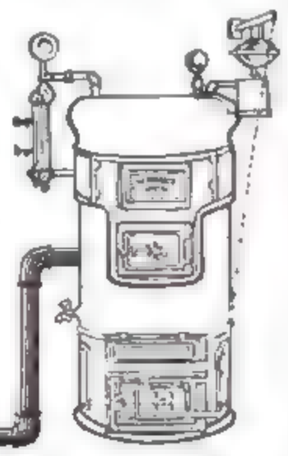

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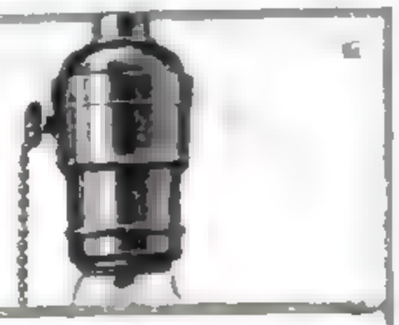

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No need of having old-fashioned, worn out, wobbly sockets on your old fixtures either when your electrical dealer can equip you with

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Bryant "New Wrinkle" Pull Sockets last a lifetime. Are positive in action. Cannot work loose as ordinary key sockets do. Highly approved by underwriters. Before you buy new fixtures send for "Pull Socket" booklet P. Shows some of the latest style fixtures. Send for it anyway—now.

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One Inventor gets rich, another gets nothing. [illegible] book of Vital Advice, [illegible] Intense Interest [illegible] Subjects, About Prizes, Rewards, Etc. Fortune-Making Past and Future. Mailed for 20 cents postage.

Patent Fortune

Publishers Patent Sense, Dept. 35, Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Oddities and Novelties

Making Potash to Order

THOUGH we possess in this country no deposits of the soluble potash salts commonly used for fertilizing purposes, we have unlimited quantities of potash—billions of billions of tons of it—close at hand. Nearly every hill and mountain is a potash mine. Every granite cliff is full of it. The only difficulty lies in separating it out at a cost sufficiently low to render it available for agricultural employment.

In order that this may be understood, it should be realized that all potash wherever found—whether as an ordinary constituent of soil or accumulated in "beds" as in Germany—was originally derived from rocks. It is an important constituent of most of the rocks that form the crust of the earth.

The rocks which, through their decomposition under the action of the elements, contribute potash to the soil are mostly feldspars. In the feldspars the precious substance is combined with soda, lime, aluminum and silica. When in Nature rocks of this kind decay, the potash is set free in the form of soluble salts; and, the soda and lime being likewise washed out, beds of white "kaolin"—silicate of aluminum—are left behind. In Georgia there are whole mountains of kaolin, which, as everybody knows, is the basis of our porcelain manufactures.

One plainly sees, then, how Nature produces potash for the use of plants. It is of necessity a very slow process. What is needed is a method by which the same thing can be done quickly, even though on a relatively small scale. There is hardly a doubt that, before long, such a method will be developed. Already, indeed, the thing has been experimentally accomplished in the laboratory, and the chemical and electrical processes employed for the purpose furnish a basis upon which patents are sought by two scientific inventors of high reputation.

Feldspars are usually more or less mixed up with other rockstuffs. Thus granite rocks consist of feldspar, quartz and a little mica, in varying proportions. Dr. Allerton S. Cushman—one of the two above-mentioned inventors—says that granite often contains as much as five per cent of potash. Reckoned on this basis, in one cubic foot of granite—weighing one hundred and seventy pounds—there would be eight and a half pounds of potash. A quarry of such rock one hundred feet square and one hundred feet deep would contain eight million five hundred thousand pounds of potash. Evidently, then, Nature offers a limitless supply of the raw material, the problem being merely to separate it out economically.

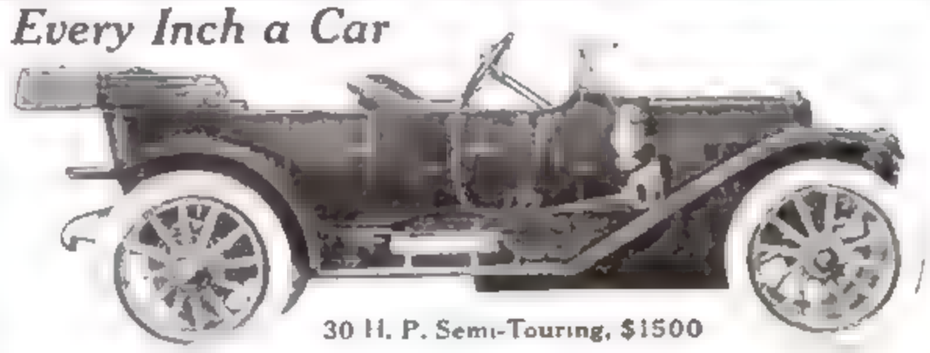
Short-Weight Bread and Butter

WHEN sacks of flour are found short in weight, as often happens, the manufacturer usually claims that the discrepancy is due to loss of water by evaporation; and a like excuse is sometimes made for short-weight packages of butter.

Need of accurate knowledge in relation to such matters has led Food Analyst Willard, of the Kansas Board of Health, to undertake certain rather interesting experiments. One of these was made by piling twenty-seven sacks of flour of forty-eight pounds each, furnished for the purpose by a milling company—in an airy room, which was heated in winter to ordinary living temperature. Each sack was carefully weighed at the start and was put on the scales again at the end of one year. As a result, it appeared that they had lost an average of a little over twelve ounces apiece.

For the butter experiment a special churning was made in the dairy department of the Kansas Agricultural College. From eight hundred and fifty-two pounds of cream were obtained two hundred and sixty-one pounds of butter, which was packed in various ways. Sixty-four pounds were packed in a tub lined with parchment paper, with a piece of cloth over the top, and placed in a cold-storage room. Fifty one-pound prints, separately wrapped in parchment papers and paraffined cartons, were put into a wooden case, likewise in cold storage. Five one-pound prints, similarly wrapped, were placed in cold storage,

Every Inch a Car



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EVERY KisselKar is built to meet a standard, not a price. The $1500 KisselKar "Thirty" embraces everything your car must have if you are going to realize your anticipations of motoring pleasures and value. It has 116 inch wheel base, necessary for a generously commodious tonneau, and deep, wide, comfortable seats. It is a car of surpassingly attractive design, sitting low between big-tired, extra large wheels which, with the liberal wheel base and soft running motor, contribute to superb comfort quality, all of which prove the KisselKar to be upper class in every detail of construction and appointment.

Every KisselKar model is a superior value compared with corresponding models of other cars. "Thirty," $1500—"Forty," $1850—"Fifty," $2350—60 H. P. "Six," $3000. Also chassis and delivery wagons.

Send for the 1912 KisselKar Portfolio

It is one of the most expensive and interesting books ever published. It will give you new standards by which to judge automobile values. Free on request.

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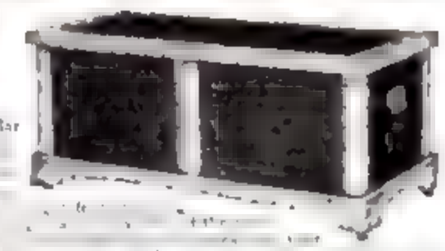

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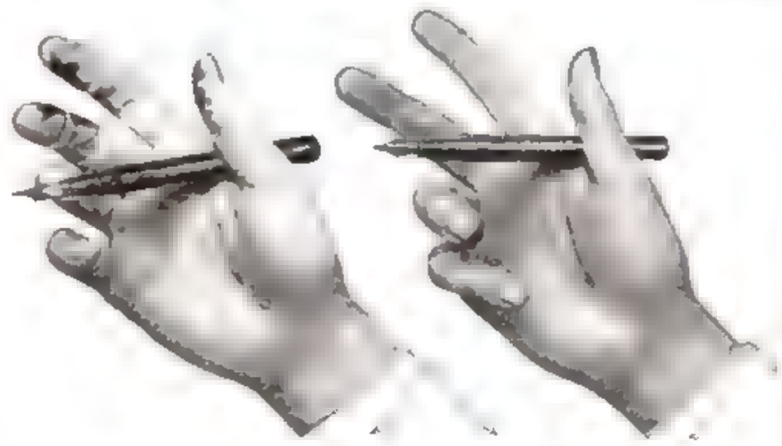

Finger Smearing Abolished by this New Invention

WHEN you put an ordinary fountain pen in your pocket, you think all the ink settles in the bottom. Most of it does, but some ink still stays at the top in the straight tube which feeds the pen point.

The space between the bottom ink and the top ink is full of air.

When this air gets warm from the heat of your body, it begins to expand. Like expanding steam this air pushes out where it can. So it pushes out through the feed tube and pushes the ink out ahead of it, smearing ink over the writing end of the pen.

Until George S. Parker of Janesville, Wisconsin, invented the "Lucky Curve," no fountain pen manufacturer was able to abolish finger smearing.

Mr. Parker simply curved the back end of the feed tube over against the wall of the fountain pen barrel. The touching of the end of the curved tube against the wall causes a quick and powerful suction which draws all the ink out of the feed tube down into the reservoir every time you place your Parker in your pocket. Thus the expanding air finds no ink to push out.

The "Lucky Curve" suction is created by capillary attraction, that wonderful trait of nature which causes a flower stem to suck water, or a lamp wick to draw oil.

There's never a hitch or skip in flow of ink from a Parker Pen. Made plain, or with gold or silver mounting. Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Pens, $1.50 to $250.00, according to size, style and ornamentation. Self-filling and Safety styles, $2.50 and upwards.

The Parker Fountain Pen also has the only clip that recedes out of the way, when you slip the cap off to write.

Get a Parker Fountain Pen today before you forget it. If it isn't satisfactory, return it and get your money refunded. Don't hesitate to return it. We protect Dealer by contract.

If dealer doesn't keep them, send us his name, and we'll send you our artistically printed catalogue and fill your order direct. Address

Parker Pen Company, 90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin
New York Retail store, 11 Park Row, opposite Post Office

Style 51

Fill Parker feed tube with ink, touch curved end to barrel wall as in picture; watch the ink scoot down, proving thereby that the Parker Pen won't leak.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN

$1000 CASH REWARD

will be paid to the first person in any locality in the United States who will show us a hill on any Traveled highway which the METZ "Twenty-Two" cannot climb.

RUNABOUT $600. 4 CYLINDER, WATER-COOLED BOSCH MAGNETO 22 HORSE POWER

Write for Catalogue "E" and full information

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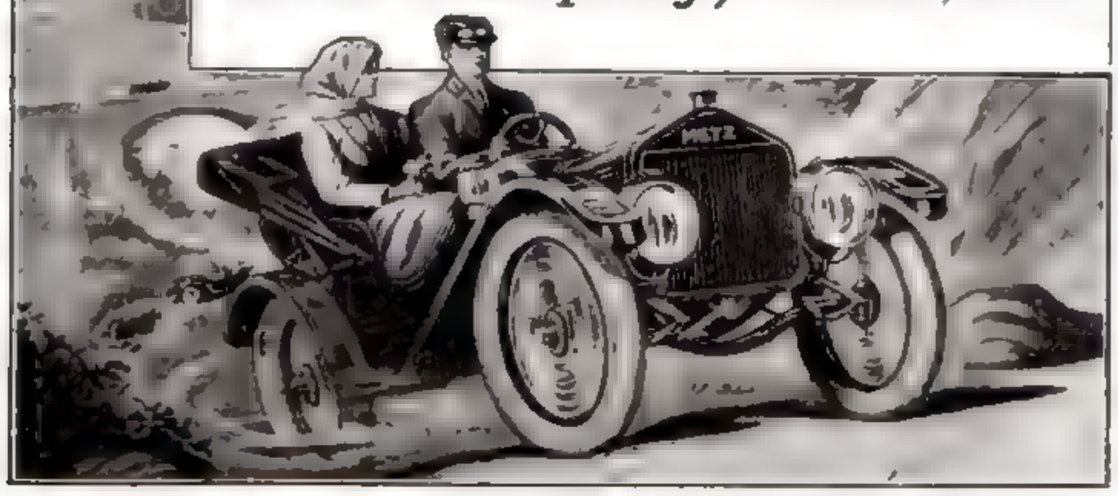


but not in any receptacle; and five one-pound prints, prepared in the same way, were exposed to the temperature of an ordinary living room.

As a result, at the end of six months the butter in the wooden case had lost nothing at all of its weight. The butter in the tub had lost three and a half pounds, owing to evaporation of water soaking out of it through the wood. The unpacked prints in cold storage lost nearly half an ounce apiece; and the prints exposed to ordinary temperature lost nearly an ounce apiece.

Thus it appears that butter packed in tubs loses a considerable fraction of its weight—a matter of some importance to dealers who hold it in stock for any length of time. Butter in cases, on the other hand, suffers no loss at all; and the paraffin-wrapped prints, though subject to a slight evaporation, do not lose enough after being taken out of the case to cause any anxiety to the retailer, inasmuch as they are so quickly sold.

The question of water content is of great importance in both butter making and bread making. A skilled butterman tries to produce butter which shall contain as much water as possible, up to the legal limit of sixteen per cent. The baker values flour in proportion to its ability to absorb water and at the same time produce a desirable loaf. Hence it appears that the butter problem and the bread problem are always incidentally water problems.

Return of the Hot-Air Balloon

THE hot-air balloon seems to be coming back. Half a dozen inventors here and abroad have recently patented contrivances of the sort for aerial navigation; and in France a society has been organized for the special purpose of developing what it calls the "twentieth century Montgolfier."

In such aerial vessels air, heated by small furnaces or other suitable means on board, is employed as a lifting agent; and thus the same mixture of gases in which the craft floats aloft is, at a higher temperature, relied upon to raise and sustain it.

Some of these machines attempt very ingeniously to combine the principle of the balloon with that of the aeroplane. For instance, a Jersey City man has patented a dirigible hot-air "aeronef," as he calls it, which has for the most important feature of its construction a double-deck aeroplane—the upper plane being made of two sheets of balloon fabric, so put together as to be inflatable.

This aircraft is capable of traveling on water or land. Its body is a non-sinkable power boat of aluminum, packed at bow and stern with cork, and is provided with wheels which, when not in use, can be folded in such a manner as to be out of the way.

From this body springs a light steel framework which supports the double aeroplane already mentioned. In the middle of the boat is a petroleum motor, with an air-heating chamber, from which a pipe extends directly upward to the interior of the balloon plane—so to call the inflatable plane being connected therewith by a short hose.

Five pairs of "beating wings," actuated by a walking-beam arrangement so as to imitate the flapping of a rapid-flying bird, help the "aeronef" to ascend. For this purpose, however, dependence is had chiefly upon the hot air from the aforementioned air-heating chamber which, rising through the vertical pipe, transforms the upper plane into a balloon. Driving power, of course, is provided by a propeller.

Meanwhile a Chicago man has taken out a patent for a hot-air skycraft provided with a hemispherical balloon, which has for its bottom or flat side a horizontal floor of wood. This floor, upon which the inflatable hemisphere rests, affords a rigid plane surface to assist flotation when the airship is moving rapidly.

Suspended from this odd-shaped balloon by steel rods is the car body, in the bottom of which are three large alcohol lamps, inclosed in metal tubes that extend vertically upward into the balloon. These lamps produce the hot air, which the metal tubes or chimneys convey for the inflation of the balloon.

In the operation of this remarkable craft the alcohol lamps are first lighted and, as the heated air rises through the chimney and enters the balloon, the buoyancy gradually increases until the machine is elevated into the air. Then the engines are started and, as the propellers—front and rear—are rotated, the vessel is driven forward.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

Tans are correct—the proper shades and shapes in "Natural Shape" lasts are shown in variety by Florsheim dealers.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our *free* booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting," showing styles that are *different*.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.

Are we foolish to go to Russia for bristles?

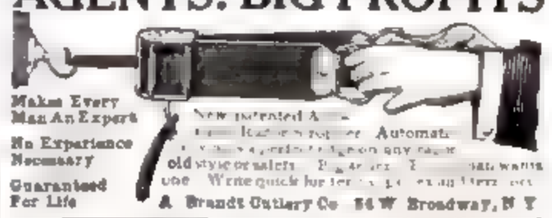
Time will tell—when you use the brush.

Wonder why we send that far, don't you? Well, just run your thumb along a Brisco-Kleanwell. The bristles don't prick nor crack, do they? They bend. And then they spring back. It's funny but we can't find bristles like that any nearer home.

Brisco-Kleanwell
Toothbrush

Sold by accommodating shops
Alfred H. Smith Co.
38 W. 33d St., New York

AGENTS! BIG PROFITS



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The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis

Why I no longer make Rigoletto Cigars in Havana

I made Rigoletto Cigars in Havana for 3 years

Why did I move my factory from Havana to Tampa, and 4 years later from Tampa to Cleveland, where I am now making the Rigoletto Cigar better than ever it was?

These are facts, Mr. Smoker, that will clear up for you some things that now seem strange. They will change some notions you may have. They will give you a new insight to the cigar-making industry. They will help you settle on a cigar that will give you the very utmost smoking value for your money.

I began to manufacture Rigoletto Cigars in Havana in 1903. I used the choicest tobacco that the island produced, and made the very best cigars that could be put together. They were sold in the best clubs and hotels and by the best trade in England, Russia, Australia, Germany, Belgium, Canada and United States. They proved particularly pleasing to the taste of the American smoking public. But under our tariff system, the proposition of making cigars in Havana and selling them in the United States seemed to me impossible

A cigar that costs 10 cents in Havana must be sold for 25 cents in this country to make a profit. The duty on the average size cigar amounts to $5.40 per hundred. Then there is an ad valorem duty of $2.50 more, so that the actual duty on the average imported cigar amounts to $7.90 per hundred. Add to this the freight, the handling cost, the dealer's profit and other expenses.

Now what does it cost to bring over the tobacco and make the cigars here? The tariff on raw material is only about ten per cent of the finished product. This makes it about 79 cents on 100 cigars. On the average cigar I save you more than $7.00 on every hundred

There are no arguments to offset these facts. Raw material does not deteriorate in shipment. In fact, Havana tobacco in bales retains more of its aroma than in made-up cigars.

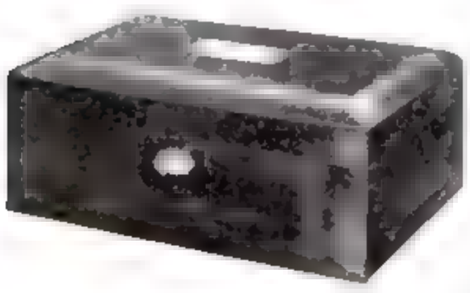
I pay more today for the tobacco in Rigoletto Cigars than I ever did in Havana when my cigars sold up to a dollar at retail. I am using better tobacco. I am making a better cigar in every respect. The cigars are wrapped better. It would be impossible to use finer tobacco than I put into the Rigoletto.

Why can I sell the Rigoletto Cigar for 10 cents? The first great reason is because I import the raw material and make the cigar in this country. There are other reasons:

After leaving Havana I made the Rigoletto Cigar in Tampa for 4 years. But manufacturing conditions there were so wasteful of material, time and product, that I found it impossible to make as good a cigar as I wished, to be sold at a fair price. Now I have avoided these conditions. I have a big, well-lighted factory on the shore of Lake Erie, with as good a class of skilled labor as you can find in all of Cuba or Florida. The conditions for manufacturing are ideal.

I will tell you more of that later in these pages. I will give you facts that will amaze you. But right now, I want to tell you more about the Rigoletto Cigar. ***The Rigoletto is made of the best tobacco.*** I select the tobacco myself. I am determined that every Rigoletto Cigar shall be of a quality to please you, Mr. Smoker, and make you want to smoke another of the same brand. That is why I am so careful to select only the best material. I pay the highest price in order to get it. I select tobacco only that has a perfect aroma, and that will make up into smooth, even-burning cigars. No better cigar can be rolled than the Rigoletto. Every cigar burns evenly and smoothly.

The Rigoletto is made in 4 shapes of standard size, the shapes which 99 out of every 100 men prefer. When I made the Rigoletto in Havana and Tampa, I made 40 or 50 different shapes, and that is another manner in which I have cut down the cost of production, in order to give you better goods. The shapes in which the Rigoletto now comes are the ***Perfecto Extra, Club House, Panetela and Elegante.***



This is a solid, substantial humidor, that you will be proud to keep on your library table. It is hand-rubbed to a piano finish in a rich mahogany color. It has a brass name plate, lock and key, lined with metal throughout, with perforated, removable moisture pads. Only one humidor will be sent to a person. Read my offer carefully.

This is the actual size of these cigars

This is a handsome case of seal leather with top that folds over and slips under a leather band. It is stiff and protects the cigars against breakage. Holds five cigars. Only one of these cases can be sent to any one person. Read my offer carefully.

Here is my remarkable quick-acquaintance offer

I will never do a mail order business with the Rigoletto Cigar. It will be sold only through dealers.

But to introduce the cigar quickly to people who are not acquainted with it, I make you this offer

Send $1 with the name of your dealer and I will send you a box of 10 cigars, any one of the four sizes that retail at 10c each, and a handsome seal leather cigar case as shown above. Your name will be stamped on the case in gold. This case alone would sell at retail for a dollar or more.

Send $5 with the name of your dealer and I will send you, express prepaid, a box of 50 cigars and a beautiful, mahogany-finished humidor with brass name plate bearing your initials, lock and key. For this humidor at retail you would pay $3 or $4. This offer is good in United States only.

Understand, Gentlemen, I can never sell you more than one box of cigars on these conditions. In the future you must buy entirely from dealers. Your dealer will be glad to stock and sell Rigolettos.

In ordering, be sure to give the name of your dealer, and specify shape and color of the cigars you want (light, medium or dark).

E. A. Kline

E. A. KLINE & CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Enclosed is $. for which you will please send me cigars and cigar (case) Shape (humidor) Color fully prepaid.

My dealer's name is

Address

My name is

Address

Notice to Dealers

As soon as your customers get acquainted with Rigoletto Cigars they will want them and want them quickly. No person can get more than one box from us direct. Then they will have to go to you. We advise you to get your supply at once through your regular channel or direct from us. There will be a big and steady demand.

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER HEELS

give you all the advantages of ordinary rubber heels, and in addition *keep you from slipping* on wet sidewalks or pavements.

Note the Patented Friction Plug in the back part of the heel—right where the wear comes. It not only prevents slipping but makes *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels* outwear the old-fashioned kind.

Insist on *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*—the name is easy to remember. And they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING

THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING

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To the Retail Trade

"It pays to give the public what they want." The majority want *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*. Order from your jobber today.

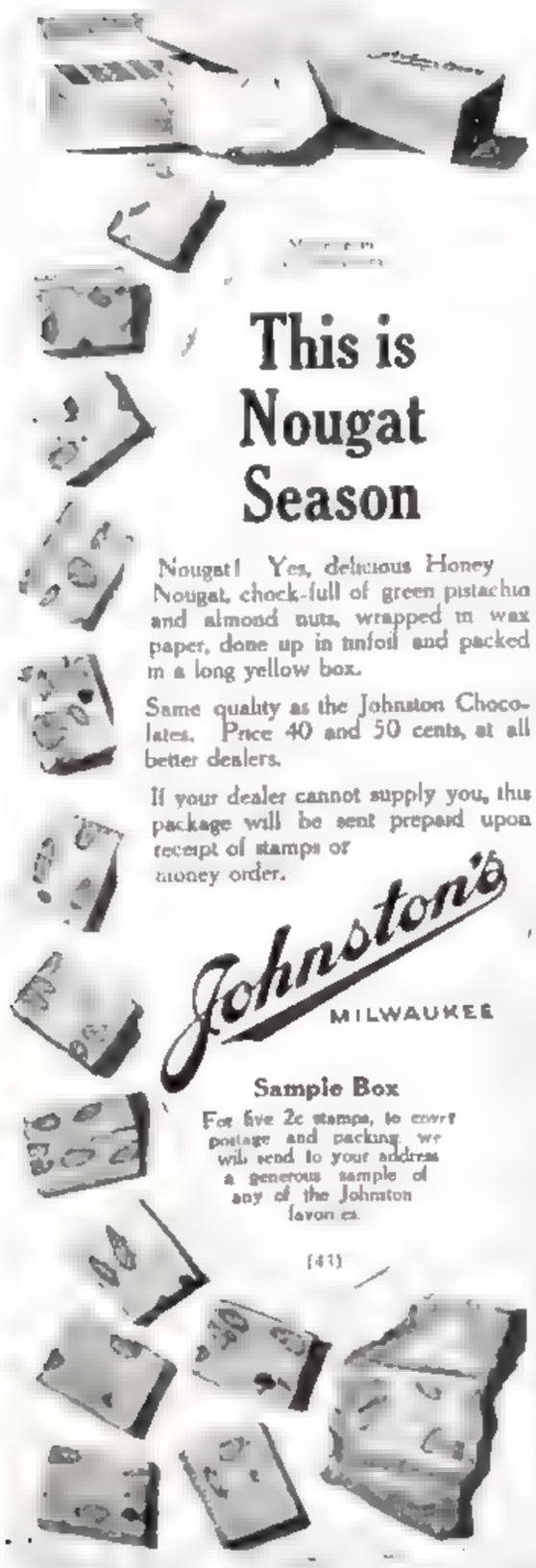
Free

Send us the name of your shoe dealer and we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin.

Free

Send us the name of your shoe dealer and we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin

Foster Rubber Company
105 Federal Street, BOSTON, MASS.



This is Nougat Season

Nougat! Yes, delicious Honey Nougat, chock-full of green pistachio and almond nuts, wrapped in wax paper, done up in tinfoil and packed in a long yellow box.

Same quality as the Johnston Chocolates. Price 40 and 50 cents, at all better dealers.

If your dealer cannot supply you, this package will be sent prepaid upon receipt of stamps or money order.

Johnston's MILWAUKEE

Sample Box

For five 2c stamps, to cover postage and packing, we will send to your address a generous sample of any of the Johnston favorites.

(41)

No expensive silk is made in more rarely beautiful designs and colorings than

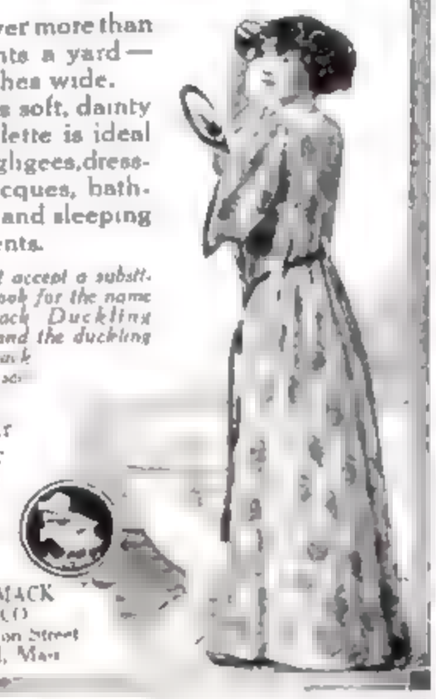
MERRIMACK DUCKLING FLEECE

Never more than 15 cents a yard—27 inches wide.

This soft, dainty flannelette is ideal for negligees, dressing sacques, bathrobes and sleeping garments.

Don't accept a substitute. Look for the name Merrimack Duckling Fleece and the duckling on the back of the selvage

If your dealer hasn't it, write us.



MERRIMACK MFG. CO. 12 Dutton Street Lowell, Mass

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copperplate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style in the straight Stationery at moderate prices. Samples free

Charles H. Elliott Co., 1036 Lehigh Ave., Philada

Dirt in Food

By RENÉ BACHE

HOW much dirt is the average person obliged to eat in the course of a year? This question has recently been the subject of very serious study. Its intimate connection with human health is obvious, for dirty food carries germs, many of which are disease-producers.

Investigations both in this country and abroad have proved that nearly all foods contain more or less dirt. They are contaminated by careless handling and frequently by exposure on stalls or in open windows to the filthy dust of the street. It is reckoned that, at a low estimate, from fifty to one hundred pounds of dirt are deposited on the average stall or unprotected shop window in a twelvemonth.

Sugar, as commonly sold in grocery stores, is found to contain an average of five grains of dirt to the pound, such impurity consisting of sawdust, sand, fibers from the sacks and the ordinary dust of the shop and street.

Dried fruits are remarkably "rich" in foreign matter. In one series of experiments dates yielded nearly six grains of dirt to the pound. Currants were worst, containing ninety grains—largely stalks. The investigator in this case says that perhaps it is hardly fair to call stalks dirt, but they are "certainly useless as food and are very unpleasant to come across in cakes and puddings."

Meats on stalls, especially those outside of shops, are fingered by the buyer before he or she finally decides on the purchase. The customer's hands are often far from clean and possibly not free from pathogenic germs.

What is Dirt?

Children particularly are subject to intestinal worms, which are the cause of much ill health. They come as a result of eating dirty food that carries the eggs of these parasites. Just now in the District of Columbia a raid is being made upon venders of candies and cakes whose merchandise, exposed to flies without protection by glass or mosquito netting, is believed to scatter broadcast among children cholera morbus and other such complaints.

In nearly every market there are stalls on which bread and cakes are exposed for sale without covering. In the neighborhood of a market there are always stables, in which flies are hatched by myriads. The flies swarm in the market and crawl over the cakes, the pastry and the bread, which are soon covered with myriads of disease-producing germs.

But this is not a discussion of the fly and the troubles it causes. Leaving it aside, there remains the fact that in the process of handling and selling often as little care is taken of a loaf of bread as of a head of cabbage. But the latter has this point in its favor, that it is washed and cooked before being eaten. The London Punch remarked ironically the other day: "One great advantage of the new whole-wheat bread seems to have escaped the notice of the general public. Owing to its dark complexion it does not show fingermarks."

In order to obtain some idea of the amount of dirt in the form of dust deposited on foods in open shop windows and on stalls and venders' handcarts, glass saucers containing distilled water were exposed for eight hours in such situations. The dirt collected in each saucer varied from three-fourths of a grain to two and a quarter grains.

Now of what did this dirt—derived mainly from the blown dust of the street—consist? Microscopic examination showed that it was chiefly made up of particles of sand, bits of straw, hairs, threads of wool and cotton, soot, decaying animal and vegetable matter, finely powdered horse manure, sputum from human beings and innumerable micro-organisms.

The air, especially in crowded districts of large cities, may contain a great variety of bacteria, both disease-producing and harmless. But the dust of streets is always loaded with indescribable filth. The fact seems obvious enough, yet it is only recently that the health authorities of our cities have come to realize it. A newly adopted paragraph in the sanitary code of New York says:

"No breadstuffs, cake, pastry, sliced fresh fruits, dried or preserved fruits,

OCCIDENT FLOUR

"Better Baking"

for North—East—West—South

A little flour booklet—may we send it to you free?

Not a recipe book, but a book about *better* flour—how it's better—why it's better—and the proof.

Occident Flour is the utmost in the milling art. Made from top market priced Northern Premium Wheat, tested by Chemists for food values, by Expert Bakers, daily, for perfect oven results.

Occident Flour is good enough to carry our Money-back Guarantee for better results in your baking than you've had with any other flour—*better baking or your money refunded*

If there IS a better flour, don't you want to know it? Don't you want to read the booklet about it?

RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING COMPANY OCCIDENT MINNEAPOLIS

OCCIDENT FLOUR

Costs More—WORTH IT

Russell-Miller Milling Co. Minneapolis, U. S. A.

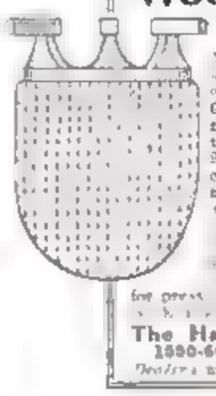
"How to Grow and Market Fruit"

HARRISON'S NURSERIES Commodore Ave. Berlin, Md.

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. If you are interested address

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia



The Harris Wood Fibre Mantle

Only Wood Fibre and Guaranteed Mantles Made

Guaranteed to outlast three ordinary make cotton mantles and give One-third More Light. JAR PROOF SHRINK PROOF and will increase candle power when burning. Our mantles Have No Equal At Any Price

The Harris Wood Fibre Mantle Co. 1550-60 West Third St., Cleveland, Ohio

TYPEWRITERS FACTORY REBUILT

Save $25 to $50

We guarantee for one year

American Writing Machine Co. 346 Broadway, New York

Buy TOBACCO DIRECT From FACTORY Then you will know the exquisite aroma of a pure, perfectly blended, clean and wholesome smoke

French's Mixture The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco

for Large Sample Pouch and Booklet.

French Tobacco Co. Dept. D. Statesville, N. C.

THE painting of the house makes or mars the beauty of the home. It must harmonize in color with its surroundings—like a gem in a setting. And the paint must have character, spread evenly, and hold firmly to the surface without crack, blotch or blister.

"Dutch Boy Painter"
Pure White Lead

The one exactly right way to paint is to have an experienced painter mix the paint "on the premises," using pure white lead, pure linseed oil and turpentine, each in the proper proportion for each particular surface.

Tinting colors are added to the white lea under your own supervision and tried on the actual surface t you get the color effect you desire.

We can demonstrate to you that there is a great difference between ordinary painting and Dutch Boy white-leading if you will let us—a difference which means greater satisfaction at no greater cost.

Don't risk spoiling an attractive place by improper pa Let *Pure* white lead—for durability as well as appeara *Painter*" White Lead is standard. W pure it forms the most durable paint in the world.

Let Us Help You Solve Your Painting Problem

Write to us for color schemes p tions and the names of "Blue List" Painters in our community men who use our "Dutch B Painter" White Lead. Ask for helps No. 753.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, San Francisco
John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia (National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

Here Is Swift Relief For Tired, Aching Feet

THIS little metal device, the *Diamond Foot Support*, is simply wonderful in its ability to banish foot troubles. The speed with which it relieves tired, aching feet and ankles, remedies the dreaded "broken arch" and makes nervous people

One of the First Symptoms

The feet become tired and ache, smart and burn. ... aching pains often extend up through the calf ... as far as the back ... Weak ankles and ...

Diamond Foot Supports

Positively prevent these troubles. They ... the whole system ... and keep the feet ... and in ... and grace to your ... *Diamond Foot Supports* ... shoes, ... by leading physicians. Thousands of ... from grateful users.

50c At All Dealers *Diamond Foot Supports* ... your ... shoes, ... feet and whether for man or ... Money back if not satisfied.

Write for Valuable Free Booklet on Foot and Shoe Troubles

DIAMOND FOOT SUPPORT CO., 311 Equitable Bldg., Dept. A, St. Louis, Mo

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

Are the universal *first choice*. They are the handsomest and most durable Garters made and afford the maximum of comfort.

There's a printed guarantee ... satisfaction with every pair. Look for the name **PARIS** on every garter.

A. STEIN & CO., Makers
CHICAGO - - - - U. S. A

25c and 50c

candies, or other perishable food products shall be sold or offered for sale unless they be kept so covered that they are protected from dust, dirt, flies and other contamination."

What could be more admirable or more intelligently comprehensive than this regulation? There is only one trouble about it—it is not enforced.

There is today a new and more exact definition of the word "dirt." To say that it is "matter in the wrong place" is from a modern viewpoint hardly adequate. Rather should it be classified as matter that contains the potentiality of disease.

From the Stone Age to the present day the human race has eaten more or less dirt with its food. Mostly the dirt doesn't do any harm. The little bits of sand, fluff, straw and the like that are mixed with food really matter little so far as health is concerned; but recent animal material matters very much.

Unfortunately it is out of the question in a discussion of this subject to omit mention of milk. That product of the cow, so indispensable as a human food, almost always contains a considerable percentage of dirt. Many bottles of it, as delivered to the consumer, will, if allowed to settle, be found to reveal a sediment of stable filth.

Several of the states, particularly Indiana and Texas, are already taking up the question of dirty foods, and are enforcing in restaurants, grocery stores, bakeshops and fruit stores, as well as on venders' stands and wagons, regulations for the protection of edible supplies against dust and flies. The Indiana Board of Health, in promulgating recent regulations on the subject, says: "Counters or stands on or near sidewalks invite filth, which consists largely of manure from the streets, spittle from diseased lungs, and every other form of the waste products of men and animals."

The subject is not a pleasant one, but obviously it must be discussed frankly and in plain language if reform in the interest of the public health is to be accomplished.

A new recognition of the importance of such considerations to the health and comfort of humanity is evidenced by the appearance on the market of many kinds of food-products in dust-proof packages. Many bakers nowadays are sending out their bread and rolls similarly protected; and there is no question of the fact that the recent enormous growth of the business of putting up cereals and other goods in packages has been due largely to the popular demand for clean things to eat.

Murderous Motes by the Million

If one wishes to get a notion of the number of germs in ordinary air, let him set a tumbler of water on a table or mantelpiece and leave it for three or four days. At the end of that time the water will be covered with a sort of scum, which, under a microscope, will be found to be literally a mass of living micro-organisms.

When a ray of sunlight streams into a darkened room it reveals a multitude of the lighter dust particles that are always floating about in the air, though ordinarily invisible to the eye. These particles are mostly fragments of vegetable and animal fibers, such as cotton and wool, and an enormous variety of micro-organisms, single or in masses, mostly the spores of molds and clusters of bacteria. Such are the "motes in the sunbeam," respecting which so many poetical ideas have been expressed. Many of these motes are living animals, such as the rotifers, which, it is thought, may possibly survive through indefinite ages of time. Though dried and seemingly dead for long periods they will come to life again when moistened.

Street dust consists largely of small particles of sand. It also contains numerous grains of starch, that substance which, derived from wheat, corn, rice, potatoes, and the like, furnishes so large a proportion of human food. Over every town a cloud of starch may be said to hang in the air. But if one takes a pinch of dust and examines it with a microscope one finds in it a great variety of other things—broken fibers of plants, shreds of clothing, pollen, fragments of animal hairs, scales of human skin, pieces of insects' claws, spores of fungi, ashes, and so forth. Most of this is harmless, of course, but some of it is dangerous to human health and human life. Always it has been so, but civilization has at last become aware of the peril, and for the first time in the history of mankind is adopting measures to guard against this fruitful source of mischief.

Would You Like to Have the Same Opportunity to Buy Shoes that the New York Men and Women of Fashion Have Every Day of the Year?

THE Cammeyer shoe store in New York City is one of the wonder-points of the city. There are 410 thoroughly-trained sales-people employed in this splendidly-equipped establishment and 1000 customers can be seated comfortably at one time. Over $2,000,000 worth of Cammeyer shoes were sold in 1910.

You can have at your service this most efficient organization, and through our perfect mail-order system can enjoy the same satisfaction which Cammeyer shoes give to the women and men of fashion of New York City.

YOUR name and address on a postal will ... Fall and Winter Catalog of ... Shoes, containing 80 pictures of ... Description and ... Address CAMMEYER, Dept. ... New York City.

Cammeyer
Stamped on a Shoe means Standard of Merit
6TH Ave. & 20TH St.
NEW YORK CITY

Our New Style Book
MAILED FREE

It should be in the hands of every ... who ... Arts ... pictures ... of Craftsmanship ... interesting history ... the 15th Century ... Arts & Crafts ... all expensive.

... Lambert's Holland Dutch Arts & Crafts ... see our trade ... Over ...

CHARLES P. LIMBERT COMPANY
Holland, Mich. Dept. S, Grand Rapids, Mich

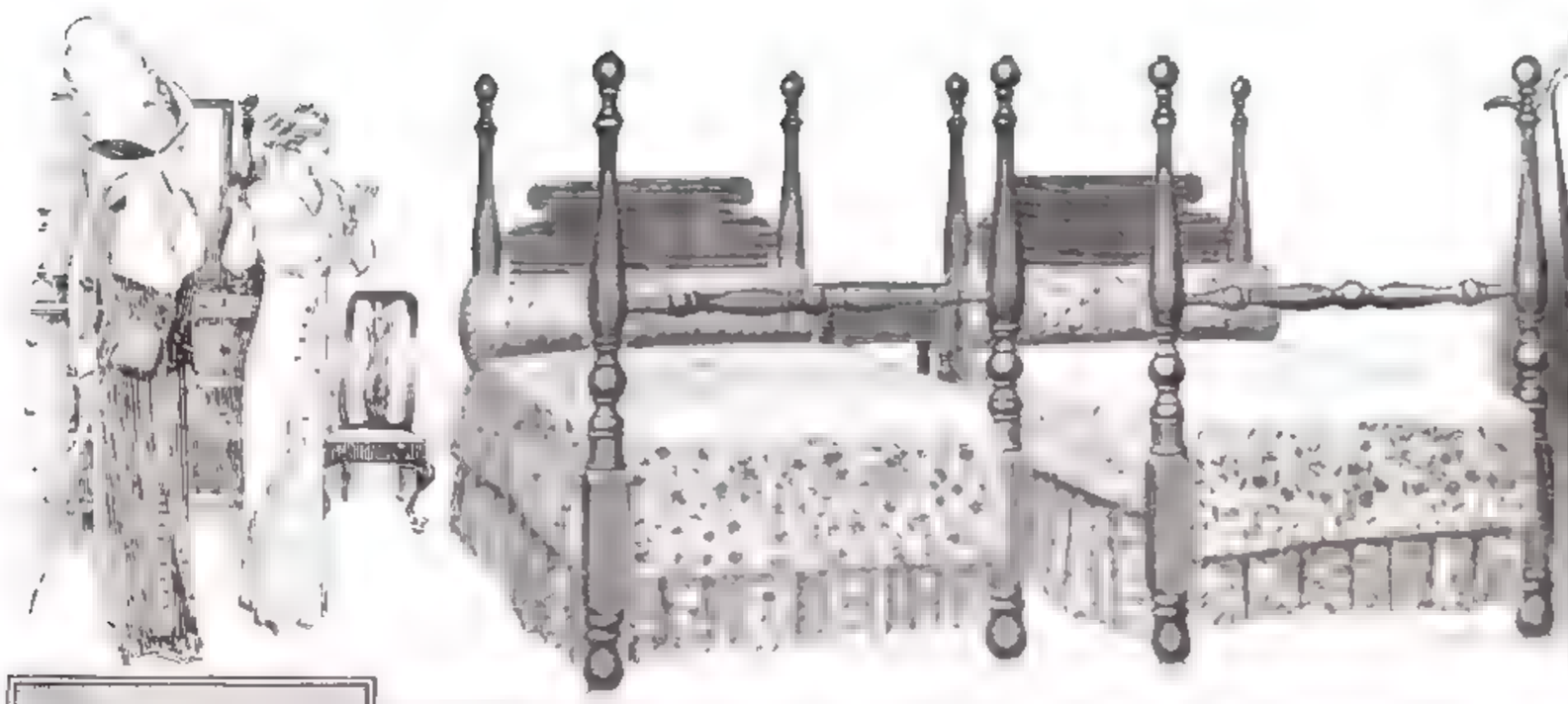
ANDREWS THERMOSTAT

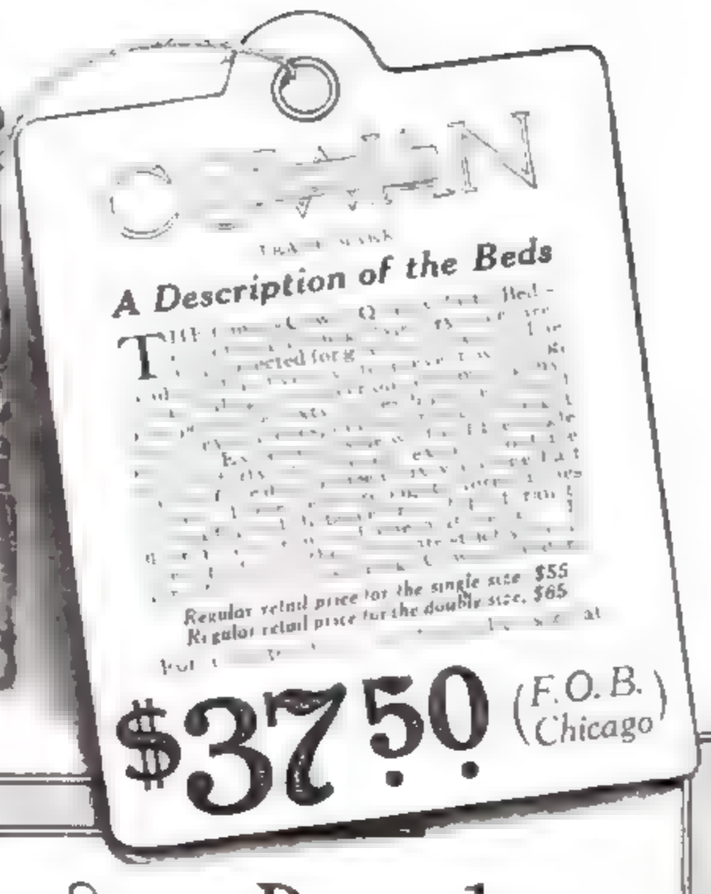
ONLY $20

... automatically opening ...

Guaranteed For Life

Andrews Heating Co
1195 Heating Bldg Minneapolis, Minn.




A Description of the Beds
Regular retail price for the single size $55
Regular retail price for the double size, $65
$37.50 (F.O.B. Chicago)

A Limited Number of Discriminative People May Now Secure the Genuine Cowan Quality Poster Beds On an Unusual Offer

There is a rapidly growing class of American furniture buyers who place artistic merit and actual quality far above price. Yet, they are quick to recognize a rare bargain treat when a period piece is offered. An important percentage of these appreciative furniture collectors now realize that Cowan cabinet work is the standard furniture of the world. Modern merchandising cannot wait until the remaining number learn that fact, and so we make this offer:

A Cowan Poster Bed at a Saving

The Colonial Four-Poster Bed shown and described above, the genuine Cowan Quality in selected mahogany, a rare specimen of the cabinet-maker's art, for a limited time only, at a saving of $17.50 on the single and $27.50 on the double size.

A most unusual opportunity to secure a genuine, trade-marked Cowan period piece at $37.50, f. o. b. Chicago, for either the single or double size.

There is only one Cowan Quality; there is no other furniture like it. It is built on lines which time has approved and which mere fashion cannot change. And these beds are representative of the very acme of Cowan accomplishment.

Hundreds of Cowan beds in this fine, old pattern are now in some of America's best homes—bought at the uniform price of $55 for the single size and $65 for the double.

They cannot be sold for less at a profit. But for a limited time we are planning to waive all profit on these Poster Beds, and are offering them now at $37.50, f. o. b. Chicago, either size, to extend farther the range of appreciation for Cowan cabinet work.

These beds are on display and for sale wherever Cowan Quality Furniture is sold. If your city is not mentioned in the guide below, we will be glad to inform you by post how you can share in this opportunity, no matter where you are located.

But be sure you secure Cowan quality. Every Cowan piece carries the Cowan trade-mark shown on the price ticket above. We urge you not to be satisfied with any but Cowan standard quality, and the way to be sure is to look for the Cowan trade-mark.

We make this offer solely to stimulate your first interest in Cowan Furniture. We sell these beds to our agents at less than shop cost, to enable them to fulfill this agreement.

Seek Out the Cowan Dealer in Your City—He is a Good Man to Know

He is an authority on home decoration whose tastes and helpful suggestions you'll appreciate. This is a guide to the principal Cowan dealers:

Albany, N. Y.—Van Heusen Charles Co.
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Martin Haller
Atlanta, Ga.—Chamberlin-Johnson-DuBose Co.
Auburn, N. Y.—G. W. Richardson & Son
Baltimore, Md.—C. J. Benson & Co.
Bay City, Mich.—C. E. Rosenbury & Sons.
Birmingham, Ala.—Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Boise, Idaho—Allen-Wright Furn. Co.
Boston, Mass.—Paine Furn. Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abram & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.—Hengerer & Co.
Champaign, Ill.—Mitchell & Kerr
Charleston, Kanawha, W. Va.—Warwick, Barrett & Shirley
Charlotte, N. C.—Parker-Gardner Co.
Cleveland, O.—The Stearns & Walker Co.
Cincinnati, O.—H. & S. Pogue Co.
Colorado Springs, Colo.—F. S. Tucker Furn. Co.
Columbus, O.—F. G. & A. Howald.
Dallas, Tex.—Tom B. Burnett.
Davenport, Ia.—Iowa Furn. & Carpet Co.
Denver, Colo.—The Denver Dry Goods Co.
Des Moines, Ia.—Chase & West.
Duluth, Minn.—French & Bassett.
Ft. Wayne, Ind.—D. N. Foster Furn. Co.
Franklin, Pa.—Anderson & Co.
Houston, Tex.—H. Waddell
Hartford, Conn.—Wise, Smith & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Sander & Recker Furniture Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.
LaCrosse, Wis.—The Wm. Doerflinger Co.
Lansing, Mich.—M. J. & B. M. Buck
Lexington, Ky.—E. L. March.
Lincoln, Neb.—Rudge & Guenzel Co.
Little Rock, Ark.—Jones House Furn. Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—California Furn. Co.
Louisville, Ky.—Fred W. Keisker & Son.
Memphis, Tenn.—A. D. Gibson & Sons.
Memphis, Tenn.—Armstrong Furn. Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.—C. W. Fischer Furn. Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Wm. A. French & Co.
Nashville, Tenn.—Montgomery & Co.
New Bedford, Mass.—J. F. Hicks
Newark, O.—J. Udelhaut
New Haven, Conn.—Charles P. Thompson.
New Orleans, La.—Schwartz Eustis Co.
New York, N. Y.—Grand Rapids Interior Co.
Omaha, Neb.—Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co.
Peoria, Ill.—Schipper & Block.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Pittsburg, Pa.—Dauler, Close & Johns.
Pittsburg, Pa.—McCreery & Co.
Portland, Ore.—J. G. Mack & Co.
Providence, R. I.—The Potter Co.
Richmond, Va.—Sydnor & Hundley.
Rockford, Ill.—Louise D. Hill
Rochester, N. Y.—C. & C. Schmieke Co.
Saginaw, Mich.—Henry Feige & Son.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Greenewald Furn. Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—Raphael Weill & Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—Shreve & Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—W. & J. Sloane & Co.
Schenectady, N. Y.—A. Brown & Son Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson.
Sioux City, Ia.—Lindholm Furn. Co.
Springfield, Ill.—A. Dirksen & Sons.
St. Louis, Mo.—Mannheimer Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.—J. Kennard & Sons Carpet Co.
Spokane, Wash.—Grote-Rankin Co.
Terre Haute, Ind.—E. D. Harvey
Toledo, O.—Stolberg & Parks
Topeka, Kans.—The Crosby Bros. Co.
Utica, N. Y.—Williams & Morgan.
Vicksburg, Miss.—Rice & Co.
Waco, Tex.—R. T. Dennis & Co.
Washington, D. C.—R. W. & J. B. Henderson
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—C. F. Murray Furn. Co.
Wichita, Kans.—The Geo. Innes D. G. Co.
Winona, Minn.—Interstate Merc. Co.

Offer is Limited—Place Your Order at Once

Cowan Quality dresser, dressing table, chiffonier, costumer, commode and cheval glass to match, can be had if desired. Place yourself in touch with your dealer—to delay may mean disappointment. If you do not know the Cowan dealer in your city, write us.

Call upon your nearest Cowan agent or write us direct for information. The Cowan line now numbers more than 1,000 designs, all in mahogany, reproduced from the masterpieces of Sheraton, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Adam, American Colonial, etc. And this is a splendid opportunity to make your first acquaintance with the standard furniture of the world. Place your order at once.

SHOPS Lake Shore Drive Ohio and Ontario Streets CHICAGO

W. K. COWAN & CO.

The Chicago Cowan Store 318 South Michigan Boulevard

"THE DAISY BOY"

DAISY AIR RIFLE

"I Take My Daisy With Me Everywhere

"When I go fishing, or swimming, or just for a long tramp in the woods, I always like to take my Daisy.

"I tell you it's great fun to get out into the open and sight along the barrel of your Daisy, then pull the trigger, and know that the shot is going right straight to the mark you're aiming at.

"When I'm at home I practice on the Daisy Target and father tells me I'm getting to be a fine marksman.

"Mother says it's a good deal better for me to be out of doors with my Daisy, getting red cheeks and bright eyes, than to be loafing around the house or perhaps getting into bad company. She says boys that haven't got something to occupy their attention are sure to get into mischief. My Daisy certainly takes up all my attention."

Part of the training of every boy is to have a Daisy Air Rifle, and learn to shoot straight, and hit the mark. Every boy wants a gun, and the Daisy is the best boy's gun made, safe, accurate, and built just like a big magazine hunting rifle.

All hardware and sporting goods dealers handle the Daisy line of air rifles. Go to your nearest store and ask to see these Daisy models. The dealer will be glad to show them to you whether you are ready to buy or not.

"Daisy Special," 1000-shot Repeater, the finest air rifle made, finished in gun blue and provided with patented shot retaining device, one of the many exclusive Daisy ideas found on no other make of air rifles, . $2.50
Other Daisy Models, ... 50c to $2.00
Little Daisy Pop-Gun, ...25
New Daisy Target for indoor and outdoor practice, .50

Don't let anyone sell you an inferior air rifle. If your dealer does not handle the Daisy line, we will send any model, prepaid, on receipt of price.

Send for our free book, "The Diary of a Daisy Boy," containing complete rules of drill and hints on marksmanship.

A WORD TO DEALERS

This is but one of the many large advertisements in big magazines of national circulation that we use to help our dealers sell Daisy Air Rifles. We will also gladly send our new lithographed window display to any dealer on request, as well as electrotypes for advertising purposes. Write today.

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.

287 UNION STREET PLYMOUTH, MICH.

The largest air rifle factory in the world, making each year more air rifles than all other factories combined

Export Office, R. M. Lockwood, Mgr., 18 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Pacific Coast Branch, Phil B. Bekeart, Mgr., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. Mexican Branch, Louis N. Chemidlin, Mexico City, D. F., Mexico.

The Daisy at the Old Fishin' Hole

The Worst Business in the World

(Continued from Page 18)

thirty-five cents, making a profit of ten cents for himself. The department store sells to the public at forty-five or fifty cents. Regular bookshops often handle these books in large numbers also, and it frequently happens that you can buy at the same counter two different editions of the same famous old novel—both well printed from the same plates—one for fifty cents and the other for a dollar eight.

Curiously, the advent of the cheap edition two or more years after original publication does not very greatly affect the continued sale of the original higher-priced edition. They sell along together for years.

Today, therefore, the publisher's final figures for a "best seller" of one hundred thousand initial circulation would look something like this:

Cost of Manufacture	$0.221
Royalty, at 20 per cent	.270
Cost of Doing Business, 28 per cent of income	.224
	$0.715
Deduct from average price received	.800
Leaves average net profit on each book	$0.085
Net Profit on 100,000 sold	$8,500
Cheap Edition, 50,000 copies, at 5 cents a book, less 28 per cent for cost of doing business	1,800
Total net profit	$10,300

Which is a good deal better than in the middle of the "crazy period" when, from their advertising, the public had a right to think that publishers were making fortunes.

It is interesting, by-the-way, to compare the publisher's earnings with those of the author, which in this instance, including the return from the cheap edition, would be twenty-nine thousand five hundred dollars. This is gross, of course; but, assuming that it took a year for the author to write the novel and that his living expenses for the period were five thousand dollars, you have as his net profit twenty-four thousand five hundred dollars. Not bad, is it?

For your modern novelist, be it noted right here—I mean your successful novelist—is really a magnate compared with his publisher. One popular novelist is said to get fifteen thousand dollars from a magazine for the serial rights of a new novel, and his book publisher afterward sells somewhere between one and two hundred thousand copies at full price and full royalty, and possibly a hundred thousand of the cheap edition at five cents royalty. You can calculate for yourself what one novel—say, every other year—probably brings him. As for the myriad novelists of lesser degree—but all that is quite "another story."

The Unknown Money-Makers

You will also note, of course, that I have made in the above table no allowance for special advertising, the "Cost of Doing Business" item being now supposed to cover a normal and sufficient advertisement of the book. As a matter of fact, some publishers still cannot wholly resist the undue "lure of the ad," and run their costs higher than the ideal percentage I have used in the illustration. To offset this, the manufacturing item can be considerably reduced by leaving out illustrations and cheapening paper and binding.

"What a stunning business!" exclaims a young man looking over my shoulder at this point. "I'd no idea publishing was so profitable! Half a dozen novels is all you need, isn't it?"

Half a dozen best sellers—yes; but a sale of five thousand is a successful sale, as novels go, while one of ten thousand is an excellent success.

The vast majority of novels, however, which enter the market heavily freighted with authors' and publishers' hopes, are fortunate if they sell two or three thousand each and return their cash investment without interest. Three years ago I counted nineteen new novels on the spring list of a conspicuous publisher and at Christmas learned that only one of them had sold out its first slender edition. Think of the capital tied up in that losing bunch! That is the other side of this fiction business.

Those houses that make a success of fiction do so after long study and the most careful development of their opportunities. The Century Company's amazingly popular dollar series, beginning with Mrs. Wiggs and running down through The Lady of the Decoration, Uncle William and others to Mollie Make-Believe, is the result of the most careful and thoughtful study of the first chance success. And publishers generally, by patient selection and development, gather together in the years small groups of highly popular novelists, round whose books they group the lesser sellers and the great mob of new writers they hope—quite as ardently as the writers themselves—will develop some day from experiments, more or less costly, into money-makers and, mayhap, some of them good sellers.

And this is the fiction business—absorbingly interesting, exciting enough, very highly speculative and, at its best and as a whole, not very profitable. In view of which, those familiar "Book Trust" advertisements of the cut-price department stores, attacking publishers as "Fiction Barons," are funny, aren't they?

Where then, you ask, is the money in publishing? Since those glittering best sellers that fill the public eye and furnish the public tongue with book patter are not the publishers' great prizes, what, in the name of Midas, are?

The mystery remains a mystery of sorts even after it is elucidated, for the publishers' prizes are books you have scarcely or never heard of. They include, for example, that book on shade trees which your next-door neighbor bought and no one else in your whole acquaintance, though you knew twenty who bought the same publisher's best-selling novel; and the book on the philosophy of religion to which your minister referred in last Sunday's sermon—a book fourteen years old at that; and the little book on right thinking that you remember seeing several years ago on Mrs. Jones' table; and the Betty and Katharine books—a whole series—which your little daughter wanted for her birthday; and the book on winter life in India, the review of which interested you several years ago and which you always meant to buy; and the biography of an American woman educator that your friend across the street was enthusiastic over—hundreds, yes, thousands, of books on every subject on earth apparently, and scarcely a score of whose titles you ever heard. Novels? Yes, a few; but, apart from obvious "classics," most of them do not seem especially prominent.

The Value of Steady Sellers

This is very puzzling, of course, and the explanation brings us to the very heart of the whole matter. Commercially speaking, books are roughly divided into two classes—quick turnovers and backlog books. The first class are gift books, book specialties of all sorts and nearly all novels.

They are the light horse of this publishing army—the skirmishers, the flank-turners, the supply-getters. They are put out to sell fast and are usually practically forgotten after their first or second season. Many a year's gross sales are comfortably filled out by some chance hit or two in fiction. Many a slow holiday season is saved by the popularity of some gift book that has been stuck into the list to cover just such a contingency.

Sometimes there is no profit in the season's quick sellers, but at least they have turned over a good deal of money, taken care of a good share of the costs of the business and kept the whole line in lively action. The profits of the successes have repaid the losses of the numerous failures and something more. Some years several hit it off together and the profit swells pleasantly.

The so-called "list" books, however, are the heavy infantry, the heavy artillery—the main body of the publishing army. Here is headquarters. Here is where and how the publisher lives. Though some novels and occasional gift books pass into the backlog class by reason of staying qualities not possessed by the class in general, the vast majority are books of serious purpose—biography, history, philosophy, Nature, literature, sport, education—the whole realm of human thought.

Books of this kind are highly prized for several reasons. First, you can depend upon their profitable sale, even though it is scattered over ten or twenty years. Second, there being less risk than with fiction, you

The New Way to Fight Fire

EDW. F. CROKER, *former Fire Chief of New York City, in August "World's Work" makes this statement:* "On May 1st, 1911, I resigned from the position of Chief of the Department to devote the rest of my life to the work of *preventing instead of fighting fires.*"

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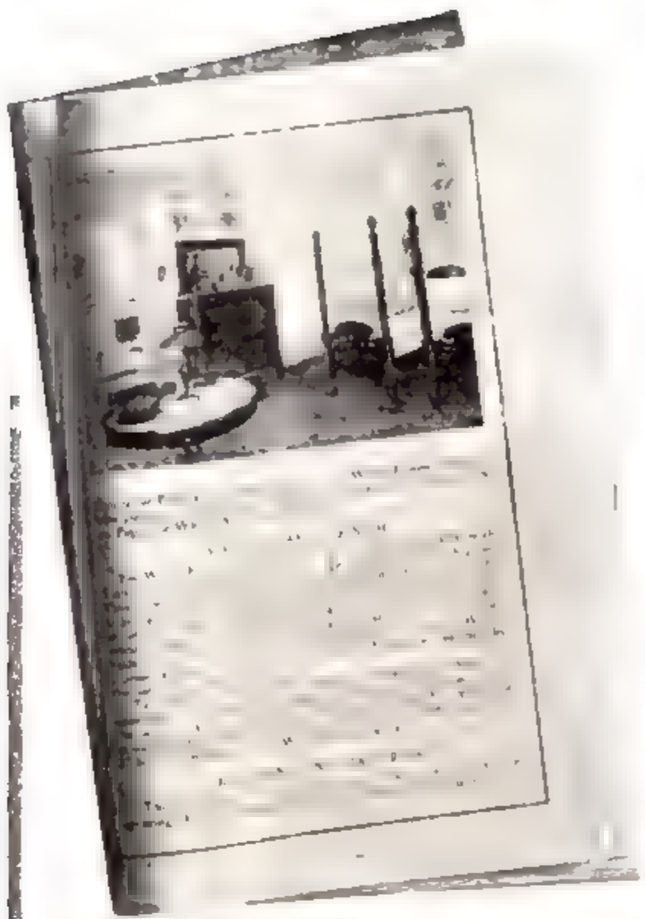

You Need This Book to Help You Decorate

Are you planning a new home, or about to decorate your present one? Then this book,

"Decorative Interior Finishing"

will be of great assistance in suggesting color schemes and in advising as to the best way to finish your woodwork. It's free.

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If your dealer can not give you the "P & L" Varnish you want, send direct to us at 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, New York

In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street Bridgeburg Ontario

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ESTABLISHED 62 YEARS

are not obliged to give the bookseller unnatural discounts. Third, there being little chance of a rapid sale, you do not have other publishers competing with you in royalties. "Royalties exceeding ten per cent are immoral," Henry Holt is reported to have said. Fourth, experience having shown that in some inexplicable way every book will in time reach its normal audience, there is no need of advertising campaigns. A few announcements in certain magazines and newspapers sought for the purpose by people who purchase and read books habitually and who can be trusted to spread their fame among their own kind and near-kind, together with a little judicious circularizing over selected lists, are all that is necessary or safe. Advertising pressure will bring the same results quicker, of course, but usually at the expense of profits. Fifth, the price need not be held down to an obligatory standard, as in fiction. The publisher must sell his six-hundred-page novel at the same price as he sells his three-hundred-and-fifty-page novel, and illustrations are added at his own cost; but the price of the serious book is regulated by its cost, so that a fair margin of profit may always be assured.

A four-to-five-hundred-octavo-page book by Sir Oliver Lodge, for instance, bulked by fairly heavy paper, will score its natural sale of three or four thousand copies at two dollars and fifty cents net, with a gross profit over manufacture and royalty of, more or less, a dollar a book; while a novel of the same length will run a hundred pages more, will cost more for binding, will be illustrated, will pay a larger trade discount, will cost more to advertise and will carry a retail price of only one dollar and thirty-five cents. The one is sure; the other a speculation.

So it is on his list that the publisher depends, as the general on his main army; but he may not neglect with impunity his quick turnovers any more than the general may neglect his own light-moving flanks. In the one case as in the other such neglect means ruin.

Pressing the suggestive figure a step farther, how about the general—how about the man who plays this intricate and difficult game against bigger odds and amid more pitfalls than men in any other business probably within general recognition?

Well, if your publisher is the real thing—if he is born to it—he has the time of his life. His business is a business of littles—one little on top of another little—day by day, season by season, year by year; a business of infinite detail, continual disappointment, a good deal of personal sacrifice, patient waiting and slow, slow growth. As I say, if he is the real thing of a publisher he loves it; every failure even has its keen interest, its extenuating pleasure. He loves the business for its own sake; and it is to him, with all its vexations and annoyances and disappointments, to a large extent its own reward.

"Then," you say, "it really is the 'worst business in the world,' isn't it?"

Ah! but it isn't—to him. To him it is the only business in the world that is worth while. Better "do" in this than get rich in another.

This, then, is your real publisher, your born publisher; and no other should enter the business, for no other, once he finds it out, will stay in it—or, staying, will succeed.

It will take you only two or three minutes to name over all the general publishers in America. It will take you only two or three seconds to name the publisher who got rich out of general book-publishing alone; but it may take you two or three years—or forever—to discover him. For, as the countryman exclaimed on seeing his first giraffe, "Thar ain't no sech critter!"

The Trade We are Scolded About

(Concluded from Page 19)

a truck, into a freight car, out of the same car three thousand miles away, and into the customer's premises—four horizontal moves. If the same box goes to a foreign customer it will do some vertical traveling. A steam crane will lift it into the ship's hold with six other boxes, all bound together in a loop of chain or rope, and lift it out at its destination. Good export packing merely allows for the strains that come with this lifting, plus a little extra strength for a drop or a bang. If goods are to be carried through the surf, or on muleback over mountain roads, a certain amount of intelligence is needed to split them up into convenient parcels and perhaps provide waterproof coverings. A day at the New York docks will teach the shipping clerk more than all the treatises.

Some of our packing is undoubtedly bad. An American showcase salesman went to Buenos Aires for his house, with samples following him—the first export shipment that concern had ever made. He spoke pretty fair Spanish and, in working round the Argentine capital, soon had merchants keenly interested in modern showcases. Then he went to have his samples unpacked—and found nothing left of them but the frames and a few pecks of ground glass! An English salesman who was present says that if he lives to be a thousand years old he will never forget the expression on that Yankee's face.

An American with long experience in the oriental trade says that altogether too much noise is made about our slight proportion of careless export packing. A hundred American houses send goods regularly to a given foreign market and there are no difficulties. A new house, however, sends its first shipment—maybe the only one. It is smashed in transit. Our consul makes a little story of it in a report. Our newspapers find the story an excellent column-filler. It goes the rounds; and our good friends, the British and Germans in that market, cut the item out and use it for competitive purposes—to block American sales.

"Oh, but the Americans pack badly—so very badly!" says our competitor. "Just read that and see—they say so themselves!"

This American in the Orient says our consuls would be reporting useful data if they found out the net cost in European countries of goods entering their market, articles that control that market, freight and insurance rates, the strength and dimensions of packing material used by capable shippers, landing and other local charges, what extra charges are tacked on to goods by local commission agents who import for the native merchants, details about invoicing, drafts, names of people to whom our manufacturers can apply for credit information—and the like.

When it comes to shipping the goods the manager of the newly organized export department can hardly do better than put himself in the hands of a good forwarding concern. The forwarder's service is most comprehensive. He takes the goods at the factory and gives a through bill-of-lading covering railroad transportation to the seaboard, cartage or lighterage, ocean freight and landing. He can give a single charge for freight that enables the shipper to estimate accurately in quoting prices. He is informed on the customs requirements of all countries and gives advice as to weights, packages and marking. He insures the shipment, sees that consular invoices are in proper order, takes a draft with the bill-of-lading and makes collection at destination if required. If storage is necessary along the route he provides it. In certain cases he can quote a lower rate than the railroads from an inland factory to the seaboard where the shipment is less than a carload, because he assembles miscellaneous lots from various shippers, makes up a carload and gets the lowest rate; in fact, hardly any emergency can arise in which the proper sort of forwarding agent will not know what is the best and cheapest thing to do.

The small manufacturer, starting his export business with a few foreign shipments and slowly developing methods at a distance, with no representative abroad, may be inclined to envy the large house that begins foreign trade by sending its own salesmen direct to the countries offering a market.

In some respects, however, the small man's way is most satisfactory. To send salesmen is costly. It involves expensive canvassing of a trade that cannot be forced. The big manufacturer sometimes wakes up to export possibilities all at once and enters into the trade as though it were an inheritance he has just heard of; but this business is more like a tiny seed that must be planted and taken care of, and the small man is often helped by his very limitations.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Collins. The last paper in the series will appear in next week's issue.

Good Lighting is a Valuable Asset whether in business or home

No matter what the business; good light is money in pocket and poor light is money out of pocket. And yet how rare good lighting is! They don't have it even in libraries.

The reason is: most people don't plan for it; they are full of "scientific management", but they haven't yet got 'round to scientific illumination. They just "light" their store, office, railroad station, home. The money-value of scientific illumination is not understood by them.

And they don't realize that, in nine cases out of ten, good lighting costs no more—may cost even less—than poor lighting.

Think of it from the customer's point of view—in a store, for example. People don't always know why they dislike a store. Poor lighting is apt to be at the bottom of it.

On the other hand, in a store where the light is adequate and restful they stay longer, do their shopping better, buy more. They think well of the store, and the lighting has a great deal to do with it.

The same is true of restaurants—particularly so of restaurants—railroad stations, trains, trolleys, and other public places. The public service corporations are becoming more and more alive to the money-value of making their customers comfortable.

Employees work better in good light. They see truer, think truer, act truer. With less strain, less wear on the human machine, less sickness, less absence. You, Mr. Employer, are a better employee of your own company if you have good light. Good light is money in your pocket—not to mention your physical comfort.

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Factories: Good light means good manufacturing. Why allow this steady output of "rejects" and "seconds"; this unsatisfactory night work (night work can be as good as day work); this drain upon the health and efficiency of workmen and women; the accidents; disasters; too much pay roll for work done; and the other wastes from poor light?

And Then in the Home

Just as poor lighting wastes money in business, it wastes health at home where there should be comfort, and restfulness, and absence of strain. It is money in your pocket to have correct lighting there: it makes you a more able business-man to get your home-rest. To say nothing of the health and comfort and effectiveness of your family.

And yet good lighting at home is almost universally sacrificed for decoration. Needless! Good illumination and rich decoration belong together.

Why does Good Light cost no more than Poor Light?

Because it isn't so much a matter of money as of plan. A good plan will add 25 to 50% more illumination with the same current, or cut down the current and give better light.

If people would devote the same thought to lighting (or have some one do it who knows) that they do to the management of their delivery system, or other subsidiary parts of their business, business would be more easily and economically conducted, business would be bigger, profits bigger.

Good lighting is money in pocket.

Get Dissatisfied with Your Light

That is the first step. Ask yourself: Is my light as good as daylight? Why not?

Then write to us. Why to us?

Because we are *not* interested in any particular lamp or system of illumination. We *are* interested in and know about one of the most important elements of lighting—Glass.

The wrong shade can ruin an otherwise perfect light. It is being done every day: done wrong a dozen times to one time right.

Our Engineering Department has got together information on the whole subject; wiring, lamps, shades, everything. Our knowledge is all yours. We want to do—we *are* doing—for electric and gas lighting what we did for lamps. (Macbeth knowledge about lamps has done as much for lamp efficiency as Macbeth lamp chimneys.)

Send for our book on Scientific Illumination, and tell us your problem. Read the book, fill out the blank we send you suited to your situation. Our Engineering Department will then study your particular case, and put you in the way of good lighting, and saving real money.

This means everybody: Presidents of corporations, large or small; store-keepers; office-building owners; railroads; restaurants; housekeepers—everybody.

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Our Engineering Department is at Pittsburgh. You can see Macbeth-Evans globes and shades at dealers or any of our show-rooms:

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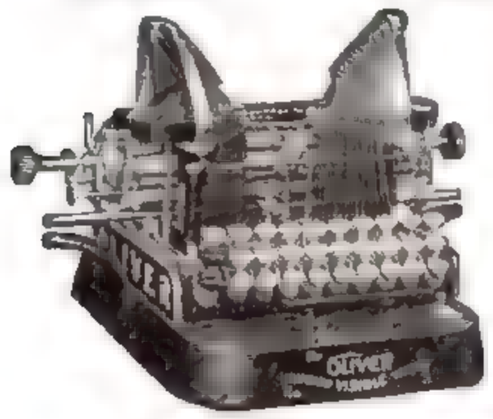

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Our order calls for machines equal to the best machines of this model. They are sold under standard warrant. They are guaranteed to be flawless, not damaged or shop-worn, not inferior in any way.

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Over 450,000 Olivers have been sold to date. The [illegible] Used by [illegible] and durability have made it [illegible] of those who know typewriters best.

[illegible] the lightest [illegible] and the fewest parts [illegible] patented L shaped type bar, insuring perfect [illegible] because it is simple. Instruction [illegible] ruled lines with it. One can draw [illegible] any typewriter can do [illegible]

Nothing to wear out

Sold on Credit

Send us this coupon and we will send a machine on 5 days' trial without any deposit. We send it just as others send agents. To accept it involves no obligation whatever.

If you don't want it, return it and we'll pay the express. If you do want it, send $5, then $5 monthly until $50 is paid. If you are not rated by the mercantile agencies please send a couple of references.

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Ship me an Oliver Typewriter, Model No. 3, on approval, F. O. B. Chicago. If entirely satisfactory, I agree to remit $5 within five days after receiving machine, then $5 each month thereafter until $50 is paid. Title to remain in you until fully paid. Otherwise I will return the typewriter in good condition, reasonable wear excepted. It is understood that this offer is limited to one machine to a person, and that I am over twenty-one years of age. The highest price is $50.

Name

Address

Reference

GOVERNOR BOB

Continued from Page 6

agents to wring contributions from the corporations. Or, at the very least, he would have promoted his political field-marshals to the offices. La Follette, instead, gave the state a splendid corrupt-practices act, and appointed B. H. Meyers, a university professor then studying the railroad question in Europe and now transferred by President Taft to the Interstate Commerce Commission; Halford Erickson, a statistician who had been a railroad auditor; and Judge John Barnes, since elevated to the supreme bench of the state, a lawyer skilled in public-utility law—a dignified, learned, careful body of men with the La Follette passion for the fact.

I met in Madison once an acquaintance of long standing, whose duty it is—or was—as an officer of a railroad to attend commission hearings in several states. I asked him how he liked the Wisconsin commission.

"Well," said he, "we get licked pretty often before it; but I always go away feeling that I have had a fair shake and a decision based on conscientious investigation by able men. They don't send some heeler to meet me at the station, as is done in other states, saying: 'Hush! I want to see you in private! You've just got to fix this dispute up or the party will get in bad with the voters. These shippers have political influence, you know!' No such dark-room development in Wisconsin! Everything is done in the open—printed docket, like a court; no whispering in the judges' ears. I like it—it's clean."

We are disposed to think in Wisconsin that this publicity of procedure will always keep the commission out of the control of the utility companies. It is to be hoped that it will, for the railroad commission is the most powerful tribunal in Wisconsin. It is appointed by the governor and runs the public utilities of the state. It supervises their bookkeeping. It scrutinizes their expenditures. It has traveling inspectors constantly out—testing meters, testing light, testing heat and testing every service in every possible way. If a gas company or a street-car company, or any other public-service corporation, comes before the commission making a poor mouth and saying it must raise rates or decline to give better service, the commission opens a big book and says, in a sort of fatherly manner:

"You aren't running your plant economically. You are too extravagant. You don't adopt the proper economies. You are lacking in efficiency somewhere. You can do what we ask if you adopt right methods."

"We rather think," says the corporation, "that we know our business!"

Minding the People's Business

"In a sort of way," says the railroad commission, "maybe you do; but, you see, we see the accounts of all the public-service companies in the state—about eleven hundred of them—thirteen heating plants, fifty-four steam railroads, twenty-five interurbans, one hundred and forty-one water companies, fifty-four gas companies, two hundred and thirty electric light and power companies, five hundred and nine telephone companies—and we can make comparisons. At Oshkosh the figures for a plant about like yours are so and so; at Oconomowoc, so and so. You can render service at the figures we give you if you will just get after your methods—and buck up!"

And the corporation goes out and bucks up. The Wisconsin commission thinks it just as much the people's business to correct extravagance in the management of privately owned public-utility corporations as if they were municipally owned—since in either case the consumer has to make up the waste.

One would expect that, with Socialism rampant—I have actually heard New York people, supposedly possessed of ordinary intelligence, speak of La Folletteism as "Socialism"—the agencies of the state would work toward municipal ownership. The law permits it. When a municipality wants to take over a public-service plant it goes to the railroad commission and asks to have the property condemned. The commission sends out its engineers and has a complete valuation made of the property—what it cost, what it can be duplicated for, what it has been earning returns on—and, after deducting for wear and tear and allowing nothing for the franchise—unless something was paid for it—the commission tells the city what it will have to pay and the corporation what it will have to take. Though this is true, the establishment of the commission has retarded the municipal ownership movement in Wisconsin, except in the case of waterworks. It has been found by means of standardized bookkeeping that the municipal plants are, on the whole, badly managed and not so efficient as the privately owned ones. So the policy has been to regulate the returns of private capital, allow it to earn attractive dividends and let it go at that. As to waterworks there are reasons, they think, why municipal ownership is best.

No Tax on Gifts

When the commission takes the affairs of a public utility in hand it is likely to be with reference to either the regulation of its rates, the condemnation of its property for the purposes of a municipal purchase—or both. In either case it proceeds, first, to make a complete physical valuation of the property—down to the last bolt, nut and crowbar, and up to the general offices and depot grounds. This is done by competent engineers—usually under the direction of one of the great engineering specialists of the University of Wisconsin. This value is arrived at by an actual physical examination. Then the values are computed independently, from a great mass of data, tables, diagrams, curves and graphs in the files of the commission, to determine what it would now cost to duplicate the property. A full report is then made to the commission and to the corporation concerned. A public hearing is then held, at which the owners of the property may make claims for additional values. If, years ago at its inception, the plant had to be operated at a loss the commission allows such sum to be added to the assets as "going value" as will bring the returns to the capital invested up to the yearly average of seven per cent.

"The utilities are built at the invitation of the communities," said one of the commission; "and we think the investors are justly entitled in the fat years to returns for the losses in the lean ones."

On the values thus arrived at are rates based.

Franchise values? Nothing allowed for that unless the franchises were bought, in the first place, from the people. The commission takes the position that the people should not be taxed in rates to pay returns on the value of something the people gave freely to the corporation. And, if it was bought, returns are based on the amount paid—not on the increased value caused by municipal growth. The utilities strenuously argued with the commission that they should be allowed to earn returns on the value of their good-will. When one sells a store he puts in its good-will, which is merely the expression in money of the habit customers have of going back to the same old shop. The commission said that this habit of using the same street railroad, or steam railroad, or telephone, is about like that of a convict using habitually the same jail—a matter of necessity rather than choice.

"Nevertheless," said the corporations, "we are entitled to pay on the value of our good-will. It's an asset in all businesses."

"Well," said the commission, "if good-will is an asset ill-will must be a liability; and if we add the value of the one we'll have to subtract the lien of the other."

Its first great task was to make a physical valuation of the properties. Being unpractical dreamers, these men asserted that they couldn't tell what the utilities ought to earn until they knew what they were worth—they had to know the principal before they could compute the interest. They found the accounts of both municipal and privately owned plants in dreadful confusion—and they had to get up an accounting system for the practical business men. They found that the railroads had been giving rebates in almost every community, and that much of the opposition to the commission act when on its passage in the legislature was from shippers who were getting favors, or hoped for them, or were afraid to decline to act as the railroads commanded.

The railroads, it must be remembered, at that time claimed the absolute right to

Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton

HERE are two distinct kinds of watches, one built upon the experience of the other—one a plain, practical timekeeper which during 18 years has so proved its usefulness that now over half the watches sold are Ingersoll Watches; the other a fine jeweled watch for those who buy for extreme accuracy, durability and beauty.

The Ingersoll Watch has always been regarded as a really wonderful thing for the money—something only possible through a manufacturing ability never approached in the watch industry and in mighty few others.

The Ingersoll-Trenton is coming to be known as the Ingersoll value in high-grade watches.

All the experience, the economies, the highly specialized methods, the manufacture of great numbers in few styles, the other principles learned in making almost thirty million watches, combined with unique originality and inventive power, are producing in the new Ingersoll-Trenton factory the finest American watches at prices that heretofore would buy only commonplace timepieces.

[illegible] 7-jewel movement in [illegible] case . **$5** 20-year case . **$10**
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Ingersoll-Trenton Watches sold only by responsible jewelers everywhere. Nine thousand jewelers handle them. For a complete and conclusive description of the Ingersoll-Trenton Watch write today for the book "How to Judge a Watch."

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 21 Ashland Bldg., N. Y.

GUARANTEED ALL WOOL

CLOTHCRAFT

For Thrifty Men & Young Men

CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES All Wool At $10 to $25

JUST to test the Clothcraft guaranty of permanent shapeliness, a skeptic wore a Clothcraft suit daily for two months without repressing. That was a supreme test, for this man is particular about his clothes—and it convinced him.

The Clothcraft guaranty of permanent shapeliness is not intended to do away with pressing. It guarantees that the clothes are cut and needled into a shapeliness that is safeguarded against shrinking, stretching or sagging. This is true, first, because Clothcraft Clothes are absolutely pure wool

The One Guaranteed All-Wool Line at Medium Prices: $10 to $25

It is true, second, because Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring—the outgrowth of sixty-one years of study of the problem—has improved quality while cutting down costs

The one way to be sure of all-wool clothes at $10 to $25 is to buy Clothcraft Clothes

Go to the Nearest Clothcraft Store

Ask the dealer to show you the Clothcraft Blue Serge Special, No. 4130, at $18.50, and be sure to try on several Clothcraft coats of different models to see how well they fit. Notice the graceful hanging of the lapels, the shapely shoulders, and the full, smooth chest front

If you don't know a Clothcraft Store write us today. We'll promptly send you the Clothcraft Style Book for fall and winter, the same Style Book that the best dressers in your town will use. Also the name of the nearest dealer from whom Clothcraft Clothes are sold

THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.

Founded 1850—Oldest American Manufacturers of Men's Clothes

620 ST. CLAIR AVENUE, N. W.

Cleveland

determine by arbitrary and discriminatory rates who, in any town, should prosper in any trade dependent on shipments by rail and they exercised this kingly right despotically. They claimed the absolute right to say which towns should grow and which should not—and they exercised this imperial power to their own ends. Among these ends was the perpetuation of their political power in Wisconsin.

In the matter of discriminations the local public-utility companies were just as bad. Only such city officials as were willing to be thought eccentric paid for telephones, lights or water. In one city of four thousand inhabitants the water company served seven big consumers free of charge. In the village of Durand the electric company granted special rates to forty-two out of ninety-nine consumers. In La Crosse one hundred and thirteen out of twenty-three hundred and ninety users of electricity got reductions amounting to a monthly rebate to the influential of nineteen hundred and forty-two dollars. In Madison thirteen hundred and fifty-nine telephone users out of five thousand received reductions amounting to eleven hundred and twenty dollars a month. Ministers, editors, social orders and the like got special favors all of which had to be made up by the unconscious and uninfluential. So it was all over the state.

The commission established uniform rates to all. The utility companies became afraid to grant favors for the commission shows its teeth when necessary. The manager of a gas company in one Wisconsin town lives in the middle of a long block and once had an arrangement by which the street cars stopped in front of his door whenever he wished. They do so no longer. He told me that such action on their part was regarded as a discrimination in his favor under the rulings of the railway commission!

The Master Becomes Servant

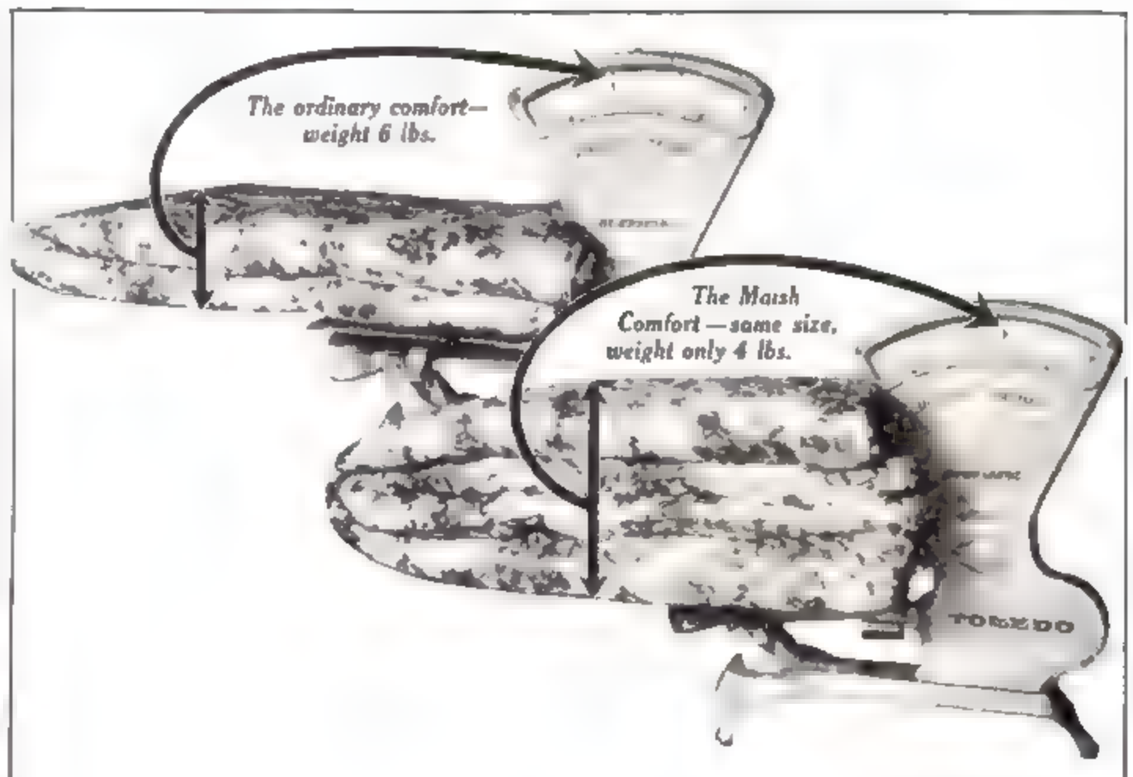
The reductions in freight rates ordered by this commission amount to a saving to the public of from two to two and a half million dollars yearly. The rebates and special rates to "friends," granted by the telephone, electric light and power, street railroad and water companies, and now saved to the public in reduced rates, amounted to more than two million dollars a year. And all the reductions have been reasonable. The commission never loses a case in the courts. It always knows the business of the company concerned at least as well as the company does.

The commission treats the citizen calling its attention to abuses as its aid in carrying on its business. It acts as his adviser in the matter, and he needs no lawyer. If necessary the commission will carry the matter, in a proper case, to the courts—even the highest—or to the Interstate Commerce Commission; and it often starts proceedings before that commission for the benefit of Wisconsin citizens on its own motion.

The result of all this has been a surprising reversal of form as between citizen and corporation. Wisconsin shippers and citizens look upon the public-utility concerns, including the railroads, as their servants not as their masters. Not long ago I had a conversation with a division officer of a railroad—a man I had known from boyhood. He complained of the glory having departed from the railroad Israel. "Why," said he, "a railroad man is nothing but a public servant now!" I told this, with due suppression of names, to a member of the Railroad Commission of Wisconsin. "Certainly he's a public servant," said he. "Properly considered, he never was anything else. The Government allows private capital to do this public-utility work. It owes fair returns to the capital—that's all; but it is public work, just the same as if the Government were doing it."

On the other hand, the commission refuses popular demands whenever it feels that they are unwise. Milwaukee wanted three-cent fares. The commission ordered better service instead and postponed the consideration of reduction of fares until the plant shall be in first-class shape.

If the La Follette scourge has done harm these are the respects in which it has sinned. The very head and front of its offending hath this extent—no more. Those who think such regulation of corporations wrong should oppose La Follette; for they are bone of his political bone and flesh of his flesh.



Twice as thick Two pounds lighter

"Warmth without weight"

AT last you can sleep in plenty of cold, fresh air with windows wide open—and be warm without being weighted down by heavy, stiff covers.

Go to any good dealer's and see the Maish—the new comfort that has "warmth without weight"—they are made by a wonderful new process. The "filling" is woven into one continuous, soft downy layer—the exact size and thickness of the finished comfort. (See cross section below.)

This is filled with millions of tiny air cells that keep in the heat—keep out the cold.

The Maish allows you to relax completely—gives you a feeling of freedom that you can't appreciate until you try it. It is as light and buoyant as the finest Eiderdown—*and pure.*

Maish

Laminated Cotton-Down

Comforts

There are plain and bordered comforts in all colors—designs never before attempted in comfort coverings. Trellises, Brocades, Inwoven Jacquards, Oriental and Conventional patterns. Write today for samples in colorings to match your bedroom scheme. THE CHAS. A. MAISH COMPANY, 1132-1142 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

Write today for cross section of the Maish "filling" and samples of the new patterns

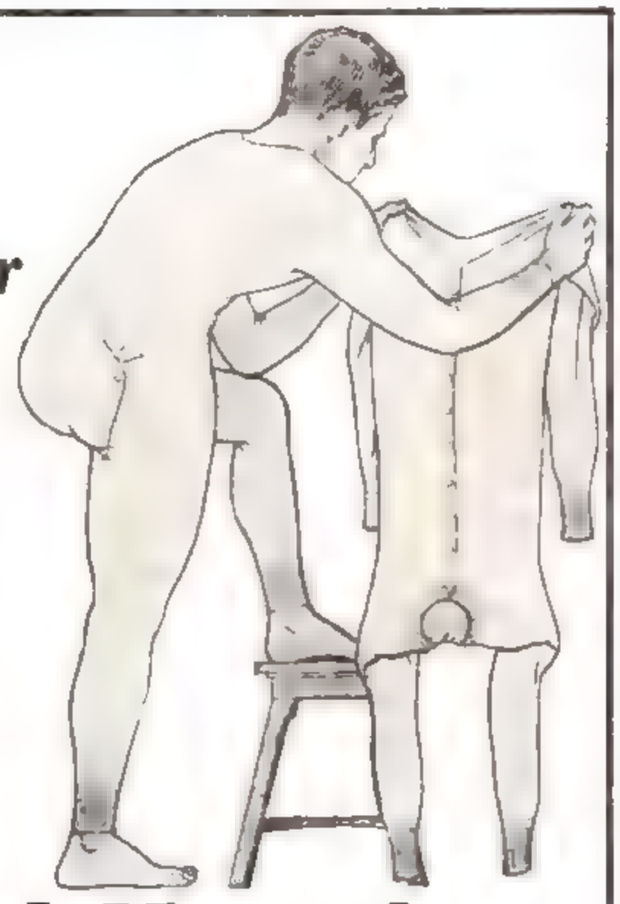
Prices—Baby Comforts, $1.25 to $2.50. Crib size $1.50 in Maisaline to $3.50 in Maisilk. Full size comforts from $4.50 in Maisaline to $10 in Maisilk.

At all leading stores

Wait a bit, Friend Haberdasher

There's something better in union suits than you have ever had in stock, unless you carry the

White Cat



Klosed-Krotch

(Trade Mark)

Union Suit

Men take to the Klosed-Krotch (patented) feature. No gaping nor chafing, for the crotch is knit like a pair of drawers. All the good points of the union suit combined with the one big advantage of the old style drawers.

Sets like the skin itself—smooth, comfortable. Men who are wearing it know that they have solved the problem of union suit comfort.

You'll find that the superiority of these new union suits, together with our big advertising campaign, make them the most desirable goods you can possibly stock.

We will gladly give you full information. Write now for samples.

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO., Kenosha, Wis.

Rubero SANITARY TOOTH BRUSH

The Toilet Delight of the Age

45c MAILED FREE

BOWERS RUBBER WORKS
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
Correspondence-Study Dept.

HOME STUDY

19th Year

U. of C. (Div. C) Chicago, Ill.

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your Household Goods Ship them at Reduced Rates

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Bedford Bldg., Chicago
29 Broadway, New York

The Superba Trade-Mark Guarantees:

The Latest and Best Styles
Quality that wears better and wrinkles less than any other
The Highest Grade of Workmanship

SUPERBA CRAVATS

Superba Silk ... ordinary ... colors at 50c and $1.00.

Superba Combination Sets ... consisting of Hose, Four-in-Hand ... Handkerchief, ... can be had of all first-class stores.

If not at your dealer's, ...

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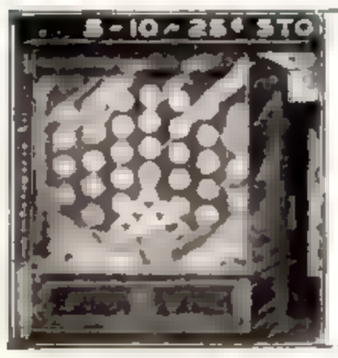
Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH

Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted FREE

WATSON E. COLEMAN, ... Washington, D. C.



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200-page book telling how to run a retail store

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago

I think every one must admit that the government of the state in other respects has been almost ideal. It has a bank-inspection law under which not a dollar of depositors' money has been lost through the failure of state banks, though losses have occurred in national bank failures.

Under La Follette and his régime the State University has become the greatest of its class; and no university in the world is called upon to furnish so much in the way of governmental activity. I have heard it said that the university runs the state and there is something in it. La Follette has always stood for the policy of making the trained men on its faculty useful in public affairs.

In no state has the subject of insurance been more carefully studied than in Wisconsin. Her insurance commissioner stands, in his field, as high as do the members of the railroad commission in theirs; and the Wisconsin companies boast of her laws as their chief talking-point. So they do of all states, of course; but I believe the Wisconsin insurance department actually ranks with those of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York in thoroughness.

The reader should begin to suspect, by this time, that the La Follette régime in Wisconsin is strong in fiscal ability. It is almost as avid for figures as for facts. It has established a central system of accounts for public officers, and they are as thoroughly checked up as are bankers.

Before the nation awoke to the mysteries of conservation Wisconsin, under La Follette, set up her Bureau of Forestry; and she is now establishing a great system of state forests, scientifically protected and cared for. The state's water-powers are the subject of anxious consideration; and the right of the people to the product of the streams' flow is secured by a flowage tax of a certain amount that promises to become an important factor in the economy of the state.

When the La Follette reign began, labor conditions in Wisconsin were bad. Now, I am assured by investigators of factory conditions, they are among the best in the nation. There is a strict inspection of all factories; and the policy of protection for the child against factory life, of the woman against unwholesome hours or conditions, and of all workpeople against danger and disease, has become the fixed one of Wisconsin.

"It's the Way He Says It"

I have scarcely mentioned the thing for which La Follette fought longest and hardest—and for the championship of which he received most abuse—the statewide direct primary. I have preferred to dwell on the things he did with the political power vested in him rather than on this contest for the people's power.

Of all the states, Wisconsin has probably the best of these laws. The balloting is by the Australian ballot, with no party test, and has been perfected in this session by the adoption of preferential voting, by which the nominee must have a majority of the votes, either first choice or second and third choices.

Not long ago a group of Senators who like each other were chatting in a senatorial office at Washington. La Follette was there, and several Progressives—both Democratic and Republican; for Bob will "consult," now that he has political associates with whom a meeting of minds is possible. No man's advice is more sought in Washington and no man takes more of the advice of others. He wastes as little of his time as ever with men whom he knows to be everlastingly and abysmally against him and his ideas, but with others he is always ready to confer. In this case the conference was over and a few lingered in converse. Among them was Newlands, of Nevada. La Follette had ruffled his crest and said something in that intensely dramatic way of his, his eyes flashing fire, his voice trembling us with suppressed passion; and Newlands dropped a remark which told volumes of Governor Bob.

"I've just thought," said he, "why La Follette is thought by so many to be such a dangerous man: It isn't what he says so much as the thunderous and portentous way in which he says it."

There's a lot in this dictum. La Follette is a poet and an artist; and when he speaks a stirring thing nobody is more deeply moved than he.

His speeches are didactic, full of statistics and interminably long; and yet he is the most popular of Chautauqua stars.

MACKEREL, CODFISH AND LOBSTER

FOR YOUR OWN TABLE

FAMILIES who are fond of OCEAN FISH ... supplied DIRECT ... FRANK E. DAVIS FISH COMPANY, GLOUCESTER ... fish market, getting better ... any inland dealer could ...

We ONLY ... CONSUMER DIRECT ...

We PREPAY EXPRESS ...

... with YOU ...

SALT MACKEREL ...

SALT CODFISH ... prepare it is an appetizing, ... Salt Cod and Creamed Potatoes ...

CANNED FISH ...

FRESH LOBSTERS ...

CRABMEAT, SHRIMPS, CLAMS, SALMON TUNNY, SARDINES, and dozens of other ...

... you cannot get FRESH OCEAN PRODUCTS ... your fish market. We invite your patronage.

Let Gloucester be your Fish Market and Davis be your Fishman.

SEND THIS COUPON ... can be enclosed ...

FRANK E. DAVIS FISH CO.
11 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

... OCEAN FISH PRICE LIST

Packard

$500 is the price of the Packard piano style F—but its value can't be expressed in mere money. The better dealers everywhere sell Packard pianos and player pianos—on terms. Get catalogue BB from The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana—to-day.

LITHOLIN

Litholin
Waterproofed Linen Collars

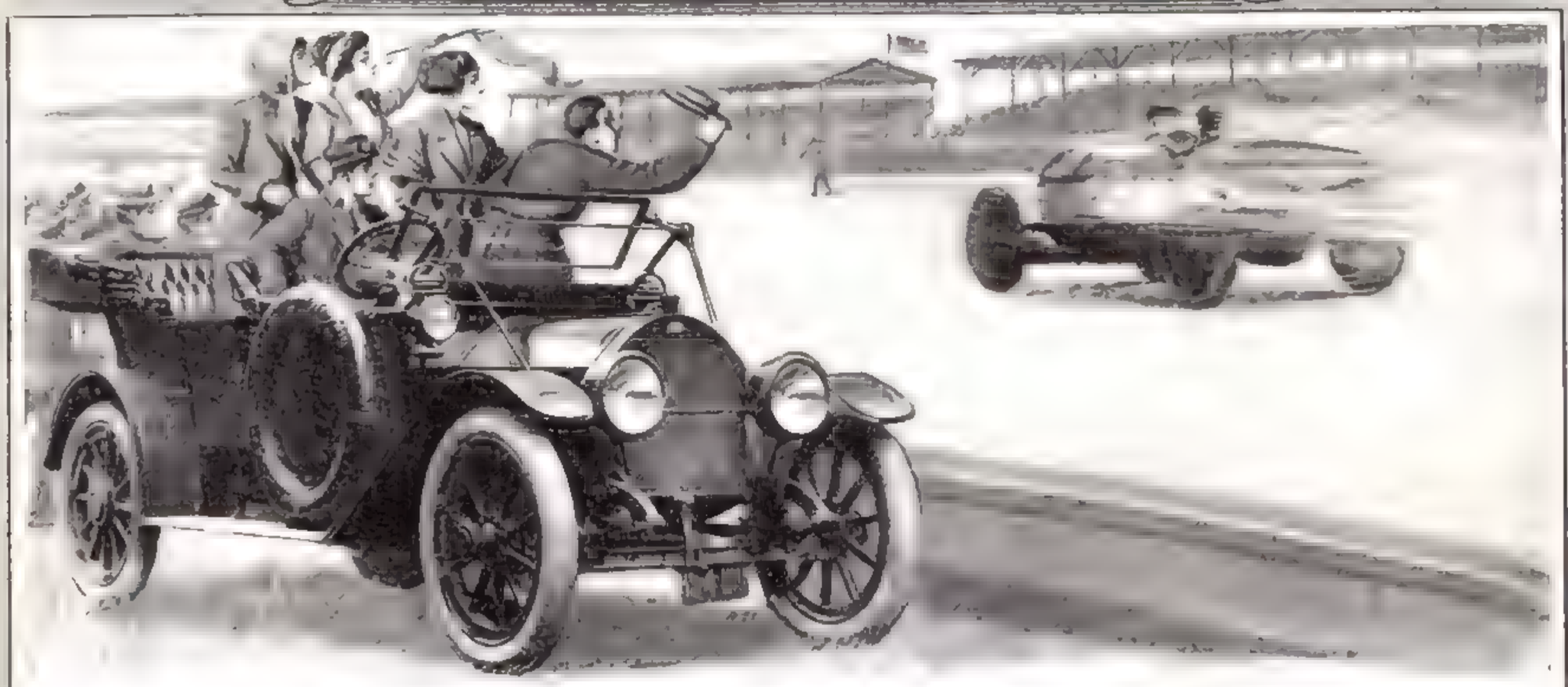
Every argument is in their favor. Not one point about them which can be criticised. Suitable for wear at work or play. Wear a clean white collar every day. ... cloth and a LITHOLIN ... white. The same collar you have ... only waterproofed.

Collars 25c each Cuffs 50c a pair

THE FIBERLOID CO.
Trinity Waverly Place
New York

THE MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car In The World"



No Other Car in the World Can Equal This Demonstration of Value

WHY has the Marmon won the World's greatest races when pitted against cars twice its size—selling for twice its price? Not because of high power or excessive speed. This wonderful racing record is but the logical result of the perfection of a car built to meet your every demand in daily service.

The perfect balance of a chassis containing a smooth, quiet, easy running power plant that adds luxury and comfort to its enjoyable operation—the care in design and construction that makes the car stand up under added years of service with a minimum expense for tires, fuel, oil and upkeep—these are the essential elements that mean value to the owner in any car.

The Marmon's list of victories is proof positive of these very points.

In winning race after race the Marmon has covered distances of 50, 100, 200, even 500 miles at average speeds of from 70 to 78 miles per hour—without engine or oiling trouble—with the least number of tire changes and in a majority of its races—*without a stop.*

The durability and dependability which you will find in *every* Marmon car—the perfect balance which has named the Marmon "the easiest riding car in the world"—the economy of tires, fuel and oil that has been demonstrated in the hands of thousands of Marmon owners—these are the things that make the Marmon win.

And Marmon cars *look* the values they really are. The luxurious five passenger touring car—the handsome four passenger suburban model or the snappy roadster offer you a complete selection at the very moderate price of $2750. Landaulet and Limousine also furnished on order.

Our advance catalogue with full information and specifications, together with our booklet, "International Champion," a stirring, illustrated story of the world's greatest race, will be mailed you on request.

The World's Greatest List of Victories

International Sweepstakes Race—500 miles in 402 minutes, 8 seconds, averaging 74.61 miles per hour.

Cobe Cup Race—200 miles in 163 minutes, 26.1 seconds.

Wheeler & Schebler Trophy—200 miles in 166½ minutes.

Vanderbilt—Wheatly Hills Trophy—189.6 miles in 190 minutes, 21 2-5 seconds *without a stop.*

Atlanta Speedway Trophy—200 miles in 182½ minutes *without a stop.*

Atlanta A. A. Trophy—120 miles in 109 minutes, 26 seconds *without a stop.*

Remy Grand Brassard and Trophy—100 miles in 80 minutes, 40.7 seconds. (The car which won first was disqualified later, giving the Marmon first and second.)

Remy Grand Brassard and Trophy—50 miles in 42½ minutes *without a stop.*

Los Angeles Grand Prize—100 miles in 76⅕ minutes *without a stop.* Breaking world's record regardless of class.

Two Hours Free-for-All—Los Angeles—148 miles in 120 minutes *without a stop.*

Fifty Miles Stock Race—Los Angeles—50 miles in 39 minutes, 53.55 seconds *without a stop.*

Hundred Miles Stock Race, Los Angeles—100 miles in 85 minutes, 22 seconds *without a stop.*

Ascot Trophy—100 miles in 103 minutes, 14 1-5 seconds *without a stop.*

Ascot Fifty Miles—50 miles in 50 minutes, 16 2-5 seconds.

New Orleans Prize—100 miles in 107 minutes, 14 seconds *without a stop.*

New Orleans Fifty Miles—50 miles in 54 minutes *without a stop.*

Elgin, Kane County Trophy Road Race—170 miles in 184 minutes, 46 seconds.

Vanderbilt Cup Race—Marmon second, only 25 seconds behind the winner, a car 83⅓ per cent. larger. 278.08 miles, 256 minutes, 23 seconds.

City of Atlanta Trophy Race—200 miles, 171 minutes, 12¼ seconds.

Atlanta, Coca Cola Trophy Race—Marmon second. 100 miles, 87 minutes, 27.3 seconds.

Savannah Challenge Trophy—276.8 miles, 263 minutes, 40 seconds. *Without a single stop. The longest non-stop race on record.*

Savannah Grand Prize Race—Sixth; 415 miles in 390 minutes, 22 seconds.

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY

Indianapolis (Established 1851) **Indiana**

Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing

Manufacturers of America's Finest Flour-Milling Machinery

A NOVEL PLEATED Cluett SHIRT

The pleats are continuous, reaching from neckband to skirt edge, instead of being bound off at the waistline. This insures a much better than ordinary appearance to the bosom, and does away with bulging and creasing

$1.50

Cluett, Peabody & Co.
Troy, N. Y.
Send for booklet
"Proper Dress"

A NUMBER of dealers have been selling the FRANKEL FIFTEEN at $18.00 and $20.00.

For your own protection look for the FRANKEL FIFTEEN label in the inside breast pocket and the guarantee label on the sleeve of coat. $15.00 is all you should pay.

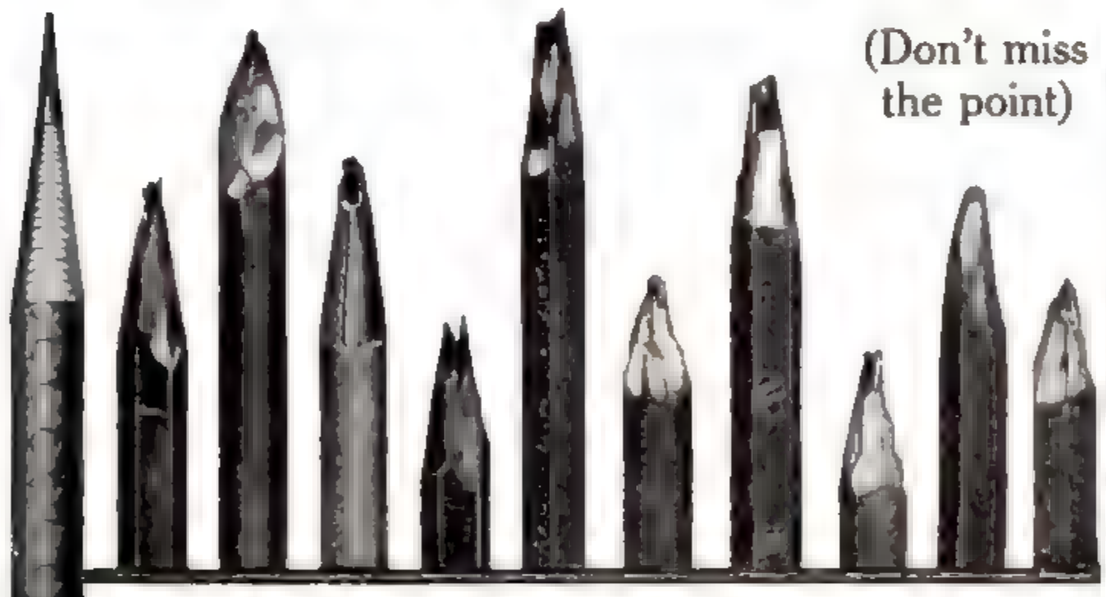
If you do not know the FRANKEL FIFTEEN agent in your city, write us for our interesting booklet A, and we will tell you who he is.

FRANKEL BROTHERS
Fifth Ave. and 23rd St.
New York

FRANKEL FIFTEEN
AMERICA'S GREATEST FIFTEEN DOLLAR SUIT

When is a pencil not a pencil?

(Don't miss the point)



A Pencil is not a Pencil when it will not Pencil. The only Pencil that's always a Pencil is a

Blaisdell Paper Pencil

A pencil to fulfill its mission should be a time saving instrument. Look at the above line of words. They look as though they had been written with a blunt stick. These Pencils made extra work, wasted time, caused vexation.

Blaisdell Pencils are all that a pencil should be. The leads are of fine, smooth, gritless graphite, imported from the world's foremost graphite mines in Bavaria. No other pencils at the price have such good leads.

Blaisdell Pencils are easiest to sharpen.

Just rub the paper with any sharp point and you have a strip of paper. No whittling. No broken leads. No stained fingers.

Blaisdell Pencils come in every degree of hardness, from very soft to very hard. They sell at 5c each, 6 for 25c, or $1.00 per dozen. They are made with and without erasers.

We also make a complete line of high grade erasers for every purpose.

Ask your stationer for Blaisdell Pencils. If he cannot supply you write for one of our special offers.

Offer No. 1, 10c—3 assorted high-grade lead pencils.

Offer No. 2, 25c—3 assorted high-grade pencils and 3 crayons.

Offer No. 3, 50c—6 assorted high-grade pencils with extra thick leads and 6 crayons of different colors.

Any business man writing on his business letter-head, and naming his stationer, will receive sample pencils free.

BLAISDELL PAPER PENCIL COMPANY, 4500 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Are You One of the Capable Women

of YOUR LOCALITY?

Does your present income permit you to enjoy all the every day luxuries, an occasional vacation trip, a new piano for the home, or possibly an extra fall suit for yourself?

We are anxious to appoint a capable woman in your city or town to represent THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In all parts of the country thousands of energetic women are representing our publications, supplementing limited home incomes, or, in other cases, making this work their only vocation. Some of these earn more than some bank presidents do.

The work is enjoyable, keeping you out of doors and in touch with the activities of the community. You will not be a canvasser, for as a representative of THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY you will be received as one of the successful, capable women of the community. Your publications are the most widely favored of any published. Consequently your success is assured from the very start.

On each order, new or renewal, you will receive a definite commission in addition to a regular monthly salary, gauged entirely by your efforts. No previous business experience is necessary. We coach you and co-operate with you at all times. If you will write us to-day, we will gladly tell you further about the work.

Do not delay writing.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Agents' Division, Philadelphia, Pa.

Old Hampshire Bond

[16]

This is an Age of Bond Paper

Old Hampshire Bond

THE letterhead that crackles like a treasury note—that is crisp like a gilt-edged security—that is clean and hard as a stock certificate—gets the quick attention of the business man as a matter of psychology.

You can't expect *every* printer to see this as plainly as you do, nor is it entirely safe to entrust the responsibility of buying your stationery to every clerk in your employ.

[17]

You should see the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It shows a wide selection of letterheads and business forms. One style of printing, lithographing, or engraving, on white or one of the fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond, is sure to express exactly the feeling-tone you desire for your stationery.

Hampshire Paper Co.

South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 18

continued ruthlessly in the same dull accents, with the same stupid stare: "I hired Bill Peters to sign the pledge in the first place. I hired him to lecture. He's just in it for money. I did it to advertise the ovens. I knew Bill wasn't sincere. I had Lute Morrow egg 'em on to blackguard people and anything else they could think of that would attract attention. It's true they went farther than I intended. But I was behind the whole show all the while. It's just me that's responsible."

When Mrs. Humphrey understood what he was talking about she did not start or exclaim. She stood quite still for a long moment, looking steadily down upon his crushed figure and wobegone face. Then she came over, sat down beside him and addressed him quietly:

"You see now what you've done, Addison. You are responsible. All you can do is to say so"—she drew breath and added firmly—"and foot the bill."

The paper mentioned "thousands of dollars' worth" of mirrors and cut glass. There would be, at the very least, heavy fines for the criminals; perhaps the expense of defending them on a murder charge. What Patrolman Flynn or his heirs might claim nobody could tell.

"Yes I'm responsible, Carrie," said the dazed inventor in a weak voice. "It'll bust me, but"—he gave a long, low sigh—"but you're right."

So there was an end of their oven, their hopes and even of their good name. They felt the completeness of the wreck as much as though the debris lay physically round them. A ghastly moisture appeared upon the inventor's brow. His wife reached over and laid her hand lightly upon his.

"That's somebody at the door," she observed a moment later, with a dull sort of casualness. Maybe they were coming for Addison; but no mere detail could matter now. The inventor made an ineffectual attempt to operate his dry throat, and nodded to her. "Come in," she called, scarcely troubling to turn her head.

The door opened and Luther P. Morrow slid in. Neither of them rose or spoke to him. Under this chilling silence he found his embarrassed way to a seat on the plush sofa, where he sat for a moment, foolishly dandling his oversize derby hat in his hands and humbly gazing into it.

"Luther," said Mrs. Humphrey like one beyond hope and fear, "we want you to tell us how this thing happened."

Along with a wholesome respect, Lute had a sneaking fondness for Mrs. Humphrey. He studied the interior of his hat a moment, thoughtfully drew the back of his hand across his chin and began deliberately:

"Well, sir, it goes back quite a spell. You may recollect, Addy, that I got a black eye a while ago." He ventured to cast a meekly inquiring glance at the inventor. "That black eye, Addy, was give me by Bill Peters in my own room. Bill comes into my own room and smells a schooner of beer on my breath and gives me an awful wallop in the eye. You don't understand Bill, Addy," he continued, looking up again and gravely shaking his head. "You wouldn't believe how this temperance business has struck in on him. He won't sleep or eat in a hotel that's got a bar attached, and if I git him by a beer wagon without assault and battery I gotta hold his arm and speak quietin' words in his ear. Keepin' Bill in hand—I tell you, Addy, lion tamin's a snap compared with it! I didn't like it when Bill come into my own room and punched my eye. I don't think any self-respectin' man would have liked it. So that was the way it begun—partly."

Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey glanced at each other with the same question in mind—namely, whether yesterday's calamity had turned the poor fellow's wits.

Lute turned his hat the other side up, contemplated the crown and continued: "Well, we been here five days now, preparin' for the parade and so on. Notices of us has appeared in the papers. Well, day before yesterday a man comes to call on me. And he wanted me to fix it so's the Volunteers would smash up this here Alpine Cafay. It appealed to me, Addy, and I done it," he concluded firmly.

As he was looking fixedly at his hat he did not see the startled expression upon the faces of his auditors.

"Of course it was dead easy," he explained modestly. "It was just a matter

The Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole

WHITE HOUSE SHOE

(Patented Under Registry No. 858368.)

AS YOU VALUE FOOT COMFORT, do not confuse this shoe with other Cushion Sole Shoes.

THE FELT CUSHION extends from toe to heel and is the same quality Felt as that on the hammer of your piano key the best made. It does not pack nor bunch nor crawl, but provides a permanent smooth CUSHION for the foot.

THE FELT CUSHION is separated from the foot by a covering of genuine Chrome Tanned Leather that is proof against the acids of the feet, and that never hardens

We Picture Number B-276.

MEN'S GLAZED KANGAROO BLUCHER, Goodyear Welt, Cork Filled, Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole, Foot Form Last, Patent Leather Heels. Sizes 5 to 11. Price $6.00.

An elegant and conservative style. The kangaroo leather takes and holds the fine polish necessary to a dressy shoe.

[illegible] at this time that the "Fall Weaving." Bring the whole month may be spent. You are cordially asking for [illegible] Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole White House Shoe.

ASK YOUR DEALER. Failing to find write Dept. A and we will see that you are supplied.

The Brown Shoe Co.

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

for boys and girls are the favorite school shoes because [illegible] Extra Wear on Every Pair.

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100 House Views and Plans—50 Cents

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Whittemore's

"Gilt Edge" Shoe Dressing

For Ladies and Children

The only black dressing that positively [illegible] and preserves, imparts a beautiful black lustre. Insist upon it. Largest [illegible] saves time, labor and leather.

Shines without Brushing

Price Twenty-five Cents "French Gloss" size, 10c.

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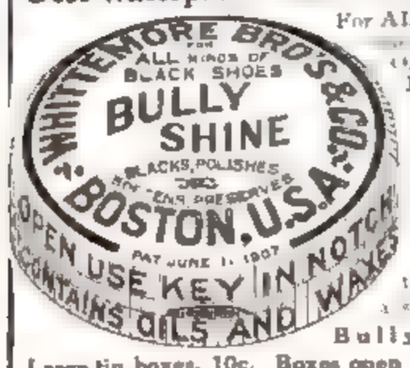


For ALL kinds of [illegible] and [illegible] of Dressers. Blacks polishes, softens and preserves. Contains oils and waxes to polish and preserve the leather, also Russett Bully Shine

Large tin boxes, 10c. Boxes open with a key

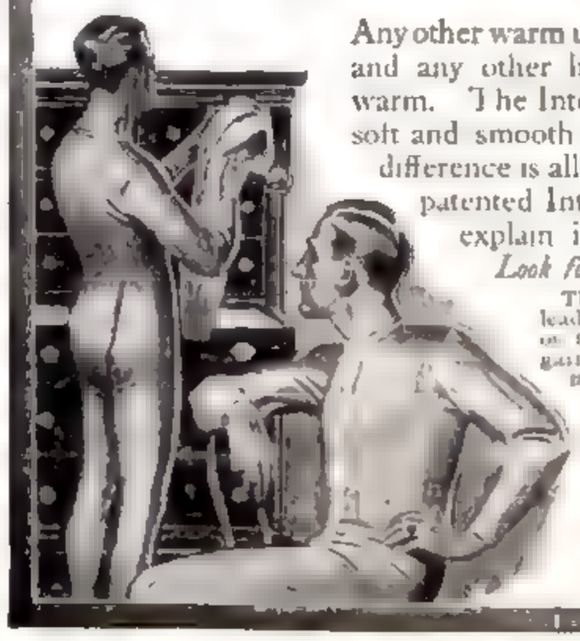
"DANDY" [illegible] of cream and paste [illegible] tubes 5 cents. "Star" [illegible] If your dealer does not keep the kind you need, send us his name and 10c price in stamps for a full size package.

Whittemore Bros. & Co., 20-28 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

The Interlock UNDERWEARS

Interlock



Any other warm underwear is not as light; and any other light underwear is not as warm. The Interlock Underwears are uncommonly soft and smooth and sympathetic to your skin. The difference is all in the new way of knitting—by the patented Interlock process. Ask your dealer to explain it. The metal lock is your guide. *Look for the lock.*

The Interlock Underwears are made by several leading manufacturers. No matter what else appears on the label, if you see the word Interlock on the garment it is genuine Interlock Underwear. Cotton, mercerized cotton, and merino; different styles, grades and prices from the inexpensive to the luxurious garments.

For Men and Boys—shirts or drawers 50c and up, union suits $1 and up. **For Infants**—shirts, pants, and sleeping garments; cotton, merino, wool, and silk, 25c to $1.50. Ask your dealer for one of the Interlock Underwears. *Write us for illustrated booklet and sample.*

General Knit Fabric Company, Utica, N. Y.

WALTHAM—a watch name recognized by every child; proved by over eighteen million Waltham owners; and endorsed by the practical watchmaking experience of every Jeweler.

WALTHAM
WATCH

always stands for a timepiece of the highest excellence. Even lower priced Walthams maintain a wonderful record for accuracy. Between the popular grade and the Waltham Premier Maximus at $250—the watch *de luxe* of the world—are the several standard high-grade Waltham movements, offering models of exquisite design and workmanship, and guaranteeing timekeeping results of unrivalled accuracy. High-grade Waltham movements are invariably named. *Riverside,* for instance, is always a good name to remember.

Write for handsome booklet containing much watch information and describing various Waltham movements. Your Jeweler will assist you in the selection of the Waltham movement best suited to your needs.

"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, Waltham, Mass.

of tellin' Bill and Minervy things that the Alpine Cafay had said about 'em, which any child could 'a' made up offhand."

"You've ruined me, Lute! I shall pay the damages and fines," said Addison.

Lute then looked over at them in genuine surprise, and noted for the first time the newspaper in Addison's lap. "No, sir, Addy, you ain't ruined a cent's worth," he replied patiently, his gaze returning to his hat. "The damages and fines is all arranged for. It don't cost you a cent. That stuff in the paper is all bunk. Bill chucked his oven through a plate-glass window and they broke up maybe five dollars' worth of glassware inside. It wasn't calculated, you see, that they'd git very far in the demolishin' line."

"But the policeman—with his skull fractured?" Addison suggested, at a loss.

"Bunk!" Lute replied. "Bill Peters never touched that one at all. That was Flynn. Minerva swatted him over the head because he punched Reverend Watts in the ear." The narrator here gave an explosive little laugh and half choked himself trying to suppress it. "Reverend Watts hastened up to preserve order and Patrolman Flynn naturally biffed him. But Patrolman Flynn ain't hurt none to speak of. Patrolman Ryan is considerable mussed up and disorganized. But he ain't complainin' any. Because, Addy, what Patrolman Ryan done to Bill Peters"—Lute paused and drew a gentle little sigh of content—"what Patrolman Ryan done to Bill Peters was a plenty. I calculate, Addy, that after they git Bill properly sewed and plastered up he'll pause and reflect for some time before he goes into the room of a man that 's befriended him the way I have and punches him in the eye. Yes, sir—that's what I calculate, Addy."

"But I can't understand—the damages—the fines—what reason?"—Addison demanded.

"Well, sir, there's two reasons," Lute explained patiently. "This Alpine Cafay is owned by the Big Rapids Brewery, which fitted it up regardless of expense, but it ain't been doin' very well in a business way. That's the first reason. Second reason is there's a local election comin' on in the spring and the license question will be up. Naturally the brewery people didn't care for any great peaceable temperance demonstration before the election. Now you gotta admit that's reasonable, Addy; that's only human nature; no matter what you may think of the license question," he argued gravely. "So this man that come to call on me and suggested it, you see—he's treasurer of the brewery, the friendliest man I ever met in my life."

Mrs. Humphrey dropped back in her chair and Addison's head fell weakly to one side, as though some one had struck him.

"He's the tickledest man in town this morning," Lute added with modest pride. "You oughta see the rush at the Alpine Cafay. They've put on extra help and can't skursely keep up with the orders; and the broken glassware, fines and all, won't cost 'em a hundred dollars. That window Bill busted was insured."

"Oh, Lute! Lute!" moaned Mrs. Humphrey.

The tone touched Luther's heart. "Well, now, Mrs. Humphrey," he pleaded, "I wouldn't do anything to hurt your feelin's for the world, outside of business. But, you see, it was for ovens that I went into this thing. I can't truly say I take a real deep interest in temperance. It was for ovens and for Addy Humphrey that I went into it. You can ask the brewery man yourself, Addy," he continued earnestly; "he'll tell you, just as I do, that he offered me fifty dollars if I'd pull off this raid on the Alpine Cafay. And I says to him, 'No, sir,' says I; 'I'm workin' for the Humphrey Oven Company. I won't take no money,' I says; 'but I gather from remarks you've dropped that you brewery people sort of own this newspaper, and I'll take'"—Lute halted in his recital, drew his hand across his chin and concluded modestly—"I guess maybe you ain't looked at the sixt' page of the newspaper."

Mechanically unfolding the paper to the sixth page, Addison saw his own likeness and a three-quarter-column article about himself and his valuable invention.

For a full minute he pondered with amazement upon Lute's narrative, then murmured: "I guess—in this advertising business—I guess I'm only an amateur."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Will Payne. The fourth will appear next week.

Men's Union Suits
Tailor Made

The **LEWIS UNION SUITS** are sold by the best stores in the country. They give perfect comfort and satisfactory wear.

We make **LEWIS UNION SUITS** as a good tailor makes fine clothes. We give them perfection in fit and in finish. No other maker goes into the details as we do. We make perfect crotch and seat adjustments so they never bind nor annoy. This means double comfort and extra wear, yet the **LEWIS** Suits are sold at popular prices.

LEWIS
Elastic-Knit
Underwear

All of our goods are elastic-knit. They fit every curve of the body. They "give" without binding. We have made underwear for forty years. The first union suits made were our product. No one better knows how to make them right.

Ask your dealer to show you the **LEWIS** Suit at $1.00 and upwards. See if you have ever before been shown such underwear. If he hasn't it, send us his name and we'll name one who has.

LEWIS KNITTING COMPANY
Dept. S, Janesville, Wisconsin

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Moore's Modern Methods

Contains 160 pages of information and instruction. 40 different forms illustrated and their use explained.

This book shows how our Loose Leaf Methods are adapted to your business and how you can

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TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels Rider Agents

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100 PLANS FREE

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S-W Inside Floor Paint is made expressly for use on inside floors; it is easily applied; dries over night with a good gloss and stands hard wear. Ten suitable colors. Ask the local Sherwin-Williams agent for color cards.

Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co.
613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio

$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat for every-day wear. Can be rolled without damage. Is ideal for shooting, motoring, golfing, etc. We sell for $2 in most hat stores. Colors: Black, Dark Gray Mixture, Brown Mixture and White. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1, state size and color wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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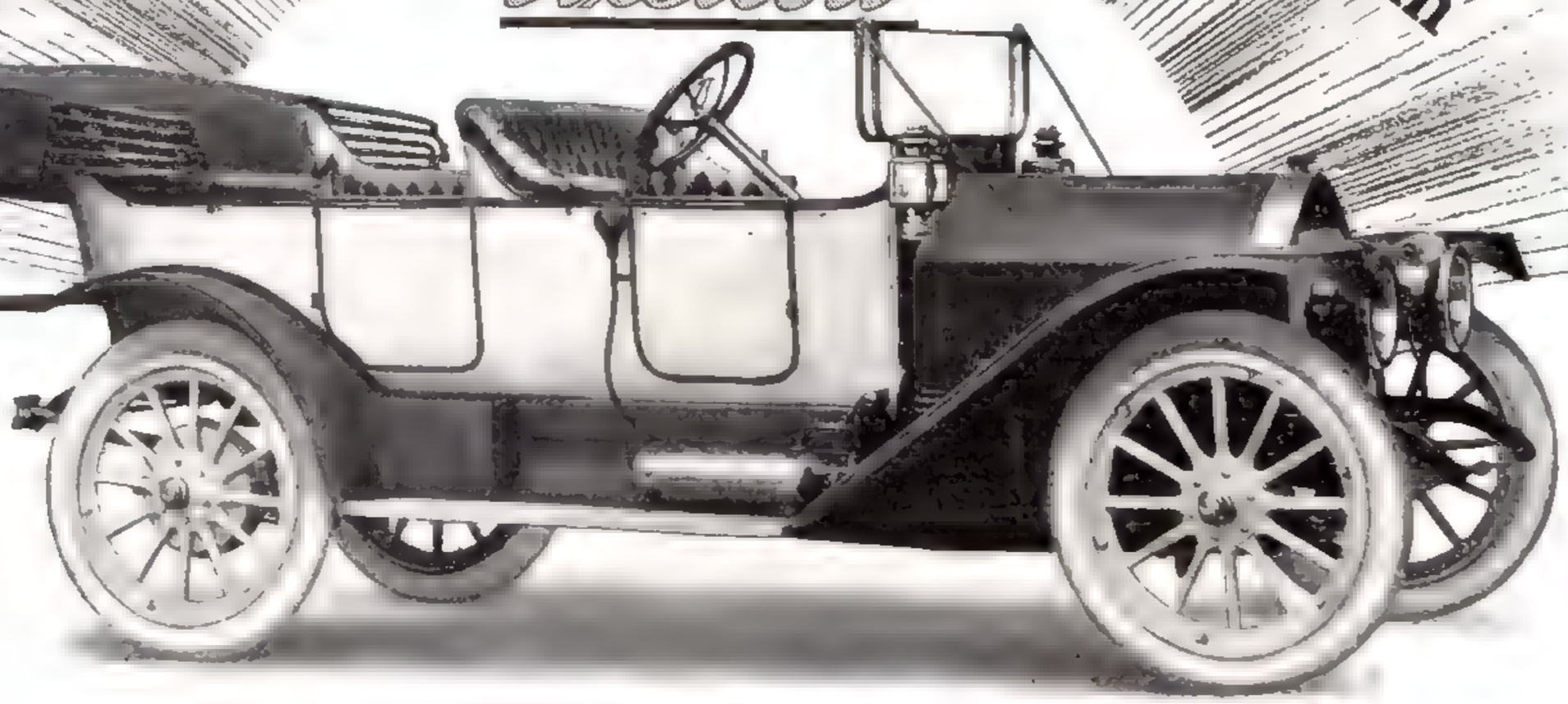
Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. **How to Obtain a Patent** and **What to Invent** with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Rising Higher and Higher in Public Esteem

Westcott



Model K—five passenger, 40 h. p. touring car; equipped with top, glass front, Prest-O-Lite tank, gas and oil lamps, etc.—$1800

This is the third year of the Westcott—but the fifty-third of those fine principles and policies which are responsible for the rapid recognition of this car as a product of unimpeachable character.

The moment you think or speak of some cars, you think or speak of their price—but of others you recall first and foremost their fine reputation; while the price occurs as an after-thought.

You will find the Westcott, everywhere, linked in comparison with cars of character and established identity—never, by any chance, discussed with those whose chief appeal is the first cost.

And yet it is the possession of qualities not only uncommon, but unprecedented *in an $1800 car* which has advanced the Westcott higher and further in public esteem than it could possibly have progressed without them in the same period.

That is the vital distinction we wish you to bear in mind concerning the Westcott—not the $1800 price; but the unusual qualities which it supplies at that price.

Your study of the Westcott should be a close analytical study of specifications.

We purposely publish these specifications herewith in more complete form than is usually the case. We want you to note that they stand, in each instance, for the very extreme of generosity which you would count upon in a costlier car.

From the full 40 horsepower motor—with its amazing record in endurance contests, and its still finer record of daily good deeds in the hands of Westcott owners—to the full floating Timken rear axle, you will find in every detail, not an $1800 criterion, but an excellence you have not been accustomed to expect at $1800.

The Westcott word has been good in the manufacturing world for more than fifty years.

It has been made good, anew, in a motor car which is headed straight for that position in public esteem reserved to half a dozen cars of the highest grade.

We feel that the honorable reputation of the Westcott Company entitles us at least to your preliminary investigation either by request for the catalog or by conference with a Westcott dealer or by both.

If you grant us that favor, we will have no fears as to the rest.

SPECIFICATIONS

Five Passenger Model "K" $1800

MOTOR: 40 H. P.; four cylinders, cast separately; 4" in bore x 5 inch stroke. Five extra long bearings on crank shaft. Large valves. All parts interchangeable.

COOLING: Positive circulation by water pump.

LUBRICATION: Self contained splash in crank case. Oil circulation by gear pump. Glass sight feed showing level of oil, on right side of crank case.

IGNITION: Optional Bosch dual system or Remy.

CLUTCH: Cone type, spring cushioned.

TRANSMISSION: Selective sliding gear type, three forward speeds and reverse. Direct drive on high.

CONTROL: Spark and throttle levers at top of steering column. Westcott special type of foot accelerator.

FRONT AXLE: I-beam drop forged in one piece. Timken roller bearings.

REAR AXLE: Timken full floating type. Timken roller bearings. Axle removable without taking off differential cover plate. V-type torsion rods.

DRIVE: Direct shaft drive to bevel gear. Two universal joints.

STEERING GEAR: Screw and wedge type, all lost motion easily taken up.

BRAKES: Two sets—external contracting service brake, operated by foot, internal expanding emergency brake, operated by hand lever, both acting directly on the drums.

WHEEL BASE: 120 inches.

TIRES: 36x4 inches.

SPRINGS: Semi-elliptic, front and rear, very long and extremely easy-riding.

FRAME: Pressed steel narrowed in front to permit short turns.

BODY: Metal, high finish.

EQUIPMENT: Top, Glass Front, Prest-O-Lite tank, etc., etc.

WEIGHT: 3000 lbs.

Model L—4 passenger Torpedo—$1800
" M—2 passenger Roadster—$1800
" R—7 passenger Touring
Car with same specifications as above, except 4¾x5 inch engine—$2250

Westcott Motor Car Company

Richmond, Ind.

The First Hornless Graphophone

for $25-the "Lyric"

HERE is the newest musical instrument in the field—a hornless Columbia Graphophone offered **at $25,** to those who want the latest improvements in Graphophones, and yet who believe $25 is enough to pay.

Its **quality** of tone is beyond improvement—and its volume of tone [illegible] it an extraordinary $25 worth

"Hearing is believing" [illegible] dealers everywhere are prepare [illegible] complete and outside the covers of the new [illegible] Double-Disc Record catalog, just out

Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l, Box 219, Tribune Building, New York

[illegible] Talk[illegible] Pioneers and Leaders in [illegible] Talking Ma[illegible] Columbia Graphophones and Grafon[illegible] press[illegible] be had of any Columbia dealer or the City [illegible]

Columbia
Phonograph Company

You can wear better gloves than those we made for George IV

The Fownes gloves you may secure to-day at your haberdashers are really far superior in fit, in comfort and in stylish appearance to those we made for King George IV of England. Modern progress in the art of making good gloves is contemporaneous with the progress of the house of Fownes Brothers & Company, founded by John Fownes in 1777. Gloves worn then by princes of the blood would not equal the standard we set now even for the most inexpensive gloves in our line.

FOWNES GLOVES

As an example of a stylish and very durable street glove, we suggest an inspection of the Fownes glove for men selling at $2.00 a pair. Name in wrist and trade mark on clasp identify the genuine

STUDY LAW at Home

Become a Lawyer — *LEGAL DIPLOMA*

We make your home a university. Leading **Correspondence Law Course** in America—recognized by resident colleges. New text [illegible] prepared by 20 Deans and leading state law school teachers. We **Guarantee** to coach free any graduate failing to pass bar examination. Special **Business Law-Course.** "Legally trained men always succeed." Over 10,000 students enrolled. Begin now. Easy terms. **Catalog and Particulars Free.**

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INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS

[illegible] Mends [illegible] Pitcher [illegible] Stamped [illegible] Copper [illegible] Tinware [illegible] Hardware [illegible] Stoves [illegible] Machinery [illegible] Pipe [illegible] Patches all [illegible]

Send 10c for trial tube.

MARVEL SOLDER CO.
1937 Broadway, Dept. 9, New York

AGENTS WANTED
QUICK SALES BIG PROFITS

THE FRESHMAN

(Continued from Page 22)

He was to be on it after all, this afternoon, however. In the exodus of the squad all the Freshmen had been left with the exception of two or three of the most useful. A captain had been appointed and a call made for more men: and the Freshmen were to practice by themselves during the absence of their big brothers, in preparation for their own match, scheduled two weeks after the big game.

It was a very different practice from those which he had watched from the side lines and that glorious one in which he had taken part. The bleachers were empty; no one was interested in these Freshmen; the field was hard and unkempt; its lines half-erased; across it the north wind swirled dry leaves like the dancing skeletons of dead hopes. Without encouragement, with little inspiration, the Freshmen tried to do their work manfully, but the results were doleful. Carter, still on the side line, was seized with the nostalgia of the days gone by, the days when, even in his humblest of capacities, he was part and portion of a splendid organism working brilliantly for a big cause.

Bloomingdale, the captain, tried him out at end, and in the work he lost in some measure his dumps. It was not like the first day there was not the exaltation of fighting against odds, against men of splendid reputation and superior skill; but at least one's blood ran warm, one's lungs distended, and one left the field weary and hot and wet. It was later that the feeling returned later, when each went off his way in the darkness and Carter, riding homeward, thought of the squad and Blair over in the city. His desire had been so fixed and strong that he could not change immediately its focus. Still, what he wanted most in the world was to have Blair come to him out of a lull and say, "Carter!"

The two weeks passed thus. Every afternoon the Freshmen practiced patiently before empty bleachers, on an empty campus, disdained of the college, which, vibrant with the approaching big game, had heed only for the meager news leaking from over there—from the mysterious isolation of the team. And every afternoon Carter humbly and conscientiously did his work, swallowing his now impossible desire for something else, for something better, which he had allowed to become a fixed idea with him—for the chance at some deed which would win for him at last the approbation of Blair—of the captain with the smile which judged and disdained.

There came a last practice, more desultory than the others; and the next day the big game.

Carter went over early and alone. He was not one of the big reserve of possible substitutes who in uniform were to follow the game from the side lines; but at least he had worked up his courage to the point of asking the manager for the complimentary ticket, to which as a candidate "trying for the team" he was entitled. It was in his breast pocket, against his heart. It represented more than an admission; it was a token, a badge. Every once in a while, as if to make sure, Carter's hand stole up there, crept within the pocket, against the heart, and felt the strange, greasy surface of the cardboard, made of special paper, worked with a cabalistic design to prevent counterfeiting. The frequent trains were charged with a beflagged multitude. Carter among them, was not of them; he was a curious amphibious animal; neither of the bleacherites, ignorant of their rhythmic shouts, their songs, their discipline; nor quite of those for whose encouragement and glorification these shouts, these songs, were shouted and sung, this discipline organized. A silent, isolated particle in the current, he finally found himself flung on his own seat, high up on the grandstand. With some pleasure he found that Peart was next to him. The Cupid man was there with a cascade of blue-and-gold ribbon, a light in his eye, a gesticulating, delirious enthusiasm, and full of yells.

And Carter, sitting there immobile, outwardly calm, for the next two hours felt as if a hand were at his heart, wringing it and releasing it to a capricious will. From the first the game proved a terrible one; the teams were both strong, cohesive and determined to win. Five minutes from the beginning an accident, a blocked kick, a lucky scramble, gave the red jerseys a touchdown and six points; and then after

Be Happy Tho' Single!

That's right—no more darned socks, no more socks full of holes—heels through, toes through—no, *never again!*

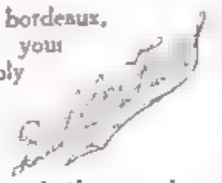
There's no need for you to wear coarse, poorly-fitting, bulky socks, either. *Wear*

Bachelors' Friend Hosiery

and be happy. Silky, comfortable, fine-fitting. *Guaranteed* to wear—but also just as handsome in *appearance* and feel, just as splendid as very high-priced hose.

Made of highest grade long staple combed Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn. Heel and Toe twice the thickness of other parts—yet soft, with the stretch and give of a silk glove. Looped on the most modern two-thread looping machine. Best imported dye. French Welt top. Washed with the best Italian Olive Oil Soap—absolutely sanitary. All made in our own factory. Century of know-how behind each sock. Guaranteed six months.

Colors—black, tan, navy, bordeaux, slate, purple, etc. At your dealer's, or we'll supply you direct.



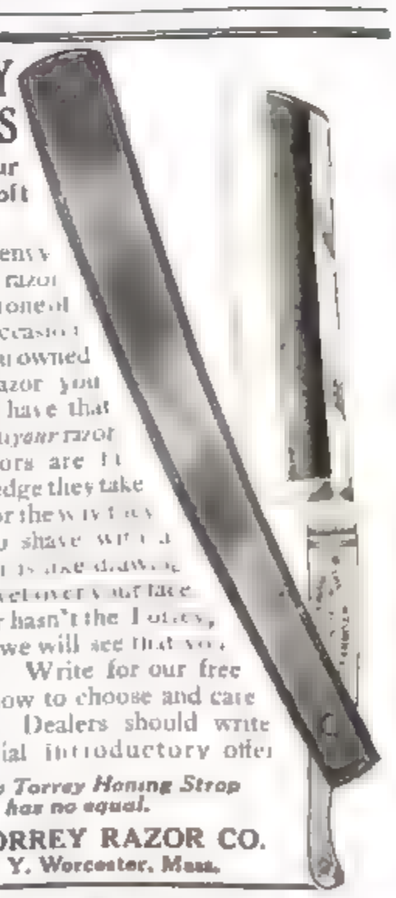
JOS. BLACK & SONS CO.
York, Pa.

In three grades: $1.50, $2.00, $2.50 per half dozen pairs

TORREY RAZORS

Leave your skin as soft as velvet.

Did you ever envy a barber the razor that gives you one of those rare-occasion shaves? If you owned a Torrey Razor you could always have that kind of edge on *your* razor. Torrey Razors are famous for the edge they take and famous for the way they keep it. To shave with a Torrey Razor is like drawing a piece of velvet over your face. If your dealer hasn't the Torrey, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Write for our free booklet on how to choose and care for a razor. Dealers should write for our special introductory offer.



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J. R. TORREY RAZOR CO.
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Corticelli Silk

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A course of [illegible] by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor Lippincott's Magazine.

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Mr. Esenwein

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"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Utensils

are different

Of course aluminum is aluminum; but utensils may differ in *purity*, in *thickness*, in *handles*, in *finish*.

Purity. "Wear-Ever" utensils are 98 per cent pure.

Thickness. They are made *thick* enough to prevent scorching, *thick* enough to guarantee a lifetime of satisfactory service.

Handles. Take hold of the aluminum handle of a hot "Wear-Ever" utensil with the usual "holder" and you will be convinced that aluminum is a "cold handle." The handles of "Wear-Ever" utensils are [illegible] to last as long as the utensils. The handles of "Wear Ever" utensils are fastened by a [illegible] to hold the handle on firmly for years.

Finish. The outside of a "Wear-Ever" utensil is [illegible] hardened by an electrical [illegible] metal hurler, smoother, [illegible] to give a [illegible] finish. [illegible] utensils are [illegible]

THE "WEAR-EVER" TRADE-MARK
is your guarantee of Safety, Saving, Service.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

If your dealer cannot supply you with "Wear Ever" ware, just fill in and mail the coupon below, enclosing 15 two-cent stamps (Canadian stamps accepted), and we'll send you, prepaid, the 1 quart saucepan pictured.

[illegible]

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Dept. 18 New Kensington, Pa.
or NORTHERN ALUMINUM CO., Ltd., Toronto
Distributing Agents for Canada.

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Dept. 18, New Kensington, Pa.
or Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.
(Distributing Agents for Canada)

Please send me, prepaid, sample 1 quart "Wear-Ever" Saucepan pictured, for which I enclose 15 two-cent stamps (Canadian money to be refunded if first utensil not satisfactory.

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

Dealer's Name [illegible]

"The Housekeeper's Joy"

The Kant-Klog Salt Shaker

[illegible] Write for one of our illustrated catalogues which we send free. New Ideas [illegible]

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F. VORENBERG CO.
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The House of a Thousand Novelties.

Made of fine Crystal Bottle with German Silver top. 50c

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that, it was for the men of Carter's college, charge and charge and charge upon charge to regain the advantage, while the others held on to it with a grimness of locked jaws. Upon the field, charge after charge growing in fury as determination became fear and fear slipped toward despair; and upon the bleachers a waiting, a waiting at first easy and assured—"They'll score in five minures!" cried Cupid Peart—soon poisoned by an undercurrent of doubt, of dread, as the precious minutes slipped away, and becoming at last an anxiety that made one sweat, that gripped one's throat and pounded like pain within. The blue-and-gold team charged and charged; and the red team held on grimly and time flew. The first half was over, the second half begun; the blue-and-gold team still charged, the red still held—and time, inexorable and impassive, slipped on. The lengthening shadows found the situation unchanged. The red team, driven into its own territory after its first success, was still holding on stubbornly, holding on with a sort of enormous, immovable and squatting stolidity, with that limp, flopping and heartbreaking inertness which things have that one strains to lift, sobbing, in a nightmare. And the blue-and-gold charged and charged—charged without cease, in a sort of blind, sodden fury; with a determination flickering at moments to flame up immediately again; with rage, with pride and with fear. With fear of the threatening call of the last whistle to whose shrill note everything would be done. And Carter waited; waited, leaning far forward with dilated eyes, a pressure upon his chest. He was watching Blair; watching the light glow of his hair emerge each time from the bottom of broken charges with an undaunted fling like a plume's; watching each time the springy straightening of his body to new effort, the passing of his hands over the backs of his squatting line in a caress that at once beseeched and commanded; and his voice, coming fragmentarily in sudden holes of silence, thrilled him to the marrow.

Gradually a silence began to spread upon the stands; the band ceased its blare, the rooters their roar; the waving flags, as if weary, drooped, hung still; Carter, leaning forward, absorbed, felt himself invaded by a sentiment at once vibrant, soft and sad.

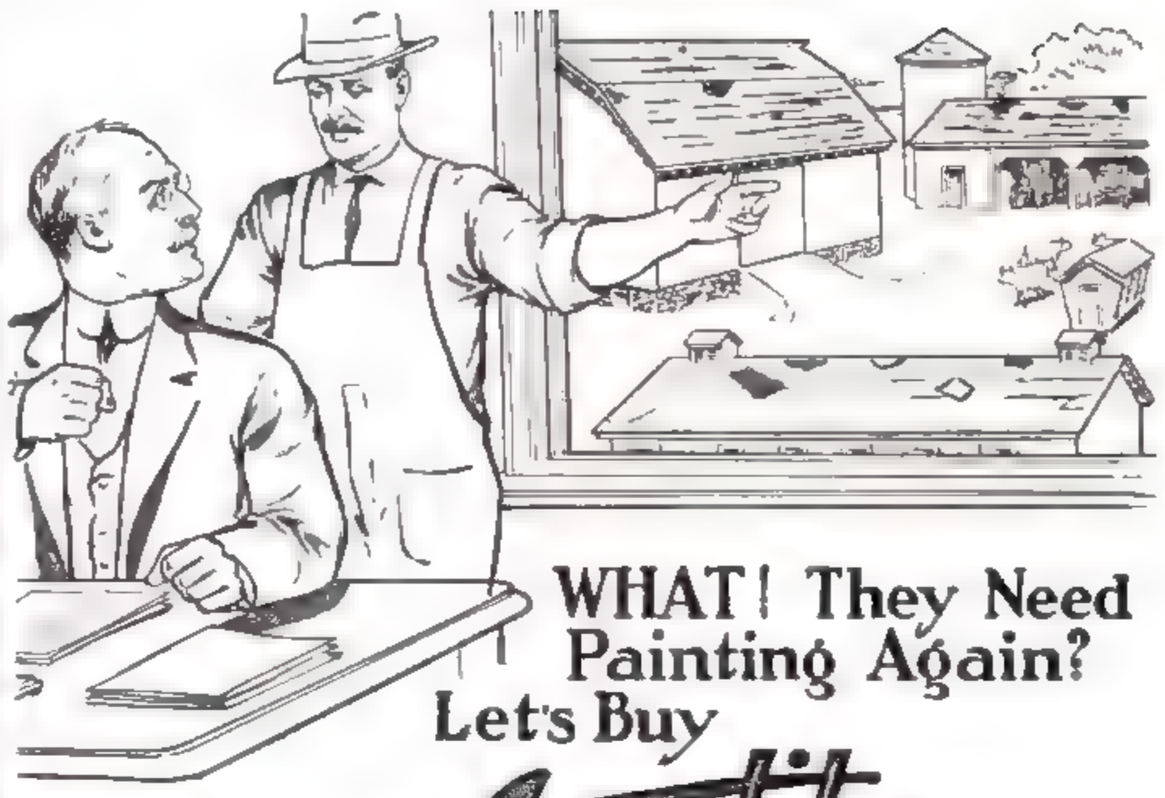
Suddenly he saw, beneath him, Blair, standing behind his line and about to give his signal, stop and throw about him a glance, a glance that swept the field from side line to side line, goal-post to goal-post, and the human walls towering about and the darkening sky above. It was a swift, passing glance, a flicker extinguished as soon as lit; already it was over, his eyes again upon his team, meditating a new attack. But Carter had seen it, had seized it as it passed; and there was in it such a wistful wildness, such a mad, searching expression of trapped thing, that Carter found himself on his feet, in a passion of aching sympathy, of loyalty and woe. And as if this had been an awaited signal, as if nothing but this movement of Carter's had been wanting, even as he sprang the long thrill of the last whistle ripped the silence. A roar followed the sound; before his eyes the red wall on the other side broke in an avalanche, flowed in torrents into the arena; the teams, the field, everything, disappeared.

Peart was standing also. He clutched Carter's arm; his eyes were bulging from their sockets and his mouth was working with words inaudible in the tumult. Carter put his ear close: the words came attenuated and far. "It's all over! It's all over!" Peart was shouting. "It's all over, and we're beaten!"

They stood there, the swirling uproar beneath them, and stared at each other with sober, frightened faces. This conclusion, this disaster, which for hours now, for eons it seemed, they had seen nearing with a drift inevitable as fate, now that it was here came as a surprise and a shock; it left them stupid. About them a bedlam roared.

Again Peart clutched at Carter's arm; again he was shouting. Carter heard after a while. "Let's go see the fellows! Let's go see the fellows!" Peart was shouting.

They went slowly down the steps, holding hands in the crowd, and then, still more slowly, pushed on toward the dressing room at the end of the grounds. The red rooters filled the field with their victorious serpentine. Their band passed blaring; Peart shook his fist at the disgorging horns and into Carter's eyes something stinging swiftly rose. Near the dressing rooms the throng was compact; they could not get very near; but from the top of the low



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fence bounding the gridiron Carter, behind heads, intermittently saw the men of the team file by toward the gates, caught glimpses of sodden, bent heads, of caving shoulders, of faces haggard with fatigue and defeat. And overwhelmingly he was seized again by that sentiment strangely vibrant, soft and sad—akin to the echoes of a beautiful music.

But Peart, in a hysteria of loyalty, was shouting again: "Let's go to the house and see them. Come on; we'll go see them at the house."

They went along a wide street full of people, turned into a smaller one, empty, turned again, and stopped before a big frame house, a relic of the times when this quarter, now populous, was but a summer resort for the city's inhabitants. The main door was open, and disorder reigned within. Carter went up, following Peart. In the hall there was a rush of trainers and rubbers with buckets, with sponges, with bottles and bandages. In a large room, open to the right, substitutes were taking off their suits. Peart kept on up the stairs to the upper floor. Doors, slamming open and shut to hurried enterings and exits, gave glimpses into rooms occupied by the men of the team. Some were taking off wearily their soggy armors; others squatted against the walls dejectedly and had not yet made a movement to undress. Sounds of running water came from bathrooms. Some one came running lightly up the steps. It was the manager. "Where's Blair?" asked Peart.

"In here, but you can't see him."

Even as he spoke, he was crossing swiftly to the door at the foot of the corridor. He opened it and went in.

The room, inside, was full of people. A physician was opening a little black grip upon a chair. Standing gloomily against the window, the coach was smoking. The physical director was standing above the bed, elbow to elbow with a trainer who held a bottle with a nonplused air. But almost right away, unerringly, Carter's eye went to the bed, to the lithe, nude form stretched, stomach down, upon the bed. It lay there, the slight body, in a sort of passion of discouragement; and in its slender sinews, in the ribs showing small, there was a new fragility which Carter had never seen in it before. The two arms were up and crossed above the tousled, soiled blond head which sank, face downward, into the pillow; the posture raised upon the back the two shoulderblades, and they had something in them pitiful as the bones of a sick child.

The physical director bent down. His hand slapped down upon the nude back in a heartening, roughman-caress; and suddenly, to this contact, these two chicken-bones of shoulderblades began to rise and fall, rise and fall, rise and fall, at first with a large, irregular, rusty movement, then more regularly, more smoothly, and fast, fast, fast. The door slammed shut.

But Carter, remaining there with wonder-filled eyes upon the closed door, still saw. He saw clearly the thin, racked frame, frail upon the bed; the arms crossed above the tousled head; the thin shoulders rising, falling—rising, falling. And that feeling which for an hour had haunted him, that sentiment, big, soft and sad, had taken on now the breadth and depth of organ chords.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Yesterday and Today

Perhaps in Nineveh you were
A queen and I a slave,
Perchance 'mid frankincense and myrrh
Your fan was mine to wave.
Perhaps I loved you as I knelt
Beside your divan gay.
Perhaps—but who knows how I felt
In that dead yesterday!

Perhaps you danced in Cæsar's house
And dined in Cæsar's hall.
Perhaps I led the brave carouse
And loved you more than all.
Perchance at Arthur's court we met
And loved and wooed and wed.
Can I be blamed if I forget
The centuries long dead?

It may be that in days agone
We loved and laughed and died
In Camelot or Babylon
Or Carthage in her pride.
Who knows? I don't remember, dear;
But this I know and vow:
Whatever chanced in yesteryear,
I surely love you now!

—*Berton Braley*

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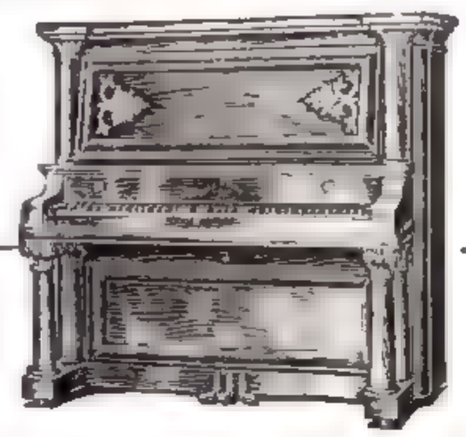

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Two years ago, when we, one of the largest pleasure vehicle manufacturers in the world, began making automobiles, our ten thousand agents were *already waiting* to absorb our output.

We had no Branch Houses to establish, no extra Salesmen to put on the road. Nor were we required to offer automobile agents *Cash Bonuses* or *Extra Commissions.*

On the day the "Michigan 40" was born, we had a perfect Selling Organization ready-made for us! And this Selling Organization, for which other automobile builders would have had to spend fortunes, COST US NOT ONE CENT.

Note this:

For thirty years we have been building pleasure vehicles. Last year we made over forty-five thousand. To handle this enormous output we built up one of the *most perfect retail selling organizations in the world.*

So, when we began making autos, two years ago, we had plenty of agents READY to handle our cars. We had no selling expense to meet nor selling problems to solve. We had but to confine our attention and capital to the *manufacturing* end.

No Secrets in Making Automobiles

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Our many years' manufacturing experience, our mammoth modern factory facilities, and our buying in huge quantities, renders our cost of automobile production as low as that of any automobile concern in America. Stick a pin in that.

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THE AGENT AT BANTAM SPUR

(Continued from Page 9)

"Does not the dog hear thim and bear wur-rd to his master? I have seen it with my own eyes. And I will not step wan fut into the grave with its Great Mysthery till I understand this wan entirely. Wan mysthery at a time is enough. I am not a detective agency," he resumes angrily. And so, quarreling, he leads the way home.

"Good night," says the young man to Jerry. "I borrowed the manager's handcar to come up from the smelter and have left it on your platfoorm." Then with a handshake he starts, with Kathleen clinging to his arm and glancing proudly into his face.

"It is noble and generous av Brother Marty to shake hands," she says.

Thin Jerry, left alone intirely, sits on the platfoorm edge and watches the big dipper over the mountain.

"If it was only a saucepan—or aven a jug," he says at last. "I am so tired av the dipper." Thin he shakes hands with himself. "'Tis noble and generous av me to do so," he thinks—and goes to bed.

The next day being Saturday, a number av the smelter men come up on the thrain fer a day's hunt in the mountains and to have a free fight on the platfoorm.

"It is a tough gang," ixplains the conducthor whin Jerry gives him the express package av money paid in by the smelter manager the day before; "and there is risk fer ye to handle cash in this lone place. If I were ye I wud not incourage the hunting party to fight on the platfoorm again, as ye did just now nor have thim hanging around at all ——"

"It is my station," says Jerry with a scowl, "and I must get all I can out av the job. 'Tis little hope I had fer a free fight in this God-forsaken place; but the Coffins have been famous in free fights as referees," he explains, "and I have called it a draw, that the smelter men may try it over again. As fer being robbed - nobody but the smelter manager and us two know that the freight is paid here at all."

"I have warned ye and now wash my hands av your robbery and murther," says the conducthor; "but I have another matter to take up with ye personally. It is the goat which ye have reported asthray."

"So he is," agrees Jerry, "and is turned chamois on the mountains."

"He cannot be asthray whin on coompany property," argues the conducthor, "and twice has he come down the thrack to attack the ingine. We have enough to do," he says bitterly, "without stopping to stone a goat three miles up the thrack ivery day. We are not running a circus thrain, ye know, Coffin!"

"Ha!" reflects Jerry; "the goat has complicated his case. If he is asthray why does he return? If he has returned why is he asthray? 'Tis a fine point."

"I care nothing fer the point av his case," says the other; "but this I know, I will niver conduct freight on fut—like a purade," he says.

Afther he is gone, Jerry calls to the hunters and points out the goat frisking on the peak.

"'Tis a mountain ram," he says, and the gang stops fighting to stalk the baste back and forth during all av that afthernoon and Sunday.

On that day young Doons comes to the station to ask him if a guerrilla war has broken out av the mountain; and laughs whin he learns av the mountain ram.

"He is a frindly lad," thinks Jerry, "with an honest face"; and he thanks Marty for warning him against the toughness av the smelter gang.

"I wud not incourage their acquaintance," says Marty, "or they may call whin they are not wanted."

"I will put a curse on thim," answered Jerry with indifference.

"I have heard av your black magic," says the lad with a grin. "Some day ye must tache me a thrick or two."

But Jerry warns him against thrifling with spirits, which have brought himself throuble enough in times past and present; and thin, to furnish amusement till thrain-time, they gather up the cards and play poker.

The thrain is whistling down the yard and the smelter gang returns to have a last fight on the platfoorm, whin Kathleen walks in upon thim.

"So this is the way ye lure my brother away from me!" she says with two spots of anger scorching her cheeks—"and him coming to visit me but wance a quarter. Do not ixplain to me, ye base thrickster. When ye can desave a wise man like my father 'tis little chance an innocent boy has against ye."

Young Doons calls in fury fer the gur-rl to hould her tongue, as well he might with all the wealth av the Coffins in his watch-pocket; but Jerry lays on his shoulder a hand that almost bears him to the ground.

"I belong among rougher people, apart from ye all," he says, "and have only to take the blame fer following my thraining."

At that insthant the dispatcher calls up to give him the order and the others walk slowly outside.

"And ye promised me not to gamble again, Marty," Jerry hears the gur-rl say in a pleading voice.

"And I will keep it!" declared the lad with all the cheerfulness av a winner.

"They always swear off too late and lave mesilf to remorse," moans Jerry. "Two dollars and thirty cents and a watch that was solid gold in my uncle's time!"

But whin Kathleen returns up the platfoorm and the thrain has gone he understands he has lost more than gold. Fer she luks him fair in the face in cold reproach—and without a wur-rd or sign, as whin frinds pass wan another.

Thin all the vast loneliness av the mountains wraps itsilf, cloud upon cloud, thickly around the station; while Jerry, stranded in the middle av life, luks up and down it like a street at night.

"I have met some people and have overtaken others," he tells the hound, "and they have all been frinds at starting; thin they begin to suspect me av crimes and draw aside; in a few moments they prove their suspicions and lave me to mesilf. Now Kathleen has gone the way av the wur-rld."

Seeing him in this distress, Medium howls distractedly.

"We must sympathize with aich other," says Jerry, kicking him in the ribs; "but I will niver listen to my own wake. And, besides, ye remind me av my guilty life. It is blacker than a life av crime, fer I might have made that respectable; but nobody can make a life av nonsense respectable. I am at last disgusted with thrickery and spirits, and will niver desave any wan again or play cards fer money—whin I have any av my own to risk."

Av coorse his repentance came too late, fer by this time Kathleen luked on him as a sharper below contempt—and Jerry knew it. Yet he felt a little better fer having done with the seance and the rappings, whether she believed in him or not.

If Jerry had only gotten on the right side av the gur-rl at first the story might have been different, fer he was a man to invite frindship—till he made a joke av it. As it was, since knowing him Kathleen had changed in a way to stir her own indignation. Fer wance she had been shy and yet confident with people; and now she was bould, with a terrible scare at heart.

She suspected that only a man already dommed cud startle and change her so, and hoped niver to meet him again. The little neighborly habit av strolling down with the fresh bread and pail av milk was dropped, and fer several days Jerry neither saw the Doons nor heard av thim.

He had fallen again into that low state av wondering what the ould agint had done afther resigning, when, late wan afternoon, Kathleen came to the door and spoke fur over his head.

"My father sint me to say that he wud like to see you." Thin she turned and walked away.

Jerry did not try to overtake her, but followed her at a distance to the farmhouse.

"I am not strong enough to run up and down the mountain," complained ould Doons from the doorsill. "We must hould the seance here ——"

"The saints forbid that I shud meddle with their business again!" says Jerry. "Misther Doons, in my time I have raised ivery ghost av consequence in purgatory—and why? Because people were intherested. I cud not bear to be a plain, honest man befoore my frinds, but must iver prowl in a night av mysthery to hould attintion. Now I wash my hands av spooks and divils; in the ind they have brought me nothing but suspicion and have been the ruin av me. I will desave nobody

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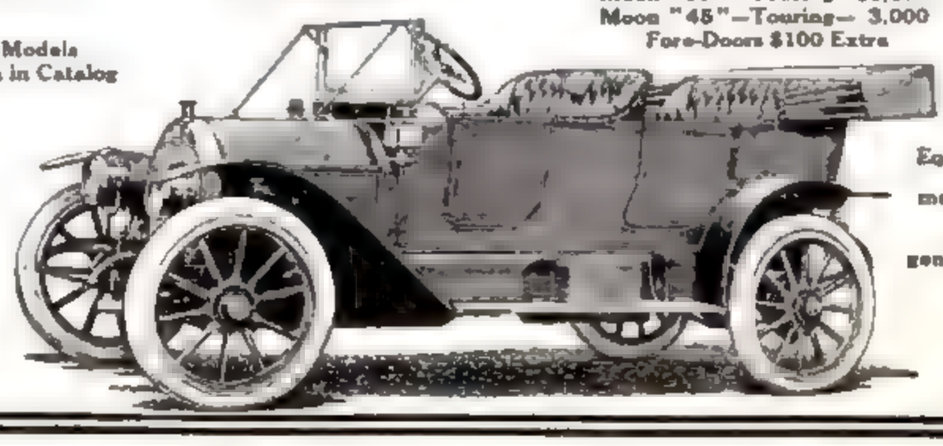

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hereafther," he ixclaims, raising his hand in a solemn manner, "though to be in earnest with people will rob me av the only chance I had to atthract thim."

While Jerry says all this, ould Doons is at first startled and disappointed; thin his face takes on a crafty luk.

"Whist!" he says as Jerry finishes. "Ye will stay to dinner," he goes on with a wink; "and afterward, whin the moon is setting and the goat skips and the hound raises the pack on the mountain —— I understand!" he ixclaims, as Jerry wud raise his voice again. "Ye have put mysthery upon mysthery by pretinding ye have pretinded." And he nudges the other in the ribs with his pipe. "Whist!" he also repates, and winks again.

"Saints save me!" thinks Jerry. "I am lost in such a jungle av wur-rds and cannot answer at all. He has forced me out av the same hole I went in at."

"Now," says ould Doons, "we will prospect fer a potato in the garden; ye luk thin and worried," he tells Jerry—"as becomes a haunted man."

"'Tis the food they sind me to ate," ixplains Jerry, following him. "I am puckered beyant recognition."

The other only nods craftily; and afther prospecting the garden they return with four potatoes, which Kathleen cooks with the corned beef they have. And there are string beans and buttermilk and hot biscuits and pie.

"Sure, I wud be a witch docthor fer such a meal," thinks Jerry; but he is so low in spirits that Kathleen will not listen or spake to him, and ould Doons burns him with sunken eyes while listening fer raps under the table.

They have finished and stepped outside a moment into the cool twilight; and Jerry has determined to make thim hear him out.

"I will confess in a way that will madden ould Doons, fer it will prove him a sucker—and nayther wan will iver forgive me."

"Listen, both av ye," he says, and the sternness av his manner commands thim; fer, afther all, it is tragedy fer a man to kill frindship by a confession av nonsense.

He houlds out his ar-rms like a man swearing vengeance. "Listen!" But at that same moment, with the red beam av the staring, setting moon turned on him like a dark lanthern, they see the goat skip beyant and hear a long, bludcurdling whine rise from the valley. It increases to a howl; the wolf-pack answers from the mountains; the gravel begins raining from the path. Thin the black hound bursts from the shadow and growls befoore thim, with foamy jaws and hanging tongue, while he raps a tattoo with his tail.

"The ingineer is on time—at last!" mutters ould Doons with a gasp.

"I must be gone," whispers Jerry, meeting the glance av Kathleen who shrinks away. He runs his hands through his hair like a wild man. "I will ixplain later," he says, but his voice is thick as the panting av the dog. And so he rushes away, with Kathleen banging to the ar-rm av her father and crying that he shall not follow this man with so many dommed accessories in mysthery.

All that night silence and loneliness and misery hould an inquisition in the station; and in mind the agint is flayed and hung up by the thumbs.

"It is too late to ixplain now," he thinks over and over. "I have had the stage set so long that aven my confessions are compromised. The scenes wur-rk av thimsilves; and, while proving to the audience that I am not a magician, the Fiend himsilf turns a thrick fer me."

Next afthernoon he has nothing to say whin the conducthor complains av the goat, and only a wur-rd to the manager av the smelter who comes in the avening to pay the week's freight bill.

At night he broods alone, with Medium asleep in the wareroom beyant the partition.

"'Twas yourself that queered me from being a reformed man," he has tould the dog—and since the night befoore he wud have nothing to do with him.

Deaf and stupid, Jerry does not hear the faint footfall across the platfoorm and only glances up as the door creaks, opens and closes.

A man wearing a black mask enters, houlding a revolver in wan hand and carrying a coil av rope in the other. Befoore Jerry can rise the muzzle is pressed cold into the back av his neck, a noose is over his ar-rms and drawn tight. He feels a spasm av fright; thin the blud leaps to his very fingertips and the muscles av his body gather—for there was always struggle, or maybe death, in Jerry Coffin at the scent of danger. But, aven as he springs I ad whirling fer a grapple, the butt av the revolver smashes on his temple and spinning, staggering, he sprawls over the telegraph table, his fingers clutching for the key by instinct. Thin his body relaxes and he wud slip to the floor, only the robber, clutching him by the throat, with revolver raised to fire, houlds him a second and thin, raising his legs to the table, ties him neck and foot with knot afther knot. Thin he cuts the wire where it passes through the wall, and running to the safe he opens it by wur-rking the combination. He tears open the package av bills and gold, paid in by the smelter manager, and, with a last ixamination av his prisoner's bonds, blows out the lamp and steps outside, closing the door behint. And this closed door it is that proves the salvation of Jerry Coffin.

It is some minutes before Jerry comes to his senses; gradually his mind clears and he struggles in his bonds, but they do not give an inch for all his bursting muscles.

Thin he considers raising an outcry. "But there is not a soul to hear me," he reflects.

Av course his next thought is of the telegraph; and afther a few minutes' effort he wur-rks his body into such a position that his hands tied behint him can reach the key. Again and again he calls and, sending the wur-rd "Help," signs his own station a great many times; but there is no answer. "The scoundrel has cut the wire!" thinks he. Now there seemed nothing further to do, but Jerry had been in too many scrapes not to know there is some way out av ivery wan.

"'Tis hard to ponder with this headache," he reflects; and, while waiting for some inspiration, he continues to wur-rk the key. And the heavy drumlike piece av zinc above the sounder bellows as a tremendous bell at ivery touch.

"Dot—dot—space—dot!" it clangs in the silent room, as he signs his own station in a last flurry av despair.

"There was no ixplosion!" he thinks with sudden fright. "The safe must have been opened by the combination. Lie down—rest aisy, Jerry Coffin," he mutters. "This is the finish! For they will accuse ye av being in cahoots with the robbers or av hiring some wan to tie ye up. Ye have no character to aid ye in defense. A wanderer, a thrickster, ye have been; and now ye will ind in jail."

"Dot—dot—space—dot!" he crashes out a last time and thin stretches himsilf quietly to meet his fate, as it will come nixt day.

From the wareroom beyant the partition he hears a kind av yawn and a scratching; thin, with the last echoes av his station call mingles a long whine as Medium wakes up.

Jerry feels his heart leap at the thought av coompany and he draws breath to call; but in the moment av ruin fortune presses her fingers on his lips and he releases his breath silently.

"Silence!" he thinks. "Silence, Coffin; ye have talked yoursilf into a thousand throubles—now only silence can help ye out."

It seems as though his body wud burst the ropes as it swells with exhilaration. Wance more he draws in the spirit av ould adventure, chuckling to himsilf, while his eyes sparkle blue, like diamonds in the dusk; and a hundred times, regular as the ticking av a clock, he sounds the double dot, space, dot av his station call.

As Jerry learned afterward, Medium had heard the scuffle and barked at the station door; but receiving no answer he had gone back to sleep during the quiet that followed.

Now he began to bark in earnest at the door and window; and as the call increased he leaped into the air and woke all the mountains with his frantic howling. And Jerry Coffin, swinging over the bottomless pit betwane hope and despair, wonders if a miracle will make his nonsense the means av saving him.

He thinks over all the lonesome hours he has whiled in thraining the dog to heed the call and bark—how he persuaded the agint below to sound it at certain times and waited at the ind av the platfoorm for the dog to run up, barking. Little by little he had increased the distance—across the valley, up the mountainside—until Medium wud seek him at the very cabin. But on the night befoore, whin he had no wish

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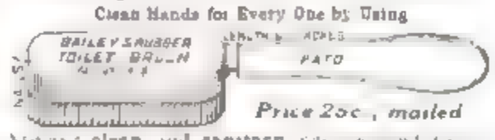

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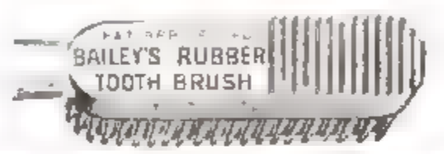

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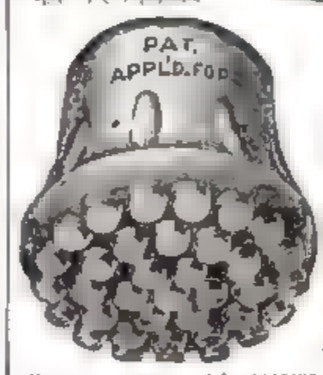

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for a message, Nick Wheedle himsilf had called up and so sint the dog to break into Jerry's confession and convince ould Doons he was the blackest av magicians.

And that had not been a difficult thing to teach at all with the giant sounder; for he had always had the call given separate and apart from the gineral clatter av the instrumint.

Animals will sometimes run to the ring av a bell or a certain sound in the kitchen, and Jerry had wance traveled with a thrainer who controlled dogs by the change av tone in his voice. And Medium tuk a great enjoyment in it, for a dog is as full av importance as an office boy.

"If he suspects I am here he will not go away," thinks Jerry; but suddenly, as if too long neglecting his duty, Medium raced up the platfoorm and his howls grew fainter and fainter up the mountain.

During a long half-hour he can hear the echo av his barks, for the Doons have pulled the covers above their ears and given Medium small welcome in their thoughts.

But the hound, wild for his master, claws at the doors and springing for a windey breaks wan av the panes; and at last ould Doons' intherest gets the better av him.

"It is a message for mesilf," he says. "Maybe the agint is in throuble—I'll go down the mountain."

"Ye do not know what dangers may lurk near such a man," pled Kathy. But her father is determined; and prisintly they set out together, with the dog running back and forth to urge them on.

Near the platfoorm ould Doons fires a shot from his revolver, and Jerry calls out from his dark room till the ould man opens the door and, hearing all is well, strikes a light. Thin under the lamp they luk with wonder at the agint, tied up like a mummy.

"He has been robbed!" whispers Kathy, but her father is puffed up with joy.

"The dog's message was for me!" he ixclaims; "and divil a bit cud the agint have sint him, tied up alone in a dark depot. Hereafter I will have seances av me own——"

"Cut me loose, quick!" says Jerry.

In an instant he is loosed and wur-rking his limbs till the blud runs free again. Thin, taking Doons' revolver, he leads the hound outside and gives him scent av the rope and the torn envelope.

"He has struck the thrail," says Jerry as Medium bays in a strange note; and hound and master disappear in the starlight down the thrack.

Jerry has leashed in the hound with a piece av rope and the two bend to the thrail, which turns suddenly into a long, dim-lit ravine—for the great mountain stars cast no shadow.

Prisintly Jerry has the unaisy sense av being thrailed himsilf and halts; so does the shadow behint. "Saints above! what is it?" he reflects, for there is a different spirit enters into a chase whin ye are leading it.

The shadow begins picking its way along the side av the ravine above him, as if impatient av the delay; it snickers softly in contimpt av the others.

"Whew!" ixclaims Jerry; "it is the dom goat!" And he throws stones at it, but the goat only mutters with rage and hurries on.

"If he gets up the wind he will overwhelm the scent av iverything ilse and the hound will lose the thrail," thinks Jerry; and with a hearty curse he races along afther the goat for miles.

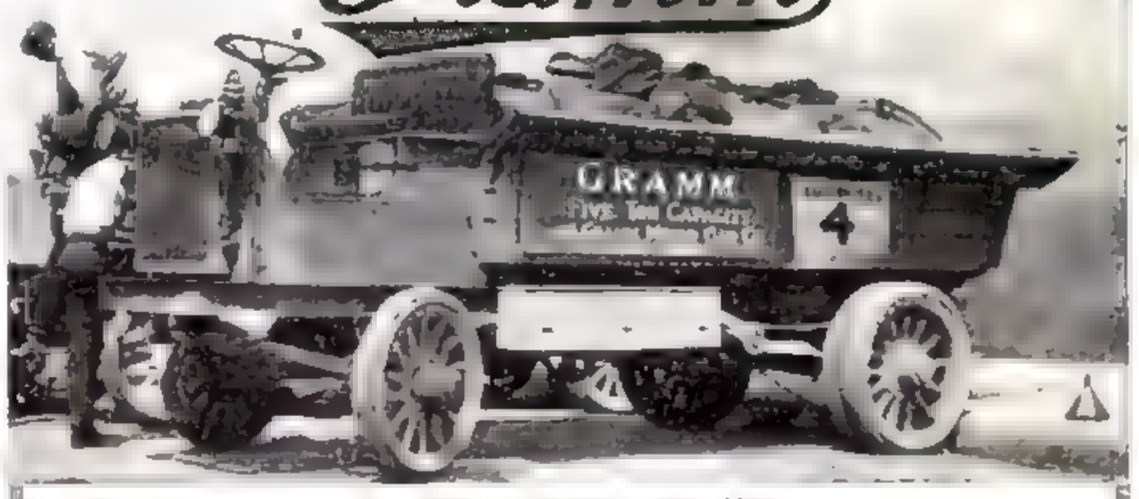
Thin Medium whines and lets fly a volley av gravel in his face; and with wan swoop Jerry has him by the throat.

"From the way his hair bristles there is a robber about," he thinks, and drags the dog along step by step. They have entered the futhills by now and come suddenly to the brink av a little hollow, where plainly outlined on a boulder sits a man smoking a pipe and chinking gold in his hands. The smoke rises in a hidden thread and thin pours over the air in soft layers like a canopy, while the man chinks his gold.

"'Tis a dull, cold chime," he says aloud, "but it goes to the heart." And he sings through his teeth in a reckless way. "Oh, well; 'tis done," he says in a kind av screech, "and ye have the gold!"

In an insthant, betwane the twinkles av a star, nothing remains av him but a few sparks on the rock; for Jerry, crouching on the brink, has drawn wan breath in a great sob and the robber has slid from the boulder like a lizard.

THE Gramm



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In the recent 756 miles Chicago American Contest—Chicago to Detroit and return; the most grueling run ever undertaken by commercial vehicles—the Gramm 2-ton truck carrying a considerable overload was the winner in its class, finishing with a new and marvelous record for economy and consistent service.

The Gramm 5-ton truck—the only heavy truck whose makers had the nerve to enter in this contest—finished first in its class, with a record for economy of operation and a degree of reliability under excessive difficulties that was almost unbelievable.

This new demonstration of Gramm efficiency simply emphasizes what Gramm trucks have proved over and over again in reliability contests—and in hard day after day service for a thousand owners—that Gramm trucks are a full decade ahead of other commercial cars in perfection of engineering and structural details.

This last contest, in which the Gramm won two cups, was by no means exceptional.

In the hard run from Chicago to Milwaukee and return last fall, a Gramm 3-ton truck—the only Gramm entered—won a perfect score against a field of 51 starters.

In the Oakland-San Francisco Contest a few weeks later, which was run under the supervision of army officers, another Gramm 3-ton truck—also the only one entered—won handily with a perfect road and technical score, in addition to having a remarkably low cost per ton mile for operation.

And yet, remarkable as these performances are, they are simply repetitions of the wonderful work that Gramm trucks are doing every day in the year for more than a thousand Gramm owners in this country and abroad.

Gramm trucks are built for just this class of service, and are giving just this class of service to business houses in every state in the Union.

Some of these houses have used Gramm trucks continuously for four or five years, and have added to their equipment of Gramm trucks from time to time until they are now operating from five to fifteen trucks of one to five tons' capacity.

The repeat orders of these older Gramm owners—there are almost a thousand of them—are of themselves the most practical and convincing proof of Gramm efficiency.

Write today for the latest Gramm literature and actual records of Gramm economy.

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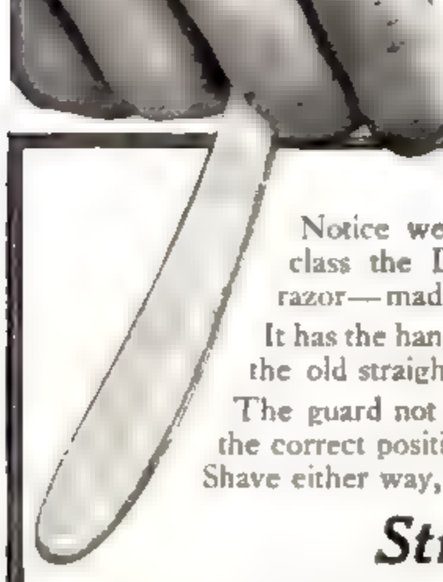
Canadian Manufacturers

"Say, that was a real shave!"

You can't get a real shave without a real razor. The Durham-Duplex is a real razor. It shaves. It slides smoothly over the face, severing the whiskers with the correct diagonal stroke like a scythe mows grass. It leaves the skin soft and velvety—not rough and harsh as after the scraping of razors which do not have this correct stroke.

DURHAM-DUPLEX

the "safe" razor



Notice we say "safe razor" not a "safety." Don't class the Durham-Duplex as a "safety." It's a real razor—made safe.

It has the hang and the set and the right shaving principle of the old straight razor without the dangerous naked blade.

The guard not only protects the blade but sets the razor in the correct position. The Durham-Duplex is double-edged Shave either way, with either hand.

Strop your blades

Every razor set includes a stropping attachment that's put on in a jiffy. This attachment enables you to strop blades like an expert. It gives the blade just the right set for a keen, even edge With this attachment you can use the razor like an ordinary straight razor if you wish. Durham-Duplex Blades are made of special steel and hold their edge. We have made the Durham-Duplex Blade the Standard of the World and will maintain it. Six will buy 12 Cutting Edges (6 Blades). Standard set—razor, guard, stropping attachment and six double-edged blades in handsome leather case, $5.00 everywhere.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
New York London

There is dead silence, with only the faint chunking av gold dropped into the robber's pocket.

"Ye are in a trap," says Jerry quietly. "Come out; I will not harm ye." And as no answer comes: "I saw ye, boy. God save us — "

He gets his answer thin, for Marty Doons leans across the boulder, his revolver glinting as he plays with the action.

"Ye do not know me," he says with a fierce, excited laugh, "or ye wud not venture so far. Stand still, for I have ye covered."

"We will talk it over," says Jerry, seating himself so as not to be outlined against the sky. And thin he tries to persuade the boy, for the sake av his family and his own future, to return the money to the safe as he had found it.

"Why, ye are a thrickster and a gambler, and have been in jail yoursilf!" retoorts the other. "I have gambled and lost a hundred dollars av the smelter firm's money. This will make it good and I'll play with the rest."

Jerry was struck dumb, for he cud not make the lad understand that his own recklessness had been for love av adventure and not av crime.

Afther a moment's thought the lad cries desperately: "Since a man like ye knows av this, I'll niver be safe. I have the money and mean to keep it. We'll shoot it out like men—I'll take a chance. Quick there, now!—I'll give ye no more than a count av three."

"Wan wur-rd," says Jerry, and rises to his full height. "Ye are only wicked by bad example. Return the money to the safe by your own hand and I will hould ye clear. Don't ye understand that I cud refuse to fight and only guard or follow till ye were taken? 'Tis disgrace I wud save ye—and, best av all, your own rispect. Trust me—by the saints!" he urges.

But the boy does not seem to have heard him at all.

"We'll shoot it out like men," he boasts, and steps bouldly from behint his rock.

"Shall Kathy's brother go—a thief?" asks Jerry av his heart, and atones for all his foolish recklessness by the most desperate risk av his life. With wan quick side leap he rushes—the other's bullet singing past his ear. He is almost on the lad, when a shot strikes his shoulder and spins him on his heels. The sight is too much for Marty Doons; the frenzy av fight and excitement leaves him and he has turned to run, whin with a crash a ledge av the hollow comes down upon him and he is rolled to Jerry's feet.

And, as he collars the lad, Jerry feels a hundred times more blest in the other opportunity that has come to him.

Dragging Martin along, he kicks the goat, who has come down with the ledge.

"It was my wan risk for a good cause," he says, "and ye have made it ridiculous by falling on the robber's back befoore I cud lay hands on him. I had the blud-thirsty little fule at the tips av my fingers," he says, and kicks at the goat agin; "but ye must seize the credit for laying him out, whin it was all by accident and ye were only there by way av butting in as a nuisance." And he sicks the dog on him.

Here Jerry began to feel the pain av his wound. "Through the flesh av the ar-rm," he says afther ixamining it. "Now march on, ye bandit!" And Marty Doons, bruised and shaken, does as he is bidden.

Shortly befoore daybreak they arrive at the station, where Marty is compelled to restore the money to the safe and throw off the combination.

"Now ye are paroled," says Jerry sternly. "Return here to repoort this very night afther the day's wur-rk is done."

"I will come," answers the lad quietly, for he begins to feel awe av this man, at wance so reckless and so determined.

Jerry has him bind up his shoulder and the lad pales at sight av the blud he had drawn.

"'Tis not much av a wound," says Jerry, "and I'll wire for the thrain conduethor to bring up some medicines I know av. Now, lad," he winds up, "there's no use leaving a job half done. Meet the thrain this afthernoon as it comes out and the conduethor will hand ye an envelope. That will be the hundred to cover your shortage. Ye need not thank me, for I will see that ye pay it back."

The lad falters a little as he starts away and waves his hand beyant the curve.

At nine o'clock in the morning he called up Nick Wheedle: "Send me wan hundred on account," he wired.

"Account av what?" asked Wheedle.

"Account av ould times," replied Jerry and he resaved the O. K. afther telling Wheedle to address in care av Martin Doons, at the smelter.

Afther the thrain has come and gone again, he calls at the Doons' house to thank thim for their aid the night befoore and to say that, afther recovering the money, the robber iscaped.

"I am glad ye were so fortunate," says Kathy civilly.

"It was not fortune," intherrupts her father. "Divil a robber cud make away with that aggregation. So ye let him escape?" he says to Jerry.

"At any rate, he is gone," answers the agint dryly; and he can see that the very strangeness av all this adventure makes the gur-rl aven more averse to him.

There he finds Marty, who has come up on the handcar to repoort.

"I will not go home yet," says the lad; and, in fact, he spinds that night and all the next day till thraintime at the station.

He is respectful to Jerry and talks av many things with him, though the incidints av the robbery are not mentioned afther Martin has said simply, "that he had learned the combination from the ould agint." But at times there is an air av curious ixcitement about the lad; and, as he insists on coming up to dress the wound ivery avening, this ixcitement increases as the week wears on.

"Why, the lad seems to triumph over me in some way," reflects Jerry, puzzled. But he was too much concerned with other affairs to heed this. He was writing his confession.

"I will put the whole matter av the seances in black and white," he says, "and ixpose the haunted dog. I am leaving this place with a throuble growing heavier ivery day; but, though it will confirm Kathy in her suspicion av me, I will tell the truth. It will be written and laid befoore Doons; so I cannot be intherrupted and the ould loon cannot help but understand."

So, on Friday afthernoon, he replaces the piece av zinc, which he had removed from the sounder to keep the dog from barking. Thin he calls at the Doons' and requests thim solemnly to come to the station with him.

"It is high time," says the ould man, bustling around. "I have been lying low for another outbreak," he says, "being about recovered from the late wan, and must have something to intherest me."

He calls to Kathy; and when she comes to the door Jerry feels a pang av sympathy. For the gur-rl is hollow-cheeked and her eyes big and bright as in a fever. She startles whin Jerry speaks to her and puts on her hat to follow with an air av terrible anxiety.

"She is stricken in some way," thinks Jerry, without daring to glance at her for the tears in her eyes. "It is hard to lave her so, but 'tis small comfort she wud take from me."

Thin he thinks av the confession he is to make and chants the song av the robber whin he sat on the rock.

At the station he gives thim seats, which they accipt afther ould Doons luks under his chair.

"I am going to tell ye this in fairness," says Jerry, laying the confession on the table and dismayed by the falter in his own tones as he meets Kathy's eyes upon him. "I am going away tomorry and wish to undesave ye in regard to seances—dog and all; I cannot lave a lie behint me. We will begin by ixposing the dog." He turned to the telegraph with the zinc sounder; and ould Doons was rubbing his hands in ixpectation av seeing ghosts in broad daylight, whin suddenly the smelter manager entered.

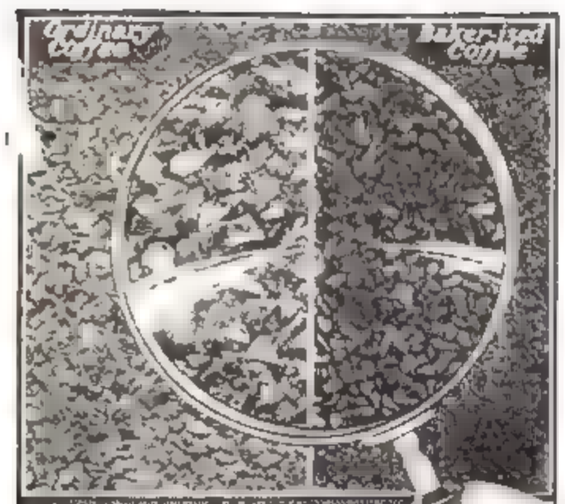
He had ridden in early that day on his horse to pay his freight, and, afther ixplaining that he was going farther into the mountains to visit a claim, invited thim outside to luk at the horse.

"A curse on the intherruptions! Here they commence," says Jerry; "but this time I will outwit thim, for the confession is written down."

When the smelter man has ridden away the others start back into the depot and are followed by the dog and thin the goat, that has been watching from the mountain.

"No—not you!" mutters Jerry, and he strives to kick him unseen; but the goat skips—and, not having the heart for comedy, Jerry steps inside quickly and slams the door.

"I will lay this package in the safe," he says; and, wur-rking the combination:



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Please send me free sample can, enough to make 6 cups of Barrington Hall Coffee, and booklet "The Coffee Without a Regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name on the margin.

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"I have learned by the robbery and do not lave it unlocked any more—though there is nothing inside."

He swung open the door, and, seeing a large package already in the pigeonhole, he tuk it out and luked it over bewildered.

"How the divil did this get inside?" he asks aloud and tears open the envelope. It is filled with banknotes, bound together with a piece av clip paper on which is written: "'Tis the first time in all these years ye wud take anything for the faithful services av other times. Ye have become steady and given up the nonsense av spirits, as I know from your record at Bantam Spur. Now, instead av the wan hundred ye ask for, I sind ye five hundred. Buy the farm ye were thinking av when ye fell betwane the cars in the ould days, and the saints prosper ye in the investment, Jerry. Nick Wheedle—av the Derelict Thrain."

He hears a chuckle near the door and, still dazed, luks into the grinning face av Marty Doons.

"What is it?" asks ould Doons in curiosity av Jerry's wild luk and manner.

"I did not know it was there," ixplains Jerry.

"Not in your own safe? Who ilse has the combination?"

"No wan," replies Jerry, "ixcept the treasurer av the coompany."

"'Tis a place av miracles," laughs the ould man in wonder. "No; I do not wish to read the note. It wud spoil the intherest. Ye must not resign, Misther Coffin—see, I have become used to the name"

"Resign!" cries young Marty Doons. "Niver ——"

"I have already resigned," says Jerry.

"But the ould agint did that and they wud not accipt. So he resigned again and ——"

"Complete that!" commands Jerry sternly.

"Why, he resigned again and again," says the two Doons.

"And is that what I have worried so long about?" says Jerry disgusted. "But what became av him?"

"He bought a farm and stayed here. I am the ould agint," replies Misther Doons; "but I wud not let it be known lest ye lave me the job again."

"I must go; there are grave reasons. I cannot tell ye why!" ixclaims Jerry. "Shud I not go?" he asks, turning to the gur-rl.

"Yes," she answers quietly; and the flash av hope passing leaves him in thicker darkness than before.

"Perhaps a wur-rd from her will persuade him," thinks Marty, and draws his father to the door. As they pass out he sees his sister catch Jerry's sleeve with a nervous hand, and warns: "Luk out! It is the sore shoulder."

"Is it a wound?" she asks in a low voice, drawing back. "How does he know? Why did your dog tear his clothes to pieces when I was brushing them in the yard the day afther the robbery? Misther Coffin, ye gambled with him—he was tempted ——"

"Kathy," answers Jerry, taking her hand in his earnestness, "I do not understand ye at all. The lad I wud trust anywhere. Why, the money was sent him by Wheedle to put in the safe ——"

She did not believe his explanation and, passing it by, seized on his last wur-rds.

"Marty had the money in his hands, ye say? And hid it in the safe for ye ——"

"Here is the envelope addressed to him," replies Jerry.

At that instant the sounder rang and the dog barked joyously at the call.

"It is Wheedle!" ixclaims Jerry, answering. "He says repoort tomorry for a better station." He stopped and searched the gur-rl's face with beggar's eyes.

And Kathy shivers from head to fut. "Ye have become such a frind!" she says. "Ye have shielded Marty! I understand now ——"

"I must go," says Jerry, for he will not hold the gur-rl by gratitude—and the sounder rang again.

"Niver!" the gur-rl says with a little cry—"for my sake ye must not."

"I am buying a farm," answers Jerry at the wire, and cuts off.

A moment later they hear footsteps along the platfoorm.

"Now for the confession!" says Jerry with a long sigh.

But the goat had eaten it. And in all his life afther Kathy wud niver let him make another.

"People wud lose intherest in us," she said.

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You'll find Westinghouse Motors a part of the best makes of house pumps, mangles, addressing machines, portable tools, ventilating sets, meat choppers, coffee grinders, and automatic pianos. These are some of the wonderful new machines built around the electric motor. And the heart of each of the best of them is the perfectly designed and perfectly built Westinghouse Motor.

The manufacturers of these machines have only one object in installing the Westinghouse Motor. *It is an absolutely dependable part of his equipment.*

And the one thing you should make certain of before buying any electrically driven convenience and labor saver is the fact that it is run by a Westinghouse Motor.

The dependability of the Westinghouse Motor is yours for the driving of any and every thing under the sun that can be driven by electric power.

You can get a Westinghouse Motor for every purpose from running the household sewing machine to driving the heaviest roll in a steel mill.

You get more than mere perfection of workmanship in any Westinghouse Motor. You get the most expert knowledge possible of the particular power problem to which that motor is the answer.

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We have valuable information in booklet form on the proper motor for any standard line of work. Free on request.

Your letter will receive prompt attention if you address "Westinghouse, Motor Department P, East Pittsburgh."

All *good* dealers and lighting companies handle Westinghouse Motors. *Any* dealer or lighting company will sell you a Westinghouse Motor if you insist.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sales Offices in 40 American Cities Representatives All Over the World

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

(Concluded from Page 27)

on the side of the employer if justice is with him—of the worker if justice is with him; and we are against both, but for both if exact justice is with neither but is halfway between. We, the public, want this dispute settled; but we want it settled right."

What was the result? The dispute was settled, working men and employers satisfied; and, of course, the public was more than satisfied.

The Canadians, in their labor troubles, administer the law in the spirit that really good men and women are at outs about something upon which they can agree after their artificially heated blood has been cooled. They think that for each combatant to get the viewpoint of the other is the broad highway.

As I mentioned once before: In the great majority of these cases the conciliation board has made its award in favor of the workers. In only a few cases has the award been in favor of the employers. It is the results of the law that have won from the working men their present favorable feeling toward it.

At first, both working men and employers were ill-disposed toward this law. The working men felt that it was an attempt to interfere with their rights to better their condition by striking when they pleased. The employers were sure the law would be worked against them on account of politics and such influences. But, because of the beneficial administration of the law, the working men generally are coming to support it.

A Novelist to the Rescue

Indeed the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada passed a resolution favoring it and asking that it be extended to other industries besides public utilities. Other bodies of organized labor have done the same. This favorable feeling, however, is not unanimous. I think the United Mineworkers of America passed a formal resolution against it at a recent annual convention.

Also, labor has come to look more favorably on the law because it specifically recognizes labor's status under the Canadian trades unions act. We Americans will understand this by a reference to our Sherman Anti-Trust Law. It is contended, and indeed our courts have decided, that this law applies to labor organizations as well as to organized capital engaged in industry.

One of labor's demands in the United States is that the Sherman law shall be modified by exempting laboring men from its provisions. Canada's trades unions act puts her working men in much the same legal position that our working men would be in if our Sherman Anti-Trust Law were so amended as to exempt American working men from its provisions.

"This section of our industrial disputes act," said a Canadian labor leader to me, "is of the greatest value to us. On the whole, the law as it is administered is growing in favor among us working men."

The administration of the law was very bitterly resisted in the beginning by a type of man with whom we in the United States are very familiar—the "lobbyist attorney" of a corporation who gets his bread and butter by "defending" his corporation from what he terms the "outrageous assaults of these working men."

Gradually, however, their opposition ceased; for the wiser employers and the honest and abler managers of corporations have found out that, on the whole, the prevention of industrial wars with their working men is a better thing for them than "standing like a stone wall" for the "right to manage our business in our own way."

"I admit that the award usually has been against us," said one such man; "but, although I did not think these awards against us entirely just, yet the saving in time, in expense and in the steady conduct of our business has been a real saving to us when the balance was struck."

The severest test the law has experienced occurred as this paper was being written. Its outcome up to the present time strikingly shows the increasing moral power that has gathered round this labor statute. This test is the present coalminers' strike, again in the coalmines of Western Alberta, where the strike of 1906 occurred which resulted in the passage of this very act.

The miners had agreed to work for specified period on a certain scale wages. When the period specified in the contract expired, the miners said they did not care to go to work again under the former terms and that legally they did not have to go to work, because the time they agreed to work had expired.

Thereupon, the employers said, the miners struck. The miners said merely that they no longer were employees, their contract having expired. Yet the mining had to be done in order that the people of the prairie provinces might be furnished with their fuel for the coming winter. How, then, should this perplexing difficulty be solved?

The Government wished to establish a conciliation board. The miners refused to name their member upon the ground that there was no strike. They repeated that they merely did not care to work under the terms of the expired contract, which they had a perfect legal right to refuse to do.

What, then, was to be done? There is a general Canadian law that authorizes the Government on its own motion independently to investigate nearly anything. There would be no result of such an investigation, except that the facts would be published. The Government let it be known that if necessary this would be done.

Finally the working men, reflecting that the awards in the vast majority of cases had been favorable to the working men, and the employers, conceding that with few exceptions a just and wise conclusion had been reached in such cases—both agree to name the two members of the board of conciliation to settle this threatened warfare if possible.

These two men named as a third member of this board that remarkable Canadian novelist, Mr. Gordon, whom we Americans know as Ralph Connor. All, it appears, had confidence in Mr. Gordon. So he was made the chairman of this board. Thus the severest test to which the Canadian law for labor has been put has been disposed of; and the power of public opinion, working in an orderly manner, has been vindicated.

Putting an End to Strife

And after all, what business men are looking for is steady and continuous business, with peace and good feeling between employer and working men. After all, although the awards of these Canadian conciliation boards usually have been in favor of the working man, especially in the matter of wages and labor conditions, yet it actually has been found that these increased wages, which the employers thought would reduce their own profits, in reality have increased their profits, taking everything together.

Of course the decisions of the Canadian boards of conciliation have not always been in favor of the demands of the working men. And sometimes, in these informal confidential talks that constitute the so-called hearings of these Canadian boards, the men themselves have realized that it really was impossible for their employers to grant all their demands. In these cases it has been found that the working man showed that good sense and spirit of real justice that constitutes the very heart of conciliation and the very soul of industrial peace.

The above is, in broad outlines, the operation and result of Canada's great experiment in preventing industrial wars. It is the most interesting experiment yet attempted to put an end to strife between employer and working man. One who studies it sees how much better it is than any effort at compulsory arbitration—that, at least, is gladly admitted by those who still oppose the law.

When you get to the bottom of it the administration of this Canadian labor law is an attempt at a practical application of the Christian idea. It is an appeal to that forbearance, good sense and spirit of justice, even toward a foe, that lie deep down in human nature and in the end will work out the righteous and happy conduct of human life and the salvation of the race.

Whether this Canadian appeal will succeed permanently the near future will show. Thus far it has worked better than anybody expected.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last in a series of articles by Mr. Beveridge on Canada.

YOU see here an illustration of one of Selz Royal Blue shoes; it doesn't show the shoe, of course; no illustration could. The only way to tell what a shoe really looks like, is to look at the shoe itself; the only way to tell that it's a good shoe is to wear it.

This is one of more than a hundred different styles we make in the Royal Blue line of men's welt shoes; we make equally good shoes for women and children.

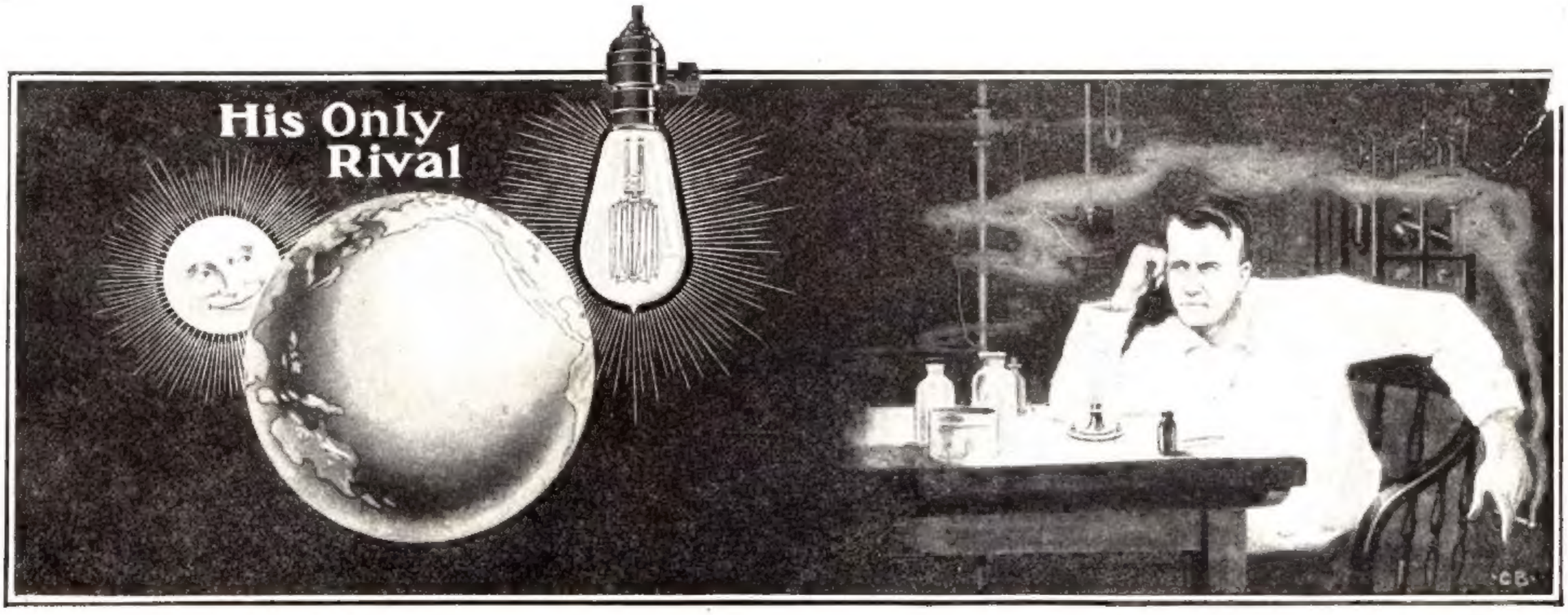
The Royal Blue shoes for men and women and boys; the Liberty Bell shoes for children in school; and many other good ones; are being sold all over this country by dealers who want their customers to have the best, and who believe Selz shoes are best.

All our lasts, of whatever style, are made on the measurements of one master-last; the Footform; a scientific design of our own; perfectly shaped for the human foot. You'll find perfect fitting easier in Selz shoes than in any you ever tried.

Next time you buy a pair of shoes, see that the name "Selz" is stamped on the sole; find the guarantee of wearer's satisfaction attached to it; read it; and pay your money in full confidence.

SELZ CHICAGO

Largest makers of good shoes in the world



Edison's Dream Comes True

Thirty-two years ago the Wizard of Menlo Park dreamed his great dream which has now come true — Electric Light for Everybody.

When Edison invented the electric incandescent lamp thousands journeyed to Menlo Park to see "the light that burned without air."

Edison put a little paper horseshoe filament, that he had carbonized, into a glass bulb and pumped out the air. Next he passed a current of electricity through this horseshoe.

The Dream

As it glowed white hot, lighting up the darkened room, another light glowed in his face, for he saw the revolution that tiny bulb would bring about in the world's sunless hours.

But the first lamps of 16 candlepower used up 100 watts of electricity.

Slowly, as improvements came, the amount of light was increased. Six years ago people thought the limit was reached, for the close of the first quarter-century of Electric lighting was celebrated by the advent of the Edison Gem lamp. Using the same amount of electricity, it gave more than twice the light of that first wonderful lamp.

The Revolution

Suddenly another invention in electric lamps revealed the dawn of a new era in electric lighting—unseen in the dreams of anyone—except Edison.

This was the Tungsten filament lamp which—instead of the original 16 candlepower—or the fancied limit of 40 candlepower—gave actually 80 candles of light from the same 100 watts.

Edison's Original Lamp Invented 32 Years Ago.

Latest Edison Mazda Lamp with Non-fragile Filament.

This lamp almost materialized the Dream—but the filament was brittle—and the cost was high.

Both these obstacles are now cleared away. First, a brilliant invention has resulted in the production of a drawn wire stronger than steel. This wire is used to make the filaments in Edison Mazda lamps.

The filament or "burner" in Edison Mazda lamps is so sturdy that hundreds of thousands are in use under severe and trying conditions, even for lighting railway trains and automobiles.

Next—of prime importance—the full advantage of the General Electric Company's reduced cost of manufacture has been given to the public.

And the present price of the perfected Edison Mazda lamp is about one-half that of the first, brittle tungsten lamp.

The Dream Comes True

So, with lower cost and a better lamp, Edison's dream of the Sun's Only Rival has come true. The waiting millions can be served now that electric light costs so little and does so much.

Now, you can have Electric Light in your home, your office, your store, your factory—at a price you have been waiting for, if you use the latest invention—Edison Mazda Lamps, made only by the General Electric Company.

Buy these Lamps and see how Edison's Dream has come true for you.

Sold by Electric Light Companies and Dealers everywhere.

General Electric Company

Main Lamp Sales Office: Harrison, N. J.

Principal Office: Schenectady, N.Y. **Sales Offices in the following Cities:**

Atlanta, Ga.	Charleston, W. Va.	Denver, Colo.	Los Angeles, Cal.	New Orleans, La.	Rochester, N. Y.
Baltimore, Md.	Charlotte, N. C.	Detroit, Mich., (Off. of Sol'g Agt.)	Macon, Ga.	New York, N. Y.	Salt Lake City, Utah.
Birmingham, Ala.	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Erie, Pa.	Memphis, Tenn.	Philadelphia, Pa.	San Francisco, Cal.
Boise, Idaho.	Chicago, Ill.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Louis, Mo.
Boston, Mass.	Cincinnati, Ohio.	Kansas City, Mo.	Nashville, Tenn.	Portland, Ore.	Seattle, Wash.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Cleveland, Ohio.	Louisville, Ky.	New Haven, Conn.	Richmond, Va.	Spokane, Wash.
Butte, Mont.	Columbus, Ohio.		Providence, R. I.	Springfield, Mass.	Syracuse, N. Y.

Look for this General Electric Monogram, the Guarantee of Excellence on Everything Electrical.

Look for this General Electric Monogram, the Guarantee of Excellence on Everything Electrical.

(3162)

Perfect Satisfaction in Perfect Fitting

MUNSING UNION SUITS

FOR MEN
WOMEN
CHILDREN

TWENTY-FOUR years ago we began making union suits. For hundreds of years prior to then, men had been wearing the two-piece kind of underwear.

The Union Suit—**Munsingwear** was more than an innovation: it was an upsetting of tradition and it was in conflict with custom. It had to be introduced, explained, argued for. We were regarded as visionaries; the union suit was called a passing fad. Now we make twenty thousand union suits—**Munsingwear**—each working day. We make and sell over six million Munsingwear garments each year.

The battle for union suits has been won by **Munsingwear.** There are ideas in **Munsingwear** which are not in an ordinary union suit. If **Munsingwear** had not been made, union suits would still be an experiment.

These are questions to ask when buying a union suit: Is it properly made? Does it fit well? Does it cover the form properly? Does it stay in place, and yet yield with the movement of the body? Is it comfortable? Is it correctly proportioned? Will it wear? Will it stand laundering?

The most satisfactory answer to these questions is **Munsingwear.**

MUNSINGWEAR *is 100% Right*

It has 24 years of experience—successful experience—in it. It represents perfectly the judgment and satisfaction of the public. It is uncomplicated; it is easy to put on and take off. It is made in the modern, model Munsing mills. These mills are not only absolutely fireproof, but are conceded to be the highest type of factory construction as regards light, sanitation and ventilation. This means that Munsingwear is cleanly made.

Munsingwear woolen garments do not scratch. Many people think it is the wool that scratches. Wool does not irritate. It is the tiny pieces of burrs, etc., left in the wool because of careless combing, carding and washing. Our yarns are tested for cleanliness, as well as for strength, durability and wear. These tests apply to cotton, wool and mercerized yarns alike. We are captious about our raw materials. It pays you and it pays us. The high standard of quality of material is duplicated by the high standard of workmanship in our factory. Our operatives are trained experts.

Only the highest type of efficiency, together with our wide distribution and great volume of sales could enable us to make **Munsingwear** of the finest fabric and offer it to you at prices which you would pay for underwear of inferior quality and workmanship. You get service in Munsingwear. It does not go to pieces, lose its shape or cease to fit after one or two washings. Laundering is the crucial test.

Munsingwear actually improves in appearance with repeated trips to the laundry.

We put the quality in it in the making. Our positive knowledge of the excellence of the yarn, the perfection of the fabric, the correctness of the cutting and making, the thoroughness of the finishing gives to you the assurance that for the same money you actually cannot buy the same value, the same continuous satisfaction that **Munsingwear** gives.

One of the leading dealers in practically every town and city in the United States sells **Munsingwear.** His guarantee is quickly given to you. He knows, and perhaps you know, that our own broad guarantee of quality and wear is direct. We immediately refund the price or replace any Munsingwear suit that does not satisfy. Our rigid inspection of garments in the making is shown when you know that not sixty complaints were registered last year—and more than six million Munsingwear garments were sold. When you put on Munsingwear you don't realize that you have underclothes on; you don't feel it any more than you do your skin, so perfect is the fit and so pleasantly does it conform to the position and movement of the body. **Munsingwear** is unconscious comfort.

If you have never worn **Munsingwear,** begin now. You can obtain it in any weight and size. There is a right Munsingwear size for you. There is a Munsingwear dealer near you. If you do not know him write us, and we will send you his name and a set of samples of all the different Munsingwear fabrics. You can make some little girl happy by enclosing ten cents in stamps for two dainty Munsingwear doll vests, one pink and one blue.

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Victor-Victrola IV, $15

Equipped with all the latest Victor improvements, including Exhibition sound box, tapering arm, "goose-neck", ten-inch turntable and concealed sound-amplifying features.

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The fact that this instrument bears the famous Victor trademark and is a *genuine* Victor-Victrola guarantees to you the same high quality and standard of excellence so well established and recognized in all products of the Victor Company.

There is no reason on earth why you should hesitate another moment in placing this greatest of all musical instruments in your home. All we ask is that you go to any music store and hear this new Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

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New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month